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Shakespeare

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

[illegible]

VOL. XII.

LONDON:

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1821.

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ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. XII.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

D. L. (see back)

1749 (none)

17 . C. G.

1749 Octr 19
Nov 20

1750. Jany 12.
Novr 22. 24. 26. 27.
Decr 27

1751 Feb. 19
March 7
May 1

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT appears from Peck's Collection of divers curious historical Pieces, &c. (appended to his Memoirs, &c. of Oliver Cromwell,) p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written: "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose Wit's Commonwealth was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragick writers of that time. STEEVENS.

From some words spoken by Polonius in Hamlet, I think it probable that there was an English play on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play entitled The History of Cæsar and Pompey.

See this topick further discussed in An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii.

William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of Julius Cæsar. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for Lord Sterline, when he composed his Julius Cæsar was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A passage in The Tempest, "(The cloud-capt towers," &c.) seems to have been copied from one in Darius, another play of Lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh, in 1603. His Julius Cæsar appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither The Tempest nor the Julius Cæsar of our author was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are King John, King Richard II. the two parts of King Henry IV. King Henry V. King Richard III. King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Measure for Measure, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, and, I believe,

Hamlet, Timon of Athens, and The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Sterline, than that Lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

The real length of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. —A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. UPTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,	Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA,	Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great Part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS[1], *and a Rabble of Citizens.*

FLAV. Hence: home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *CIT.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

MAR. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *CIT.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

1 *CIT.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals[2].

[1] Marullus.] Old copy—*Murellus.* I have, upon the authority of Plutarch, &c. given to this tribune his right name, *Marullus.* THEOBALD.

[2] — a mender of bad SOALS.] Fletcher has the same quibble in his Woman Pleas'd:

"—— mark me, thou serious sowter,
"If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
"Every man shall have a special care of his own *soul*,
"And carry in his pocket his two confessors." MALONE.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade[3]?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that[4]? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl[5]. I am, indeed, sir,

3 *Mar.* What trade, &c.] This speech in the old copy is given to Flavius. The next speech but one shows that it belongs to Marullus, to whom it was attributed, I think, properly, by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

4 *Mar.* What meanest thou by that?] As the Cobler, in the preceding speech, replies to Flavius, not to Marullus, 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to Flavius. THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage. JOHNSON.

I would give the first speech to Marullus, instead of transferring the last to Flavius. RITSON.

Perhaps this, like all the other speeches of the Tribunes, (to whichsoever of them it belongs) was designed to be metrical, and originally stood thus:

"What mean'st by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?"

STEEVENS.

5 I meddle with no TRADESMAN'S matters, nor women's matters, but with AWL.] This should be: "I meddle with no *trade*,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with *awl*." FARMER.

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, "The Three Merry Coblers:

"We have *awle* at our command,
"And still we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

I have already observed in a note on Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 348, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the first folio, we find *withal;* as in the pre-

a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks [6],

ceding page, bad *soals*, instead of—bad *souls*, the reading of the original copy.

The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence, is again repeated in Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. V.:—"3 *Serv.* How, sir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honester service than to *meddle with thy mistress.*" Malone.

[6] — her banks,] As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that—

" —— the river of bliss
" Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber stream."

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Steevens.

Drayton, in his Polyolbion, frequently describes the rivers of

To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whe'r[7] their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness:
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies[8].

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser, on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. Malone.

The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were females; like *Sabrina*, &c. Steevens.

7 See, whe'r—] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson:

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,
"When I dare send my epigrams to thee." Steevens.

8 — deck'd with ceremonies.] *Ceremonies*, for *religious ornaments*. Thus afterwards he explains them by Cæsar's Trophies; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. Warburton.

Ceremonies are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect. Malone.

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies [9]. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A publick Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS [1], CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great Croud following; among them a Soothsayer.*

CÆS. Calphurnia,—
CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Musick ceases.*

9 Be hung with Cæsar's TROPHIES.] Cæsar's *trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation: "—There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

What these trophies really were, is explained by a passage in the next scene, where Casca informs Cassius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence." M. MASON.

1 This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says:—"ab iis, quos miserat Antonius, jugulatus est; justissimasque optimè de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit. Cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere: Cæsarem, quia illa dederat, perisse." Lib. ii. c. lxiv.:

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way [2],
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos
Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset
Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.
Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici
Deterrere potest.—
Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici
Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem
Incitat.——*Supplem. Lucani.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of Plutarch. FARMER.

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his Julius Cæsar; and in Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606, which I believe Shakspeare had read, this person is likewise called *Decius* Brutus. MALONE.

[2] — in ANTONIUS' way,] The old copy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio.* The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatick pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope.—" At that time, (says Plutarch,) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.—And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, persuading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport vpon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy *course.*"
North's translation.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, Juliani; and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled. MALONE.

To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Musick.*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again. [*Musick ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass. [*Sennet* [3]. *Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.*

3 [*Sennet.*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

In Decker's Satiromastix, 1602:

"Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*."

In The Dumb Show, preceding the first part of Jeronimo, 1605, is—

"Sound a *signate* and pass ouer the stage."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of Malta, a *synnet* is called *a flourish of trumpets*, but I know not on what authority. See a note on King Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. IV. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. Steevens.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late [4]:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand [5]
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference [6],
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

[4] Brutus, I do observe YOU NOW of late:] Will the reader sustain any loss by the omission of the words—*you now*, without which the measure would become regular?

" I'll leave you.
" *Cas.* Brutus, I do observe of late,
" I have not," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] — STRANGE a hand —] *Strange*, is *alien*, *unfamiliar*, such as might become a stranger. JOHNSON.

[6] — passions of some DIFFERENCE,] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

So, in Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. III.:

" —— thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
" At *difference* in thee." STEEVENS.

A following line may prove the best comment on this:

" Than that poor Brutus, *with himself at war*—." MALONE.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion[7];
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself[8],
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

7 — your PASSION;] i. e. the nature of the feelings from which you are now *suffering*. So, in Timon of Athens:
"I feel my master's *passion*." STEEVENS.

8 — the EYE sees not itself,] So, Sir John Davies in his poem entitled Nosce Teipsum, 1599:
"Is it because the mind is like the *eye*,
"Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;
"Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
"Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?"
Again, in Marston's Parasitaster, 1606:
"Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf;
"The *eye* sees all things but its proper self." STEEVENS.
Again, in Sir John Davies's Poem:
"—— the lights which in my tower do shine,
"Mine eyes which see all objects nigh and far,
"Look not into this little world of mine;
"*Nor see my face*, wherein they fixed are." MALONE.

Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me *, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher [9], or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love [1]
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish, and Shout*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the othre,
And I will look on both indifferently [2]:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men

* First folio, *on me*.

9 —a common LAUGHER,] Old copy—*laughter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

1 To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite *every new protester* to my affection by the *stale* or allurement of *customary* oaths. JOHNSON.

2 And I will look on both indifferently:] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*? but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. I not this natural? JOHNSON.

Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood[3],
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd[4],
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is

3 — *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,] Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his Commentaries in his left hand. Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, ibid. p. 24: "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles." MALONE.

4 But ere we could ARRIVE the point propos'd,] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second book of Paradise Lost, as well as by Shakspeare in The Third Part of King Henry VI. Act V. Sc. III.:

"—— those powers, that the queen
"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd* our coast."
STEEVENS.

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly[5];
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper[6] should
So get the start of the majestick world[7],
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

[5] His COWARD lips did from their COLOUR FLY;] A plain man would have said, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lip from their colour.* But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

[6] — feeble temper —] i. e. temperament, constitution. STEEVENS.

[7] — get the start of the majestick world, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympick games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire:* their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus.* But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern, Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympick games, replied, "Yes, if the racers were kings." WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs [8], and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well [9];
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar [1]. [*Shout*.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

[8] —— and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs,] So, as an anonymous writer has observed, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. x. st. 19:
"But I the meanest man of many more,
"Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
"*Or creep between his legs*." MALONE.

[9] Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;] A similar thought occurs in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:
"What diapason's more in Tarquin's name,
"Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia
"More in the sound, than should become the name
"Of a poor maid?" STEEVENS.

[1] Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.] Dr. Young, in his Busiris, appears to have imitated this passage:
"Nay, stamp not, tyrant; I can stamp as loud,
"And raise as many dæmons with the sound." STEEVENS.

There was a Brutus once [2], that would have brook'd
The eternal devil [3] to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim [4];
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this [5];
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us [6].

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words [7]

[2] There was a Brutus once,] i. e. *Lucius Junius* Brutus. STEEVENS.

[3] — eternal devil —] I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil.* JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil.* L. J. Brutus (says Cassius) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king. STEEVENS.

[4] — aim :] i. e. guess. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:
"But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err—." STEEVENS.

[5] — chew upon this ;] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

[6] Under these hard conditions AS this time
Is like to lay upon us.] *As*, in our author's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that*. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, 1579: "— insomuch *as* they that saw it, thought he had been burnt." MALONE.

[7] I am glad, THAT my WEAK words —] For the sake of regular measure, Mr. Ritson would read:
"*Cas.* I am glad, my words
"Have struck," &c. STEEVENS.

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

BRU. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
BRU. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret [8] and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
CAS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
CÆS. Antonius.
ANT. Cæsar.
CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men [9], and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
CÆS. 'Would he were fatter [1]:—But I fear him not:

[8] — ferret —] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

[9] Sleek-headed men, &c.] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, 1579: "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

"Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, What will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks." STEEVENS.

[1] 'Would he were fatter:] Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick [2]:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

BRU. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

CASCA. Why you were with him, were you not?

BRU. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back

Fair, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman: "Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean moon-calf there." WARBURTON.

[2] —he hears no musick:] Our author considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in The Merchant of Venice he has pronounced, that—

"The man that hath no musick in himself,
"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." MALONE.

See vol. v. p. 141. STEEVENS.

of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets[3];—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

[3] —one of these CORONETS;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "—he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel." STEEVENS.

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man[4].

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation[5], if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look

4 — no true man.] No honest man. The jury still are styled good men and *true*. Malone.

5 — a man of any occupation,] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. Johnson.

So, in Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. VI.:

" —— You that have stood so much
" Upon the voice of *occupation*." Malone.

you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd [6]: Therefore 'tis meet

[6] Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:] The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.
JOHNSON.

From that it is *dispos'd*, i. e. dispos'd *to*. MALONE.

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard [7]; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me [8]. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his Sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home [9]?

7 — doth bear me hard;] i. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me. The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act III. STEEVENS.

8 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not HUMOUR me.] This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. "If I were Brutus, (says he) and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. WARBURTON.

The meaning, I think, is this: "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me," should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

9 — BROUGHT you Cæsar home?] Did you attend Cæsar home? JOHNSON.

So, in Measure for Measure:
"That we may *bring* you something on the way."
See vol. ix. p. 13. MALONE.

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth[1]
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave[2] (you know him well by sight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who gaz'd upon me[3], and went surly by,

[1] — SWAY of earth —] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe. JOHNSON.

[2] A common slave, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "— a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt." STEEVENS.

[3] Who GLAR'D upon me,] The first [and second] edition reads:
"Who *glaz'd* upon me——."
Perhaps, "Who *gaz'd* upon me." JOHNSON.

Glar'd is certainly right. So, in King Lear:
"Look where he stands and *glares!*"
Again, in Hamlet:
"Look you, how pale he *glares!*"
Again, Skelton in his Crowne of Lawrell, describing "a lybbard:"
"As gastly that *glaris*, as grimly that grones."
Again, in the Ashridge MS. of Milton's Comus, as published by the ingenious and learned Mr. Todd, verse 416:

Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

"And yawning denns, where *glaringe* monsters house."

To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eye: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*glaz'd*, for which Mr. Pope substituted *glar'd*, and this reading has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Glar'd* certainly is to our ears a more forcible expression; I have however adopted a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, *gaz'd;* induced by the following passage in Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, from which the word *gaze* seems in our author's time to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion, and therefore may be presumed to have been the word here intended. The writer is describing *a trial of valour* (as he calls it,) between a *lion*, a bear, a stone-horse, and a mastiff; which was exhibited in the Tower, in the year 1609, before the king and all the royal family, diverse great lords, and many others: "—Then was the great *lyon* put forth, who *gazed* awhile, but never offered to assault or approach the bear." Again: "—the above mentioned young lusty lyon and lyoness were put together, to see if they would rescue the third, but they would not, but *fearfully* [that is, dreadfully] *gazed* upon the dogs." Again: "The lyon having fought long, and his tongue being torne, lay staring and panting a pretty while, so as all the beholders thought he had been utterly spoyled and spent; and upon a sodaine *gazed* upon that dog which remained, and so soon as he had *spoyled* and *worried*, almost *destroyed* him."

In this last instance *gaz'd* seems to be used as exactly synonymous to the modern word *glar'd*, for the lion immediately afterwards proceeds to worry and destroy the dog. MALONE.

That *glar'd* is no *modern* word, is sufficiently ascertained by the following passage in Macbeth, and two others already quoted from King Lear and Hamlet—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
"That thou dost *glare* with."

I therefore continue to repair the poet with his own animated phraseology, rather than with the cold expression suggested by the narrative of Stowe; who, having been a tailor, was undoubtedly equal to the task of mending Shakspeare's hose; but, on *poetical* emergencies, must not be allowed to patch his dialogue.

STEEVENS.

The word *glaize* is used, but I know not with what meaning, in King James's translation of The Urania of Dubartas, in his Essayes of a Prentise in the divine Art of Poesie:

Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose[4] of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

"I whyles essaied the Grece in Frenche to praise
"Whyles in that toung I gave a lusty *glaise*
"For to descryve the Trojan Kings of olde."

Dubartas's original affords us no assistance; and, for once, I have applied to Dr. Jamieson's valuable Dictionary in vain. Boswell.

4 Clean from the purpose —] *Clean* is *altogether, entirely*. It is still so used in low language. Malone.

Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone[5]:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind[6];
Why old men fools, and children calculate[7];

5 — thunder-stone:] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. So, in Cymbeline:

"Fear no more the lightning-flash,
"Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone*." Steevens.

6 Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; &c.] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

"Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,
"Why all these things change from their ordinance."

Johnson.

7 — and children CALCULATE;] *Calculate* here signifies to *foretel* or *prophesy*: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation. Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel].

Warburton.

Shakspeare found the liberty established. "To *calculate* the nativity," is the technical term. Johnson.

So, in The Paradise of Daintie Deuises, edit. 1576, Art. 54, signed, M. Bew:

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown [8],
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs [9] like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

" Thei *calculate*, thei chaunt, thei charme,
" To conquere us that meane no harme."

This author is speaking of women. STEEVENS.

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore [instead of *old men, fools, and children*, &c.] point thus:

" Why old men fools, and children calculate."

BLACKSTONE.

8 — PRODIGIOUS grown,] *Prodigious* is *portentous*. So, in Troilus and Cressida:

" It is *prodigious*, there will be some change."

See vol. viii. p. 406. STEEVENS.

9 Have THEWES and limbs —] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in The Second Part of King Henry IV. and in Hamlet:

" For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
" In *thewes* and bulk."

The two last folios, [1664 and 1685,] in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read—*sinews*. STEEVENS.

And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity [1].

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made [2]: But I am arm'd,

[1] —every BONDMAN—bears
The power to CANCEL his CAPTIVITY.] So, in Cymbeline, Act V. Posthumus speaking of his *chains*:
" —— take this life,
" And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." HENLEY.

[2] My ANSWER must be made:] I shall be called to account, and must *answer* as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

So, in Much Ado About Nothing: " Sweet prince, let me go no further to *mine answer*; do you hear me, and let this count kill me." STEEVENS.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand [3]:
Be factious for redress [4] of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
In favour's like the work [5] we have in hand,

3 — Hold my hand:] Is the same as, "Here's my hand." JOHNSON.

4 Be FACTIOUS for redress—] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*. JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, 'embody a party or faction.' MALONE.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. Menenius, in Coriolanus, says: "I have been always *factionary* on the part of your general;" and the speaker, who is describing himself, would scarce have employed the word in its common and unfavourable sense. STEEVENS.

5 In FAVOUR's like the work—] The old edition reads:

"—— Is *favors*, like the work."

I think we should read:

"*In favour's* like the work we have in hand,
"Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible."

Favour is *look*, *countenance*, *appearance*. JOHNSON.

To *favour* is to *resemble*. Thus Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of Virgil's Æneid, 1582:

"With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old portes."

We may read *It* favours, or—Is *favour'd*—i. e. is an appearance or countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *fev'rous* is the true reading. So, in Macbeth:

"Some say the earth
"Was *feverous*, and did shake." REED.

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CAS. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CAS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CAS. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

CIN. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

CAS. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

CIN. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. BRUTUS'S Orchard [6].

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

[6] —Brutus's ORCHARD.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

" —— he hath left you all his walks,
" His private arbours, and new planted *orchards*,
" On this side Tyber."

In Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: " He left his *gardens* and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber." MALONE.

Orchard was anciently written *hort-yard;* hence its original meaning is obvious. HENLEY.

By the following quotation, however, it will appear that these words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a distinct meaning. " It shall be good to have understanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard or garden* with fruite." A Booke of the Arte and Maner howe to plant and graffe all Sortes of Trees, &c. 1574, 4to.—And when Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to see his *orchard*, where they are to eat a " last year's pippin of his own graffing," he certainly uses the word in its present acceptation.

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when[7]? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power[8]: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,

Leland also, in his Itinerary, distinguishes them: "At Morle in Derbyshire (says he) there is as much pleasure of *orchards* of great variety of frute, and fair made walks, *and gardens*, as in any place of Lancashire." HOLT WHITE.

7 WHEN, Lucius, WHEN?] This was a common expression of impatience in Shakspeare's time. So, Richard II. Act I. Sc. I.:
"When Harry? when?" MALONE.

8 REMORSE from power:] *Remorse*, for *mercy*. WARBURTON.

Remorse (says Mr. Heath) signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing has so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power.

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

Remorse is *pity*, *tenderness;* and has twice occurred in that sense in Measure for Measure. See vol. ix. p. 60, and p. 183. The same word occurs in Othello, and several other of our author's dramas, with the same signification. STEEVENS.

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof[9],
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back[1],
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[2]
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind[3], grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

9 — common proof,] Common experiment. JOHNSON.

Common proof means a matter proved by common *experience.* With great deference to Johnson, I cannot think that the word *experiment* will bear that meaning. M. MASON.

1 But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.] So, in Daniel's Civil Wars, 1602:

"The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
"Cuts off those means by which himself got up:
"And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,
"Doth curb that looseness he did find before:
"Doubting the occasion like might serve again;
"His own example makes him fear the more." MALONE.

2 — base degrees —] Low steps. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's Sejanus:

"Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees.*"
STEEVENS.

3 — as his kind,] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra: "You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his *kind.*" STEEVENS.

Perhaps rather, as *all those of* his kind, that is, nature.
MALONE.

"As his kind" does not mean, "according to his nature," as Johnson asserts, but "like the rest of his species." M. MASON.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March[4]?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome!
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

4 Is not to-morrow, boy, the IDES of MARCH?] [Old copy—the *first* of March.] We should read *ides:* for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the Soothsayer told Cæsar [Act I. Sc. II.] in his presence. ["—Beware the ides of March."] The boy comes back and says, "Sir, March is wasted fourteen days." So that the morrow was the ides of March, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer; for our author without any minute calculation might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's Concordancie of Yeares, 1616, now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus.* MALONE.

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated [5]
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days [6].
[*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion [7], all the interim is

5 —Am I entreated THEN—] The adverb *then*, which enforces the question, and is necessary to the metre, was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in King Richard III.:
"——— wilt thou *then*
"Spurn at his edict—?" STEEVENS.

6 —March is wasted FOURTEEN days.] In former editions:
"Sir, March is wasted *fifteen* days."
The editors are slightly mistaken: it was wasted but *fourteen* days: this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report. THEOBALD.

7 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, &c.] That nice critick, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that all kind of beauties, those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides, (as we may see by those fine strokes in his Cato borrowed from the Philippics of Cicero,) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original:

Like a phantasma[8], or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments,

"O think, what anxious moments pass between
"The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
"Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
"Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death." *Cato.*

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other,) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakspeare's description:

"The genius and the mortal instruments
"Are then in council——."

For *kingdoms*, in The Pagan Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil geniuses*, likewise represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *mortal instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing observable is, that Mr. Addision was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For—

"Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
"Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death."

are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these:

"——All the interim is
"Like a *phantasma*, or a hideous dream.
"——the state of man,
"Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
"The nature of an insurrection."

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *interim* or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature. WARBURTON.

The δεῖνον of the Greek criticks does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ δεῖνον is that which *strikes*, which *astonishes* with the idea either of some great subject, or of the author's abilities.

Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

The foregoing was perhaps among the earliest notes written by Dr. Warburton on Shakspeare. Though it was not inserted by him in Theobald's editions, 1732 and 1740, (but was reserved for his own in 1747,) yet he had previously communicated it, with little variation, in a letter to Matthew Concanen in the year 1726. See a note on Dr. Akenside's Ode to Mr. Edwards, at the end of this play. STEEVENS.

There is a passage in Troilus and Cressida, which bears some resemblance to this:

" —— Imagin'd worth
" Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
" That, 'twixt his mortal, and his active parts,
" Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
" And batters down himself.

Johnson is right in asserting that by the *Genius* is meant, not the Genius of a Kingdom, but the power that watches over an individual for his protection.—So, in the same play, Troilus says to Cressida:

" Hark! you are call'd. Some say, the *Genius* so
" Cries, *Come*, to him that instantly must die."

Johnson's explanation of the word *instruments* is also confirmed by the following passage in Macbeth, whose mind was, at the time, in the very state which Brutus is here describing:

" —— I am settled, and bend up
" Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat." M. MASON.

The word *genius*, in our author's time, meant either " a good angel or a familiar evil spirit," and is so defined by Bullokar in his English Expositor, 1616. So, in Macbeth:

" —— and, under him,
" My *genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
" Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is," &c.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius [9] at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

The more usual signification now affixed to this word was not known till several years afterwards. I have not found it in the common modern sense in any book earlier than the Dictionary published by Edward Phillips, in 1657.

Mortal is certainly used here, as in many other places, for *deadly*. So, in Othello:

"And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c.

The *mortal instruments* then are, the deadly passions, or as they are called in Macbeth, the "*mortal thoughts*," which excite each "corporal agent" to the performance of some arduous deed.

The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakspeare seems to have been fond of. So, K. Richard II. speaking of himself:

"And these same thoughts people this *little world*."

Again, in King Lear:

"Strives in *his little world of man* to outscorn
"The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."

Again, in King John:

"—— in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom—."

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—"the state of *a* man." Shakspeare is here speaking of the *individual* in whose mind the genius and the mortal instruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind, in general. The passage above, quoted from King Lear, does not militate against the old copy here.

There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and *the little world of man* is thus circumscribed, and appropriated to Lear. The editor of the second folio omitted the article, probably from a mistaken notion concerning the metre; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two syllables are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one; as *whether*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit*, &c. and I suppose *council* is so used here.

The reading of the old authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is supported by a passage in Hamlet: "—What a piece of work is *a* man."

As *council* is here used as a monosyllable, so is *noble* in Titus Andronicus:

"Lose not so *noble* a friend on vain suppose." MALONE.

Influenced by the conduct of our great predecessors, Rowe, Pope, Warburton, and Johnson; and for reasons similar to those advanced in the next note, I persist in following the second folio,

Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

as our author, on this occasion, meant to write verse instead of prose.—The instance from Hamlet can have little weight; the article—*a*, which is injurious to the metre in question, being quite innocent in a speech decidedly prosaick: and as for the line adduced from Titus Andronicus, the second syllable of the word —*noble*, may be melted down into the succeeding vowel, an advantage which cannot be obtained in favour of the present restoration offered from the first folio. STEEVENS.

Neither our author, nor any other author in the world, ever used such words as *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, &c. as monosyllables; and though *whether* is sometimes so contracted, the old copies on that occasion usually print—*where*. It is, in short, morally impossible that *two* syllables should be no more than *one*. RITSON.

See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

"The Genius, and the mortal instruments." *Mortal* is assuredly *deadly*, as it is in Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 62:

"——— Come, you spirits,
"That tend on mortal thoughts."

But I cannot think that these mortal instruments are the deadly *passions;* the *passions* are rather the motives exciting us to use our instruments, by which I understand our bodily powers, our members:—As Othello calls his eyes and hands, "His speculative and active instruments," vol. x. p. 278: and Menenius, in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. I., speaks of the

"—— cranks and *offices of man*,
"The strongest nerves and small inferior veins."

So, intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime, he represents, as I conceive him, the genius or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul contending with the secret misgivings of the body, during which the mental faculties, are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, "crushed by one overwhelming image," is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. Tibalt has something like it in Romeo and Juliet, vol. vi. p. 65:

"Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
"Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting."

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour[1].

Bru. Let them enter.
[*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide in it smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on[2],

And what Macbeth says of himself, in a situation nearly allied to this of Brutus, will in some degree elucidate the passage before us:

"My thought whose murder yet is but fantastical,
"Shakes so my single *state of man*, that function
"Is smother'd in surmise." Blakeway.

[8] Like a phantasma,] "Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sightes whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see: but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds." *Lavaterus*, 1572. Henderson.

"A *phantasme*," says Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 1616, "is a vision, or imagined appearance." Malone.

[9] — your brother Cassius —] *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus's sister. Steevens.

[1] — any mark of favour.] Any distinction of countenance. Johnson.

[2] For if thou path, thy native semblance on,] If thou *walk* in thy true form. Johnson.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his Polyolbion, Song II.:

"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth *path*."

Again, in his Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham:

"*Pathing* young Henry's unadvised ways." Steevens.

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you; and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves[3]
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.

3 — do interpose THEMSELVES, &c.] For the sake of measure I am willing to think our author wrote as follows, and that the word—*themselves*, is an interpolation:

"What watchful cares do interpose betwixt
"Your eyes and night?
" *Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?"

STEEVENS.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men[4],

4 No, not an oath: If NOT the FACE of men, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read "*fate* of men;" but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. The "*face* of men" is the '*countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public;' in other terms, *honour* and *reputation;* or "the *face* of men" may mean 'the dejected look of the people.' JOHNSON.

So, Tully in Catilinam—"Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?"

Shakspeare formed this speech on the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch:—"The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c.

STEEVENS.

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's explanation of this passage, but believe we should read:

" —— If not the *faith* of men," &c.

which is supported by the following passage in this very speech:

" —— What other bond
" Than secret Romans, that *have spoke the word*,
" *And will not palter*—.
" —— when every drop of blood
" That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
" Is guilty of a several bastardy,
" If he do break the smallest particle
" *Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.*"

Both of which prove, that Brutus considered the faith of men as their firmest security in each other. M. MASON.

In this sentence, [i. e. the two first lines of the speech,] as in several others, Shakspeare, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness and inaccuracy of discourse, has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. "If the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, &c. If these be not *sufficient;* if these be motives weak," &c. So, in The Tempest:

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery [5]. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter [6]? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

"I have with such provision in mine art,
"So safely order'd, that there is *no soul*—
"No, not so much perdition," &c.

Mr. M. Mason would read—"if not the *faith* of men—." If the text be corrupt, *faiths* is more likely to have been the poet's word; which might have been easily confounded by the ear with *face*, the word exhibited in the old copy. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— the manner of their *deaths*?
"I do not see them bleed:

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"And with their *helps* only defend ourselves."

Again, more appositely, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"You, fair lords, quoth she,——
"Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me." MALONE.

Gray may perhaps support Johnson's explanation:

"And read their history in a *nation's eyes*." BOSWELL.

5 Till each man drop by lottery.] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in Coriolanus:

"By decimation, and a tithed death,
"Take thou thy fate." STEEVENS.

6 And will not PALTER?] And will not fly from his engagements. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders to *palter*, by *tergiversor*. In Macbeth it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions: and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle*; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*. MALONE.

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests [7], and cowards, and men cautelous [8],
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize [9],
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion [1],

[7] Swear priests, &c.] This is imitated by Otway:
"When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?"
Venice Preserved. JOHNSON.

[8] — cautelous,] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

So, in A Woman is a Weathercock, 1612: "Yet warn you, be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity."

Again, in Drayton's Miseries of Queen Margaret:
"Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young."

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of Kynge Appolyn of Thyre, 1610: "— a fallacious policy and *cautelous wyle*."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 945: "— the emperor's councell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope." STEEVENS.

Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus: "Warie, circumspect;" in which sense it is certainly used here. MALONE.

[9] The EVEN virtue of our enterprize,] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. MALONE.

Thus in Mr. Pope's Eloisa to Abelard:
"Desires compos'd, affections ever *even*—." STEEVENS.

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards [2]:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit [3],
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

[1] —opinion.] i. e. character. So, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. IV.:

"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*."

The quotation is Mr. Reed's. Steevens.

[2] —and envy afterwards:] *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. Malone.

[3] O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.] Lord Sterline has the same thought: Brutus remonstrating against the taking off Antony, says:

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods[4],
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds[5]:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants[6] to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

CAS. Yet I do fear him[7]:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

BRU. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought[8], and die for Cæsar:

"Ah! ah! we must but too much murder see,
"That without doing evil cannot do good;
"And would the gods that Rome could be made free,
"Without the effusion of one drop of blood?"
MALONE.

4 — as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]
—— Gradive, dedisti,
Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello
Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti
Funus erat. *Stat. Theb.* vii. l. 696. STEEVENS.

5 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:] Our author had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: "— Cæsar turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was *hacked* and *mangled* among them *as a wild beast taken of hunters.*" MALONE.

6 Stir up their servants —] Another instance of the image which occurs, p. 38: "the mortal instruments." BOSWELL.

7 Yet I DO fear him:] For the sake of metre I have supplied the auxiliary verb. So, in Macbeth:
" —— there is none but him
"Whose being I *do* fear." STEEVENS.

8 — take thought,] That is, turn *melancholy*. JOHNSON.

And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r* Cæsar[8] will come forth to-day, or no;

* First folio, *Whether.*

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"What shall we do, Enobarbus?
"*Think and die.*"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 833: "—now they are without service, which caused them to *take thought*, insomuch that some died by the way," &c. Steevens.

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned from the following passage in St. Matthew, where the verb μεριμναω, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forbode evil*, is so rendered: "*Take* no *thought* for the morrow: for the morrow shall *take thought* for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Cassius not only refers to, but thus explains, the phrase in question, when, in answer to the assertion of Brutus concerning Antony, Act III.:

"I know that we shall have him well to friend;"

he replies:

"I wish we may: but yet I have a mind
"That *fears* him much; and my *misgiving still*
"Falls shrewdly to the purpose."

To *take thought* then, in this instance, is not to *turn melancholy*, whatever *think* may be in Antony and Cleopatra. Henley.

With great submission, I conceive that Mr. Henley is not quite correct in either of his positions. Μεριμναω, I apprehend, *never* signifies "to anticipate or forbode evil:" but 'to be distracted by anxious cares:' and so *all* the commentators expound it in the passage of St. Matthew vi. 25, &c.; and Mr. Steevens's quotation from Holinshed, proves, I think, that Dr. Johnson's explanation of *take thought* in the lines before us is right. *Thought* is used for *extreme grief* in a curious letter printed by Mr. Gough in his edit. of Camden, ii. 142: "Oure goode and holsom modyr y[t] was abbesse is so weryd and brokyn with *thowt*." Blakeway.

See vol. xi. p. 410. Malone.

For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies [9] :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that : If he be so revolv'd,
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes [1],

[8] WHE'R Cæsar, &c.] *Whe'r* is the ancient abbreviation of *whether*, which likewise is sometimes written—*where*. Thus in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from Penelope to Ulysses :

" But Sparta cannot make account
" *Where* thou do live or die." STEEVENS.

[9] Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :] *Main opinion*, is nothing more than *leading*, *fixed*, *predominant opinion*. JOHNSON.

Main opinion, according to Johnson's explanation, is *sense ;* but *mean* opinion would be a more natural expression, and is, I believe, what Shakspeare wrote. M. MASON.

The words *main opinion* occur again in Troilus and Cressida, where (as here) they signify *general estimation :*

" Why then we should our *main opinion* crush
" In taint of our best man."

There is no ground therefore for suspecting any corruption in the text.

Fantasy was in our author's time commonly used for *imagination*, and is so explained in Cawdry's Alphabetical Table of Hard Words, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined. It is used in the former sense by Shakspeare in The Merry Wives of Windsor :

" Raise up the organs of her *fantasy*."

In the latter, in the present play :

" Thou hast no figures, nor no *fantasies*."

Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other *ceremonial* rites. So, afterwards :

" Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,
" Yet now they fright me." MALONE.

[1] That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.] Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work [2]:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRU. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

CIN. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard [3],

the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter.

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. v.:

"Like as a lyon whose imperiall powre
"A prowd rebellious *unicorne* defies;
"T' avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
"Of his fiers foe, him to *a tree* applies:
"And when him running in full course he spies,
"He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
"His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
"Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
"But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

Again, in Bussy D'Ambois, 1607:

"An angry *unicorne* in his full career
"Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
"That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
"And e'er he could get shelter of *a tree*,
"Nail him with his rich antler to the earth."

Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's Natural History, b. viii.

STEEVENS.

[2] Let me work:] These words, as they stand, being quite unmetrical, I suppose our author to have originally written:

"Let me *to* work."

i. e. go to work. STEEVENS.

[3] —bear CÆSAR hard,] Thus the old copy: but Messieurs Rowe, Pope, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, on the authority of the

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him [5]:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks [6] put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* Brutus.
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures [7], nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

latter folios, read—*hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first scene of the following Act: "—I do beseech you, if you *bear me hard;*" and has already occurred in a former one:

"Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus."
Steevens.

Hatred was substituted for *hard* by the ignorant editor of the second folio, the great corrupter of Shakspeare's text. Malone.

5 — by him:] That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*, and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change. Malone.

6 Let not our looks —] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *show* our designs. Johnson.

7 Thou hast no figures, &c.] *Figures* occurs in the same sense in The First Part of King Henry IV. Act I. Sc. III.:

"He apprehends a world of *figures*." Henley.

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise
you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition [8],
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air

[8] —on your CONDITION,] On your temper; the disposition of your mind. See vol. v. p. 23, n. 7. MALONE.

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you[9], by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals[1], comfort your bed[2],

9 I CHARM you,] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read—*charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in Cymbeline:

"—— tis your graces
"That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
"*Charms* this report out." STEEVENS.

1 To keep with you at meals, &c.] "I being, O Brutus, (sayed she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot; but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I showe my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secrete mischaunce or griefe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a woman's wit commonly is too weake to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before; vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor grife whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With these

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs [3]
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart [4].

wordes she showed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe." *Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

Here also we find our author and Lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

" I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
" A partner only of thy board and bed;
" Each servile whore in those might equal me,
" That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
" No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide
" Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;
" With chains of mutual love together ty'd,
" As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one will." *Julius Cæsar,* 1607. MALONE.

2 — COMFORT your bed,] " Is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *consort.* But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, in commendation of Queen Katharine, in publick said: " She hathe beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish." UPTON.

In the book of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the following, 1598: " A Conversation between a careful Wyfe and her *comfortable* Husband." STEEVENS.

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort* his wife; and Barrett's Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says, that " to *comfort* " is, ' to recreate, to solace, to make pastime.' COLLINS.

3 — in the SUBURBS —] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas:

" Get a new mistress,
" Some *suburb* saint, that sixpence, and some oaths,
" Will draw to parley." STEEVENS.

4 As dear to me, &c.] These glowing words have been adopted by Mr. Gray in his celebrated Ode:

" Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart—."
STEEVENS.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman[5]; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter[6].
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[7] of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.

[5] I grant, I am a woman; &c.] So, Lord Sterline:
"And though our sex too talkative be deem'd,
"As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
"For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,
"Of others' greedy, prodigal of ours;
"Good education may reform defects,
"And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,
"Which others' minds do want and mine respects,
"*I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*"
Malone.

[6] A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.] By the expression *well-reputed,* she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus;* whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter,* implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotic virtues of her father.* It is with propriety therefore, that she immediately asks:
"Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
"Being so *father'd,* and so *husbanded?*" Henley.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks[8]?

LUC. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

BRU. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRU. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief[9]? 'Would you were not sick!

7 All the CHARACTERY —] i. e. "all that is character'd *on*," &c. The word has already occurred in The Merry Wives of Windsor. STEEVENS.

See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, vol. ix. p. 180, n. 8. MALONE.

8 — who is that, knocks?] i. e. who is that, *who* knocks? Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—" who's *there* that knocks?" and a fifth has, "*who's* that, *that* knocks?"

9 O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief?] So, in Plutarch's Life of Brutus, translated by North: "—Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, *in what a time art thou sicke?* Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he,) *if thou hast any great enterprise in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole.*" Lord Sterline also has introduced this passage into his Julius Cæsar:

"By sickness being imprison'd in his bed
"Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick,
"When I had said with words that anguish bred,
"*In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?*
"He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,
"Or that he had imagin'd my design,
"*If worthy of thyself thou would'st do aught,*
"*Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*"

Here it may be observed, Shakspeare gives to Rome the manners of his own time. It was a common practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among the common people in many places. "If" says Fuller, "this county [Cheshire], hath bred no writers in that

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit[1]. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then.
[*Exeunt.*

faculty [physick,] the wonder is the less, if it be true what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and *tye a kerchief on his head*, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him." *Worthies: Cheshire*, p. 180. MALONE.

[1] Thou, like an EXORCIST, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit.] Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them; and I believe he is singular in his acceptation of it. M. MASON.

See vol. x. p. 490, n. 3. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

CÆS. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord?
CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
SERV. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CAL. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
CÆS. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies [2],

[2] Cæsar, I never stood on CEREMONIES,] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in The Devil's Charter, 1607:

" The devil hath provided in his covenant,
" I should not cross myself at any time:
" I never was so *ceremonious.*"

The original thought is in the old translation of Plutarch: " Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition." STEEVENS.

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead[3]:
Fierce firy warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war[4],
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air[5],

3 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead: &c.] So, in a funeral song in Much Ado About Nothing:

"Graves, yawn, and yield your dead."

Again, in Hamlet:

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
"Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." MALONE.

4 Fierce firy warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,] So, in Tacitus, Hist. b. v.: "Visæ per cœlum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, & subito nubium igne collucere," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, 1590:

"I will persist a terror to the world;
"Making the meteors that like armed men
"Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,
"Run tilting round about the firmament,
"And break their burning launces in the ayre,
"For honour of my wondrous victories." MALONE.

5 The noise of battle HURTLED in the air,] To *hurtle* is, I suppose, to *clash*, or move with violence and noise. So, in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:

"Here the Polonian he comes *hurtling* in,
"Under the conduct of some foreign prince."

Again, ibid.:

"To toss the spear, and in a warlike gyre
"To *hurtle* my sharp sword about my head."

Shakspeare uses the word again in As You Like It:

"—— in which *hurtling*,
"From miserable slumber I awak'd." STEEVENS.

Again, in The History of Arthur, Part I. c. xiv.: "They made both the Northumberland battailes to *hurtle* together." BOWLE.

To *hurtle* originally signified to *push* violently; and, as in such an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems

Horses do neigh[6], and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets[7].
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes[8].

to have been used in the sense of *to clash*. So, in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, v. 2618:

"And he him *hurtleth* with his hors adoun." MALONE.

6 Horses DID neigh,] Thus the second folio. Its blundering predecessor reads:

"Horses *do* neigh." STEEVENS.

Yet Mr. Steevens does not object to "fierce firy warriors *fight*," not *fought*. Mr. Malone has followed the original copy. BOSWELL.

7 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.] So, in Lodge's Looking Glasse for London and England, 1598:

"The ghosts of dead men howling walke about,
"Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this citie, woe." TODD.

8 When beggars die, there are no COMETS seen;
The heavens themselves BLAZE forth the death of PRINCES.] "Next to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met withall at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part,) after *blazing starres;* as if they were the summoners of God to call *princes* to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets blaze*, nor comets ever [i. e. always] when princes dye." Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583.

Again, ibid.: "Let us look into the nature of a *comet*, by the face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine, warre, *or the death of potentates*."

I will add one more quotation from the same work, as it contains an anecdote of Queen Elizabeth: "I can affirme thus much as a present witnesse by mine owne experience, that when dyvers upon greater scrupulosity then cause, went about to disswade her majestye, (lying then at Richmonde) from looking on the *comet*

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths [9];
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard [1],
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end [2],
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

which appeared last: with a courage answerable to the greatnesse of her state, shee caused the windowe to be sette open, and cast out thys word, *jacta est alea,* the dice are thrown, &c. MALONE.

9 Cowards die many times before their deaths;] So, in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613:

"Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,
"*A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

Lord Essex, probably before either of these writers, made the same remark. In a letter to Lord Rutland, he observes, "that as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so *he that doth live in fear, doth die continually.*" MALONE.

So, in the ancient translation of Plutarch, so often quoted: "When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." STEEVENS.

As a specimen of Mr. Steevens's love of mischief, I may mention that by putting the quotation from Plutarch first, and changing the words *either* of these writers, i. e. Shakspeare or Marston, to *any;* he made Mr. Malone appear to write nonsense. BOSWELL.

1 — that I yet have heard,] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of Busiris, King of Egypt:

"—— Didst thou e'er fear?
"Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear;
"'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
"And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
"Thy master is immortal."—— STEEVENS.

2 —death, a necessary end, &c.] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice [3]:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were [4] two lions litter'd in one day,

3 — in shame of cowardice :] The ancients did not place courage, but wisdom, in the heart. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson remarks on this occasion, that " the ancients did not place courage in the heart." He had forgotten his classics strangely.

Nunc animis opus, Ænea, nunc *pectore firmo*. *Æn*. vi. 261.
——————— Juvenes, *fortissima* frustra
Pectora———. *Æn*. ii. 263.
——Teucrûm mirantur *inertia corda*. *Æn*. ix. 55.
——————— excute, dicens,
Corde metum ————. *Ovid. Metam*. lib. iii. 689.
Corda pavent comitum, mihi mens interrita mansit.
Ovid. Metam. lib. xv. 514.
Cor pavet admonitu temeratæ sanguine noctis.
Ovid. Epist. xiv. 16.
Nescio quæ *pavidum* frigora *pectus* habent.
Ovid. Epist. xix. 192. DOUCE.

4 We WERE —] In old editions:
" We *heare* ——."

The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration I have made, [We *were*] restores sense to the whole; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakspeare, nor the boast too extravagant for Cæsar in a vein of vanity to utter: that he and danger were two twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton recommends us to read:
" We *are*——."

This resembles the boast of Otho:
Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. *Tacitus*.
STEEVENS.

It is not easy to determine which of the two readings has the best claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraseology, though less elegant, is perhaps more Shakspearian. It may mean the same as if he had written—" We two lions *were litter'd* in one day," and I am the elder and more terrible of the two. MALONE.

And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth[5].

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;

5 — Cæsar shall go forth,] Any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following sentiments, put into his mouth by May, in the seventh book of his Supplement to Lucan:

—— Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.

Steevens.

There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakspeare's deficiency in classical knowledge, than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements, than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them. Boswell.

I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue[6],
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents[7],
And evils imminent[8]; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

[6] — my STATUA,] [Old copy, *statue.*] See vol. iv. p. 119. STEEVENS.

[7] — warnings, portents,] Old copy, unmetrically—" warnings, *and* portents." STEEVENS.

[8] AND evils imminent;] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read:

" *Of* evils imminent." STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards is needless, and tends to weaken the force of the expressions, which form, as they now stand, a regular climax. HENLEY.

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance [9].
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams [1].
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love

9 — and that great men shall press
For TINCTURES, STAINS, RELICKS, and cognizance.] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance;* the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, defines it "a dipping, colouring, or staining of a thing." So, in Act III. Sc. II.:

"And dip their napkins in his sacred blood." MALONE.

I concur in opinion with Mr. Malone. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were tinctured with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. STEEVENS.

1 *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in Lord Sterline's Julius Cæsar, 1607:

"How can we satisfy the world's conceit,
"Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?
"Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,
"Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams?"
MALONE.

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason [2] to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:——Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

[2] And reason, &c.] "And reason," or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. Johnson.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a Paper.*

Art. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,* Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation [4].
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive [5]. [*Exit.*

4 — emulation,] Here, as on many other occasions, this word is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like—factious, envious, or malicious rivalry. So, in Troilus and Cressida:
" Whilst *emulation* in the army crept." Steevens.

5 — the fates with traitors do contrive.] The fates *join with* traitors in *contriving* thy destruction. Johnson.

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

POR. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay[6]?
LUC. To know my errand, madam.
POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
LUC. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
LUC. I hear none, madam.
POR. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

[6] Why dost thou stay? &c.] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of King Richard the Third's mind by the same incident:

"—— Dull, unmindful villain!
"Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?—
"*Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
"What from your grace I shall deliver to him."

STEEVENS.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer[7].

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance[8].
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

[7] *Enter Soothsayer.*] The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand, p. 68, to one more convenient, p. 70. TYRWHITT.

[8] None that I know will be, much that I fear MAY CHANCE.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, omits—*may chance*, which I regard as interpolated words; for they render the line too long by a foot, and the sense is complete without them.
STEEVENS.

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit[9],
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Croud of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

CÆS. The ides of March are come.
SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
ART. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
ART. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer; Read it, great Cæsar.
CÆS. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?
PUB. Sirrah, give place.
CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

9 Brutus hath a suit, &c.] These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation. MALONE.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him [1].
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back [2],
For I will slay myself.

[1] — Mark him.] The metre being here imperfect, I think we should be at liberty to read:—"Mark him *well.*" So, in the paper read by Artemidorus, p. 68:—"Mark *well* Metellus Cimber."
STEEVENS.

[2] Cassius OR Cæsar never shall turn back,] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

"Cassius *on* Cæsar never shall turn back."

The next line strongly supports this conjecture. If the conspiracy was discovered, and the assassination of Cæsar rendered impracticable by "prevention," which is the case supposed, Cassius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæsar from "turning back" (allowing "*turn* back" to be used for "*return* back;") and in all events this conspirator's "slaying *himself*" could not produce that effect.

Cassius had originally come with a design to assassinate Cæsar, *or* die in the attempt, and therefore there could be no question *now* concerning *one or the other* of them falling. The question now stated is, if the plot was discovered, and their scheme could not be effected, how each conspirator should act; and Cassius declares, that, if this should prove the case, he will not endeavour to save himself by flight from the Dictator and his partizans, but instantly put an end to his own life.

The passage in Plutarch's Life of Brutus, which Shakspeare appears to have had in his thoughts, adds such strength to this

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their Seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd[3]: press near, and second him.

emendation, that if it had been proposed by any former editor, I should have given it a place in the text: "Popilius Læna, that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods *they might bring this enterprize to pass*, went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke.—Wherefore the conspirators—conjecturing by that he had tolde them a little before, that his talke was none other but the verie discoverie of their conspiracie, they were affrayed euerie man of them, and one looking in another's face, it was easie to see that they were all of a minde, that *it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own handes*. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their handes on their swordes under their gownes to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, &c. with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius," &c.

They clapped their hands on their daggers undoubtedly to be ready to *kill themselves*, if they were discovered. Shakspeare was induced to give this sentiment to Cassius, as being exactly agreeable to his character, and to that spirit which has appeared in a former scene:

"I know where I will wear this dagger then;
"Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius." MALONE.

The disjunctive is right, and the sense apparent. Cassius says, 'If our purpose is discovered, either Cæsar or I shall never return alive; for, if we cannot kill him, I will certainly slay myself.' The conspirators were numerous and resolute, and had they been betrayed, the confusion that must have arisen might have afforded desperate men an opportunity to despatch the tyrant. RITSON.

[3] He is ADDRESS'D;] i. e. he is ready. STEEVENS.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand[4].

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress[5]?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance[6], and first decree,
Into the law of children[7]. Be not fond,

4 — you are the first that rears your hand.] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—
" You are the first that rears *his* hand." TYRWHITT.

According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his* hand; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the last Act of this play, Cassius says of himself—

" —— Cassius is aweary of the world;—
" —— all his faults observ'd,
" Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
" To cast into *my* teeth."

There in strict propriety our poet certainly should have written " — into *his* teeth." MALONE.

As this and similar offences against grammar, might have originated only from the ignorance of the players or their printers, I cannot concur in representing such mistakes as the positive inaccuracies of Shakspeare. According to this mode of reasoning, the false spellings of the first folio, as often as they are exampled by corresponding false spellings in the same book, may also be charged upon our author. STEEVENS.

5 *Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?] The words—
" Are we all ready?" seem to belong more properly to Cinna's speech, than to Cæsar's. RITSON.

6 And turn PRE-ORDINANCE,] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

7 Into the LAW of children.] [Old copy—*lane*.] I do not well

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied [8].

understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, "the *law* of children." That is, "change pre-ordinance and decree into the *law* of children;" into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's Staple of News:

"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell
"All in a *lane*."

The "lane of children" will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarged. So, in Hamlet:

"For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
"In thewes and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
"*The inward service of the mind and soul*
"*Grows* wide *withal*."

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. Perhaps the poet wrote:—"in the *line* of children," i. e. after the method or manner of children. In Troilus and Cressida, he uses *line* for *method, course*:

"—— in all *line* of order."

In an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, Household Talk, or Good Councel for a Married Man, I meet indeed with a phrase somewhat similar to the *lane* of children:

"Neighbour Roger, when you come
"Into the *row of neighbours married*." STEEVENS.

The *w* of Shakspeare's time differed from an *n* only by a small curl at the bottom of the second stroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could scarcely be perceived. I have not hesitated therefore to adopt Dr. Johnson's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* strongly support it. MALONE.

[8] Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaith-

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

fully among his Discoveries, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his Staple of News: "Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with just cause?*" STEEVENS.

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully.* The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading,) rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus:

"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, *but with just cause;*
"Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill founded; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury;* that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuriâ;* and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause.* But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant? TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation of the word *wrong* is supported by a line in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"Time's glory is——
"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right." MALONE.

Thus also, in King Henry IV. Part II. where Justice Shallow assures Davy that his friend (an arrant knave) "shall have no *wrong.*" STEEVENS.

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive[9];
Yet, in the number, I do know but one[1]
That unassailable holds on his rank[2],
Unshak'd of motion[3]: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,——
Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

9 —apprehensive;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions. JOHNSON.

Apprehensive does not mean, as Johnson explains it, *susceptible of fear*, but *intelligent*, capable of *apprehending*. M. MASON.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act IV. Sc. III.: "—makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive," &c. STEEVENS.

1 —but one—] One and only one. JOHNSON.

2 —holds on his RANK,] Perhaps, "holds on his *race;*" continues his course. We commonly say, To *hold a rank*, and to *hold on* a *course* or *way*. JOHNSON.

To "hold *on* his rank," is to "continue to hold it;" and I take *rank* to be the right reading. The word *race*, which Johnson proposes, would but ill agree with the following words, "unshak'd of motion," or with the comparison to the polar star:—

"Of whose true *fix'd*, and *resting* quality,
"There is no fellow in the firmament."

"Hold on his rank," in one part of the comparison, has precisely the same import with *hold his place*, in the other. M. MASON.

3 Unshak'd OF motion:] i. e. Unshak'd *by* suit or solicitation, of which the object is to *move* the person addressed. MALONE.

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel[4]?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the Neck. Cæsar catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute[5]*?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

4 Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?] I would read:

"*Do* not Brutus bootless kneel!" JOHNSON.

I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly: "See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?" This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. "Thou (said Achilles to his captive) when so great a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality?" STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio saw this passage in the same light as Dr. Johnson did, and made this improper alteration. By Brutus here Shakspeare certainly meant Marcus Brutus, because he has confounded him with Decimus (or Decius as he calls him); and imagined that Marcus Brutus was the peculiar favourite of Cæsar, calling him "*his well beloved;*" whereas in fact it was Decimus Brutus that Cæsar was particularly attached to, appointing him by his will his *second* heir, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees. MALONE.

See p. 9, n. 1. STEEVENS.

5 *Et tu, Brute?*] Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, "he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne at both shoulders, whereupon as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar catching Cassius by the arme thrust it through with his stile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he was met with another wound and stayed." Being then assailed on all sides, "with three and twenty wounds he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (*without any word uttered,*) and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον, and thou, my sonne.*" *Holland's Translation*, 1607.

CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!
BRU. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus [6].

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our author has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says, that on receiving his first wound from Casca, "he caught hold of Casca's sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Casca; what doest thou?* and Casca in Greek to his brother, *Brother, help me.*"—The conspirators then "compassed him on every side with their swordes drawn in their handes, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities.—Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie, but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawen in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance."

Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play, entitled, The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, &c. printed in 1600, on which he formed his Third Part of King Henry VI.:

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?"

This line Shakspeare rejected, when he wrote the piece above mentioned, but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found in Acolastus his Afterwitte, a poem, by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600:

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
"Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd."

So, in Cæsar's Legend, Mirror for Magistrates, 1587:

"O this, quoth I, is violence; then Cassius pierc'd my breast;
"*And Brutus thou*, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

The Latin words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on this subject. See the Preliminary Remarks. MALONE.

[6] Go to the pulpit, Brutus.] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the

Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance——
Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else[7]: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where's Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas.[8] Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop[9],

croud. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. Steevens.

7 Nor to no Roman else:] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. Steevens.

8 *Cas.*] Both the folios give this speech to Casca. Reed.

9 — Stoop, Romans, stoop,] Plutarch, in The Life of Cæsar,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash[1].—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn[2], and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be[3],
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

says, "Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, marched in a body from the senate-house to the Capitol, with their *drawn swords*, with an air of confidence and assurance." And in The Life of Brutus:—"Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, *showing their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *proclaimed liberty* to the people." THEOBALD.

[1] Stoop then, and WASH.] To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *washed with gold;* for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar. M. MASON.

[2] In STATES unborn,] The first folio has—*state;* very properly corrected in the second folio—*states*. Mr. Malone admitted the first of these readings, which he thus explained—In theatrick pomp yet undisplayed.

But, surely, by *unborn states*, our author must have meant—'communities which as yet have no existence.' STEEVENS.

[3] So oft as that SHALL BE,] The words—*shall be*, which render this verse too long by a foot, may be justly considered as interpolations, the sense of the passage being obvious without a supplement. *As oft as that*, in elliptical phrase, will signify—as oft as that *shall happen*. There are too many instances of similar ellipses destroyed by the player editors, at the expence of metre. STEEVENS.

Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank[4]:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

[4] — who else is rank:] Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the publick safety. JOHNSON.

I rather believe the meaning is, who else is too replete with blood? In our author's Venus and Adonis it is used to express exuberance:

"Rain added to a river that is *rank*,
"Perforce will force it overflow the bank."

So, in King John, Act V. Sc. IV.:

"And like a bated and retired flood
"Leaving our rankness and irregular course." MALONE.

In The Tempest we have—

"—— whom to trash
"For overtopping."

I conceive Dr. Johnson's explanation therefore to be the true one. The epithet *rank* is employed, on a similar occasion in King Henry VIII.:

"Ha! what, so *rank*?"

and without allusion to a plethora. STEEVENS.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire [5], so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice [6], and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CAS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities [7].

[5] As fire drives out fire, &c.] So, in Coriolanus:
"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail." MALONE.
Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:
"Even as one heat another heat expels,
"Or as one nail by strength drives out another."
STEEVENS.

[6] Our arms, in STRENGTH of malice,] Thus the old copies:
"To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard." The supposition that Brutus meant, "their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony," seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. For "in strength of," Mr. Pope substituted "exempt from;" and was too hastily followed by other editors. If alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read:
"Our arms *no* strength of malice——." STEEVENS.
One of the phrases in this passage, which Mr. Steevens has so happily explained, occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra:
"To make you *brothers*, and to knit your *hearts*,
"With an unslipping knot."
Again, ibid.:
"The *heart* of *brothers* governs in our love!"
The counterpart of the other phrase is found in the same play:
"I'll wrestle with you in my *strength of love*." MALONE.

[7] Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.] Here, as Mr. Blakeway

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love [8], yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

observes, Shakspeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the poet with so many good qualities that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin. BOSWELL.

[8] Though last, not least in love,] So, in King Lear:
"Although the last, not least in our dear love."
The same expression occurs more than once in plays exhibited before the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe [8].
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart * of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all [9], and love you all:
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

* First folio, *hart.*

8 —crimson'd in thy LETHE.] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death;* and in Heywood's Iron Age, Part II. 1632:

"The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,
"Is now extinct in *lethe.*"

Again, in Cupid's Whirligig, 1616:

"For vengeance' wings bring on thy *lethal* day."

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for Mungo Campbell. STEEVENS.

9 FRIENDS am I with you all, &c.] This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous S, would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. HENLEY.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you [1].—
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

[1] Brutus, a word WITH YOU.] *With you* is an apparent interpolation of the players. In Act IV. Sc. II. they have retained the elliptical phrase which they have here destroyed at the expence of metre:

"He is not doubted.—*A word,* Lucilius—." STEEVENS.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times [2].
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths [3], do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men [4];

2 — in the TIDE of times.] That is, in the *course* of times. JOHNSON.

3 Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, &c.] So, in A Warning for Faire Women, a tragedy, 1599:
"—— I gave him fifteen wounds,
"Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:
"In every wound there is a bloody tongue,
"Which will all speak although he hold his peace."
MALONE.

4 A curse shall light upon the LIMBS of men;] We should read:
"—— *line* of men;"
i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
"—— *kind* of men;"
I rather think it should be:
"—— the *lives* of men;"
unless we read:
"—— *these lymms* of men;"
That is, *these bloodhounds* of men. The uncommonness of the word *lymm* easily made the change. JOHNSON.

Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over Italy. So, in Phaer's version of the third Æneid:
"The skies corrupted were, that trees and corne destroyed to nought,
"And *limmes of men* consuming rottes," &c.
Sign. E. 1. edit. 1596. STEEVENS.

By *men* the speaker means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish

Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge [5],
With Atè by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock* [6], and let slip [7] the dogs of war,

to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to *wounds* in the civil wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent words,—"the parts of Italy," and "in *these* confines." MALONE.

5 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]

—— umbraque erraret Crassus inulta." *Lucan*, l. i.
Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam
Admovet atrà dies; Stygiisque emissa tenebris
Mors fruiter cœlo, bellatoremque volando
Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.
Stat. Theb. viii.
—— Furiæ rapuerunt licia Parcis. *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

6 Cry, HAVOCK,] A learned correspondent [Sir William Blackstone] has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given. In a tract intitled, The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

"The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. v."

"Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok.*"

"Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shall be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harneis: and the persones of such as foloweth and escrien shall be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng will—." JOHNSON.

See Coriolanus, Act III. Sc. I. MALONE.

7 —let SLIP—] This is a term belonging to the chase. Man-

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!—— [*Seeing the Body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes [8],
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:

wood, in his Forest Laws, c. xx. s. 9, says: "— that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there," &c. Reed.

Slips were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismission. See King Henry V. Act III. Sc. I. Steevens.

To *let slip* a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time. So, in Coriolanus:

"Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
"To let him *slip* at will."

By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire, sword,* and *famine*. So, in King Henry V. Chorus to Act I.:

"Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
"Assume the port of *Mars;* and, at his heels,
"*Leash'd* in like *hounds*, should *famine, sword,* and *fire*,
"Crouch for employment."

The same observation is made by Steele, in the Tatler, No. 137. Malone.

8 — for mine eyes,] Old copy—*from* mine eyes. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety [9] for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.
[*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'*s Body.*

SCENE II.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a Throng of Citizens.*

CIT. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *CIT.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *CIT.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

9 No Rome of safety, &c.] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors.

So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1638:

"—— You shall have my *room*,
"My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,
"Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free." STEEVENS.

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *CIT.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

BRU. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers[1]! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were

[1] — countrymen, and lovers! &c.] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconick brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconick brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, jingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a style of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. WARBURTON.

I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech for so great a man, on so great an occasion. Yet Shakspeare has judiciously adopted in it the style of Brutus—the pointed sentences and laboured brevity which he is said to have affected. M. MASON.

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconick brevity. STEEVENS.

dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and Others, with Cæsar's Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover[2] for the

[2] —as I slew my best LOVER—] So, in Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. II.:

"———— I tell thee, fellow,
"The general is *my lover*."

So, in the Merchant of Venice, vol. v. p. 97:

"How dear a *lover* of my lord your husband."

Again, in the same play, p. 99:

"Being the bosom *lover* of my lord." MALONE.

This term, which cannot but sound disgustingly to modern ears, as here applied, Mr. Malone considers (see Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. II.) as the language of Shakspeare's time; but this opinion, from the want of contemporary examples to confirm it, may admit of a doubt. It is true it occurs several times in our

good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus [3].

author, who probably found it in North's Plutarch's Lives, and transferred a practice sanctioned by Lycurgus, and peculiar to Sparta, to Rome, and to other nations. It was customary in the former country for both males and females to select and attach themselves to one of their own sex, under the appellation of *lovers* and favourers. These, on one part, were objects to imitate, and on the other, to watch with constant solicitude, in order to make them wise, gentle, and well conditioned. "To the *lovers*" (says Mr. Dyer, in his revision of Dryden's Plutarch, vol. i. p. 131,) "they (the elders of Lacedemon) imputed the virtues or the vices which were observed in those they *loved;* they commended them if the lads were virtuous, and fined them if they were otherwise. They likewise fined those who had not made choice of any favourite. And here we may observe Lycurgus did not copy this instruction from the practice observed in Crete, thinking without doubt such an example of too dangerous a tendency." See Strabo, l. x. REED.

In my note on the passage quoted from The Merchant of Venice, vol. v. p. 99, I have already produced the contemporary authority of Ben Jonson in a letter to Dr. Donne. Again, in his Discoveries [vol. ix. p. 118, Gifford's edit.]: "Many foolish *lovers* wish the same to their friends which their enemies would." Again, the Dedication of his Silent Woman to Sir Francis Stuart, concludes, "Your unprofitable but true *lover.*" Again, in Lupsette's Exhortation to Yonge Men, 1538: "My good Withepol (Edmund Withepol,] take heed to my lesson. I am in doubte whether you have any other *lover* that can and wyll shewe you a like tale." I could add a multitude of other quotations to the same effect; but Mr. Reed's whimsical fancy of the term being borrowed from North's Plutarch, is, I trust, already sufficiently overthrown. MALONE.

3 Shall NOW be crown'd in Brutus.] As the present hemistich, without some additional syllable, is offensively unmetrical, the adverb—*now,* which was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, is here admitted. STEEVENS.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,——
2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you [4].
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake [5],
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,——
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;

[4] — BEHOLDEN to you.] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

[5] — HE SAYS, for Brutus' sake,] Here we have another line rendered irregular, by the interpolated and needless words—"He says—." STEEVENS.

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me [6].

[6] My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's Cleopatra, 1594:
" As for my love, say, Antony hath all;
" Say that *my heart* is *gone into the grave*
" With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall." MALONE.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor [7] to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

The passage from Daniel is little more than an imitation of part of Dido's speech in the second Æneid, v. 28 et seq.:

Ille meos——amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.

STEEVENS.

[7] And none so poor —] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

And dip their napkins[8] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

[8] — their NAPKINS —] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

Napkin is the Northern term for *handkerchief*, and is used in this sense at this day in Scotland. Our author frequently uses the word. See vol. iv. p. 481. MALONE.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel[9]:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua[1],

9 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's Arcadia. STEEVENS.

Does it not mean, that Cæsar put his trust in him as he would in his guardian angel? BOSWELL.

1 Even at the base of Pompey's STATUA,] [Old copy—*statue.*] It is not our author's practice to make the adverb *even*, a dissyllable. If it be considered as a monosyllable, the measure is defective. I suspect therefore he wrote—at Pompey's *statua*. The

Which all the while ran blood [2], great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd [3] over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity [4]: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors [5].

word was not yet completely denizened in his time. Beaumont, in his Masque, writes it *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*.

Statua was used as late as 1646, by John Hall, in his Horæ Vacivæ, or Essays, &c. "A too nice refusal of fame—some time is more ambitious than the acceptance; as in that of Cato; he had rather men should aske why his *statua* was not there than why it was." Yet, it must be acknowledged, that *statue* is used more than once in this play, as a dissyllable. MALONE.

See vol. iv. p. 119.

I could bring a multitude of instances in which *statua* is used for *statue*. Thus, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, 540: "—and Callistratus by the helpe of Dædalus about Cupid's *statua*, made" &c. Again, 574: "—his *statua* was to be seene in the temple of Venus Elusina." STEEVENS.

2 Which all the while ran blood,] The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took these words from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, *which ran all a gore of blood*, till he was slain." STEEVENS.

3 —treason FLOURISH'D—] i. e. flourished the sword. So, in Rome and Juliet:

"And *flourishes* his blade in spite of me." STEEVENS.

4 The DINT of pity:] Is the *impression* of pity.

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's Cambyses:

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with other for your parte,
"The *dent* of death," &c.

Again, ibid.:

"He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or else by choking rope." STEEVENS.

5 Here is himself, MARR'D, as you see, with traitors.] To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in Solyman

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
For I have neither writ[6], nor words, nor worth,

and Perseda, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:

"This point will *mar* her skin."

To *mar* sometimes signified to *deface*, as in Othello:

"Nor *mar* that whiter skin of hers than snow:"

and sometimes to destroy, as in Timon of Athens:

"And *mar* men's spurring."

Ancient alliteration always produces *mar* as the opposite of *make*. STEEVENS.

[6] For I have neither WRIT,] I have no penned or premeditated oration. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
× The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 1 Hen. 6 243

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

"Now, my good lord, let's see the devil's *writ*."
i. e. *writing*. Again, in Hamlet: "—the law of *writ* and the liberty."—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ*. *Wit* in our author's time had not its present signification, but meant *understanding*. Would Shakspeare make Antony declare himself void of common intelligence? MALONE.

The first folio (and, I believe, through a mistake of the press,) has—*writ*, which in the second folio was properly changed into —*wit*. Dr. Johnson, however, supposes that by *writ* was meant a "penned and premeditated oration."

But the artful speaker, on this sudden call for his exertions, was surely designed, with affected modesty, to represent himself as one who had neither *wit*, (i. e. strength of *understanding*) persuasive language, weight of character, graceful action, harmony of voice, &c. (the usual requisites of an orator) to influence the minds of the people. Was it necessary, therefore, that, on an occasion so precipitate, he should have urged that he had brought no *written* speech in his pocket? since every person who heard him must have been aware that the interval between the death of Cæsar, and the time present, would have been inadequate to such a composition, which indeed could not have been produced at all, unless, like the indictment of Lord Hastings in King Richard III. it had been got ready through a premonition of the event that would require it.

What is styled the devil's *writ* in King Henry VI. Part II. is the deposition of the dæmon, *written* down before witnesses on the stage. I therefore continue to read with the second folio, being unambitious of reviving the blunders of the first. STEEVENS.

× This expression is of ancient occurrence in ye language. 'And to burn me, or to destroy me, cannot so greatly profit them [Bishop of Tunstall]; for when I am dead, the Sun and the moon, the stars and the elements, water and fire, yea, and also stones, shall defend this cause against them, rather than the verity should perish.' (Extract from Barnes' 'articles condemned for heresy.' Edit 1570.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas [7].

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber [8]; he hath left them you,

7 —seventy-five DRACHMAS.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob. STEEVENS.

8 On THIS side Tyber;] This scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is. prope *Cæsaris hortos.*

says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote:

"On *that* side Tyber ——;"

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in The Life of Marcus Brutus, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tyber. THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors; but hear the old translation, where Shakspeare's *study* lay: "He

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses [9].
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber." Farmer.

9 —fire the traitors' houses.] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—"fire *all* the traitors' houses;" but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *fier*. So, in Humors Ordinary, a Collection of Epigrams:

"Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,
"Of English *fier* and of Indian smoke!" Steevens.

By the expression the "more *modern* editors," Mr. Steevens seems to have been willing to conceal that this was one of the many corruptions introduced by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

SCENE III.[1]

The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar [2],
And things unluckily charge my fantasy [3]:
I have no will to wander forth of doors [4],
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools

[1] *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

[2] I dreamt to-night, that I did feast, &c.] I learn from an old black letter treatise on Fortune-telling, &c. that to dream "of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune," &c.

[3] — things unluckily charge my fantasy :] i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omened weight. STEEVENS.

[4] I have no will to wander forth of doors, &c.] Thus, Shylock :

"I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
"But I will go." STEEVENS.

that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in ANTONY's House [5].

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

[5] —ANTONY's House.] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. Shakspeare, I dare say, knew from Plutarch, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live [6],
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

island: which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. THEOBALD.

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.
HANMER.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Thereuppon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus,) in an island enuyroned round about with a little river, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood and holines of friendship at their feete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vncle by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred [as Mr. Jennens has observed,] from what almost immediately follows:

"*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?
"*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

The passage quoted by Steevens, clearly proves that the scene should be laid in Rome. M. MASON.

It is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house.
MALONE.

6 Upon condition Publius shall not live,] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

"You are his *sister's son*, Mark Antony."

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him[7].
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.
[*Exit* LEPIDUS.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold[8],
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;

7 — DAMN him.] i. e. *condemn* him. So, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, v. 1747, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"—— by your confession
"Hath *damned* you, and I wol it recorde." STEEVENS.

8 — as the ass bears gold,] This image had occurred before in Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. I. vol. ix. p. 97:

"—— like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
"Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
"Till death unloads thee." STEEVENS.

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations[9];

9 —one that feeds
On OBJECTS, ARTS, and imitations; &c.] 'Tis hard to conceive why he should be called a *barren-spirited* fellow that could feed either on *objects* or *arts*: that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgment upon them: *stale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have restored the text:

"On *abject orts*——."

i. e. on the *scraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *despised* by others. THEOBALD.

Sure, it is easy enough to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, Antony, should call him *barren-spirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanick operations*. I have therefore brought back the old reading, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is still left before the reader. Lepidus, in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

Objects, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakspeare uses the verb *to object*, in King Henry V. Part II. where I have given an instance of its being employed by Chapman on the same occasion. It is also used by him, in his version of the seventh Iliad:

"At Jove's broad beech these godheads met; and first Jove's son *objects*
"Why, burning in contention thus," &c.

A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Objects means, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. So, in Timon of Athens—"Swear against *objects*,"

Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion [1]: Do not talk of him,
But as a property [2]. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost [3];

which Mr. Steevens has well illustrated by a line in our poet's 152d Sonnet:

"And made them swear against *the thing* they see."
MALONE.

[1] —and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion:] Shakspeare has already woven this circumstance into the character of Justice Shallow: "—He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle." STEEVENS.

[2] —a PROPERTY.] i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. So, in Twelfth-Night:

"They have here *propertied* me, kept me in darkness," &c.
STEEVENS.

[3] Our best friends made, our means stretch'd TO THE UTMOST;] In the old copy, by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, this line is thus imperfectly exhibited:

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;"

The editor of the second folio supplied the line by reading—

"Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd *out*."

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almost all the other corrections of the second folio, as ill conceived as possible. For what is *best* means? *Means*, or abilities, if *stretched out*, receive no additional strength from the word *best*, nor does *means*, when considered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, seem to admit of a degree of comparison. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a transcriber or compositor should be guilty of three errors in the same line; that he should omit the word *and* in the middle of it, then the word *best* after *our*, and lastly the concluding word. It is much more probable that the omission was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in these plays,) and that the author wrote, as I have printed:

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd *to the utmost*."

So, in a former scene:

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake [4],
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, *and Soldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a Letter to Brutus.*

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

"—— and, you know, his *means*,
"If he improve them, may well *stretch so far*—."

Again, in the following passage in Coriolanus, which, I trust, will justify the emendation now made;

"———— for thy revenge
"Wrench up your *power* to the *highest*." Malone.

I am satisfied with the reading of the second folio, in which I perceive neither aukwardness nor want of perspicuity. *Best* is a word of mere enforcement, and is frequently introduced by Shakspeare. Thus, in King Henry VIII.:

"My life itself and the *best* heart of it——."

Why does *best*, in this instance, seem more significant than when it is applied to *means*? Steevens.

[4] —at the stake,] An allusion to bear-bating. So, in Macbeth, Act V. Sc. VII. vol. xi. p. 268:

"They have chain'd me to a *stake*, I cannot fly,
"But bear-like I must fight the course." Steevens.

In his own change, or by ill officers[5],
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,

[5] In his own CHANGE, or by ill officers,] The sense of which is this: Either your master, by the *change* of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone. This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's saying, "His master was full of regard and honour," he replies, "He is not doubted." To reconcile this we should read:

"In his own *charge*, or by ill *officers*."

i. e. Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust. *Charge* is so usual a word in Shakspeare, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient. Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the Servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

"In his own change, or by ill *offices*—."

That is, either *changing* his inclination *of himself*, or *by* the *ill offices* and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his *officer*, Lucius Pella, with corruption. STEEVENS.

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his account of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius:

"Thou hast describ'd
"*A hot* friend *cooling*."

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. M. MASON.

Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs[6] softly,—I do know you well:—

[6] —your GRIEFS—] i. e. your grievances. See Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Sc. III.:

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like[7]; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the Tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence[8] should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

"—— The King hath sent to know
"The nature of your *griefs.*" Malone.

[7] — do the like;] Old copy—"do *you* the like;" but without regard to metre. Steevens.

[8] — every nice offence —] i. e. small trifling offence. Warburton.

So, in Romeo and Juliet, Act V. vol. vi. p. 229:
"The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge
"Of dear import." Steevens.

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice [9]? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me [1],

9 What VILLAIN touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.

1 *Cas.* Brutus, BAY not me,] The old copy—"*bait* not me." Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read—"*bay* not me;" and the emendation is sufficiently plausible, our author having in Troilus and Cressida used the word *bay* in the same sense:

"What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him!"

But as he has likewise twice used *bait* in the sense required here, the text, in my apprehension, ought not to be disturbed. "I will not yield," says Macbeth:

"To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
"And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse."

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in[2]; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice[3], abler than yourself
To make conditions[4].

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not[5].

Again, in Coriolanus:
"—— why stay we to be *baited*
"With one that wants her wits?"

So also, in a comedy entitled, How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:
"Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom
"Am I thus *baited?*"

The reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is likewise supported by a passage in King Richard III.:
"To be so *baited*, scorn'd, and storm'd at." MALONE.

The second folio, on both occasions, has—*bait;* and the spirit of the reply will, in my judgment, be diminished, unless a repetition of the one or the other word be admitted. I therefore continue to read with Mr. Theobald. *Bay*, in our author, may be as frequently exemplified as *bait*. It occurs again in the play before us, as well as in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Cymbeline, King Henry IV. Part II. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

2 To hedge me in;] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

3 —I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, &c.] Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:
"And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus *I*." STEEVENS.

So, in Romeo and Juliet, vol. vi. p. 124:
"I will not budge for no man's pleasure, *I*."

Again, in King Edward II. by Marlowe, 1598:
"I am none of these common peasants, *I*."

So also, in Henry IV. Second Part, Act II. Sc. IV.: "I'll drink no more than will do me good for no man's pleasure, *I*." MALONE.

4 To make conditions.] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

5 *Cas.* I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.] This passage may easily be restored to metre, if we read:
"*Brutus*, I am.
"*Cassius*, I say, you are not." STEEVENS.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth [6], yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?

[6] I'll use you for my mirth,] Mr. Rowe has transplanted this insult into the mouth of Lothario:
"And *use* his sacred friendship *for our mirth*." STEEVENS.

Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash [7],
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

7 —than to WRING
From the HARD hands of peasants their vile trash,] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingness* to quit his hold. WARBURTON.

I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he wrote *hard hands* in this place, had any deeper meaning than in the following line in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"*Hard-handed* men that work in Athens here."

HOLT WHITE.

Mr. H. White might have supported his opinion, (with which I perfectly concur) by another instance, from Cymbeline:

"———— *hands*
"Made hourly *hard* with falsehood as *with* labour."

STEEVENS.

Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back [8].—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me [9].
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth [1];
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

[8] — my answer BACK.] The word *back* is unnecessary to the sense, and spoils the measure. STEEVENS.

[9] *Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.] The meaning is this: 'I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me*.' JOHNSON.

[1] If that thou BE'ST A ROMAN, take it forth;] I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man would wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 125: "Now, *as you are a Roman*, tell me true." BLACKSTONE.

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth [2],
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides [3], and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the gene-
rals;

[2] —and, HENCEFORTH,] Old copy, redundantly in respect both of sense and measure:—"and *from henceforth.*" But the present omission is countenanced by many passages in our author, besides the following in Macbeth:

"—— Thanes and kinsmen,
"*Henceforth* be earls." STEEVENS.

[3] —chides,] i. e. is clamorous, scolds. So, in As You Like It:
"For what had he to do to *chide* at me?" STEEVENS.

There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet[4].

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye[5].

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools[6]?
Companion, hence[7].

4 *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynick philosopher. STEEVENS.

5 Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.] This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of Homer:

'Αλλὰ πίθεσθ'. ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο:

which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
"For I have seen more years than such ye three."

See also Antony's speech, p. 108:

"Octavius, I have seen more days than you."

Again, in Chapman's Iliad, book ix.:

"I am his greater, being a king, and more in yeares than he."

STEEVENS.

6 What should the wars do with these JIGGING fools?] i. e. with these silly *poets*. A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:

"A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*
"Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

Cas. Away, away, be gone.
[*Exit Poet.*

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

[See note on Hamlet, Act II. Sc. II. vol. vii. p. 308.]

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Glocester, that "he had hung himself in chains over our poet's grave," having boasted in his preface, that "his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together," I some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than that above mentioned,) he has a claim to not more than *fifteen*. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our ancient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than *nine hundred and seventy-two!* It is highly probable that many yet have escaped my notice. MALONE.

7 COMPANION, hence.] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in King Henry IV. Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

"—— I scorn you, scurvy *companion*," &c. STEEVENS.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire[8].

[8] And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.] This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Val. Maximus, iv. 6.

It cannot, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia may want that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character.
STEEVENS.

Valerius Maximus says that Portia *survived* Brutus, and killed herself on hearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in The Life of Brutus is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that she determining to kill her selfe, (her parents and friends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hotte burning coles, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe.—There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence;* that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herselfe, choosing to dye rather than to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time,* sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and the manner of her death." *North's Translation.*

Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods [9]!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

See also Martial, lib. i. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, and Plutarch, all agree in saying that she put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, ascertains that she did so in the life-time of Brutus.

Our author, therefore, we see, had sufficient authority for his representation; and there is, I think, little ground for supposing with Dryden that Shakspeare knew that Portia had survived Brutus, and that he, " on purpose neglected a little chronology, only to give Brutus an occasion of being more easily exasperated." MALONE.

9 And died so? &c.] I suppose, these three short speeches were meant to form a single verse, and originally stood as follows:

" *Cas.* And died so?
" *Bru.* Even so.
" *Cas.* Immortal gods!"

The tragick *Ahs* and *Ohs* interpolated by the players, are too frequently permitted to derange our author's measure. STEEVENS.

Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead[1], and by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once[2],
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

[1] Ay, Cicero is dead,] For the insertion of the affirmative adverb, to complete the verse, I am answerable. Steevens.

[2] —once,] i. e. at some time or other. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:
"—— I pray thee, *once* to-night
"Give my sweet Nan this ring."
See vol. viii. p. 137, n. 6. Steevens.

Cas. I have as much of this in art[3] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is[4]:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide[5] in the affairs of men,

3 — in ART —] That is, in *theory*. MALONE.

4 This IT IS:] The overflow of the metre, and the disagreeable clash of—*it is*, with *'Tis* at the beginning of the next line, are almost proofs that our author only wrote, with a common ellipsis, —*This*:— STEEVENS.

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls [6]!
Let it not, Brutus.

[5] There is a tide, &c.] This passage is poorly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Custom of the Country:

"There is an hour in each man's life appointed
"To make his happiness, if then he seize it," &c.

STEEVENS.

Beaumont and Fletcher in The Bloody Brother, Act II. Sc. I. have a passage much more nearly resembling the text than that which has been quoted by Mr. Steevens:

" —— Consider then and quickly:
"And like a wise man take the current with you,
"Which once turn'd head, will sink you." BOSWELL.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois, 1607:

"There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,
"For each man's good; when which nick comes, it strikes.
"So no man riseth by his real merit,
"But when it cries *click* in his raiser's spirit." MALONE.

[6] Never come such division 'tween our souls!] So, in the mock play in Hamlet:

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me:
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Servants lie down.*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:

" And never come mischance between us twain."
STEEVENS.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace [7] upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see [8];—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

7 — thy leaden MACE —] A *mace* is the ancient term for a *sceptre.* So, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"—— look upon my stately grace,
"Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's *mace,*" &c.

Again:

"—— because he knew no more
"Fair Venus' Ceston, than dame Juno's *mace.*"

Again, in Marius and Sylla, 1594:

"———— proud Tarquinius
"Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly *mace.*"

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. x.:

"Who mightily upheld that royal *mace.*" STEEVENS.

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his Fairy Queen, [as Mr. Upton has observed,] b. i. cant. iv. st. 44:

"When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mase,*
"Arrested all that courtly company." HOLT WHITE.

8 Let me see, let me see;] As these words are wholly unmetrical, we may suppose our author meant to avail himself of the common colloquial phrase—"Let's see, let's see." STEEVENS.

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again [9] ?

[9] Then I shall see thee again ?] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the Ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but "a wonderful straunge and monstruous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade* of Cæsar, and the *evil genius* of Brutus.

"Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus ; and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it : well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away ; and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thing at all."

See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, lib. i. c. vii. Steevens.

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from Plutarch's Life of Brutus. Shakspeare had also certainly read Plutarch's account of this vision in the Life of Cæsar : "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, showed plainly that the goddes were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was,) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it did him no hurt, but stoode by his bedde-side, and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image aunswered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replyed agayne, and said,

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from him."

It is manifest from the words above printed in Italicks, that Shakspeare had in his thoughts this passage, which relates the very event which he describes, as well as the other. MALONE.

That *lights grew dim*, or *burned blue*, at the approach of spectres, was a belief which our author might have found examples of in almost every book of his age that treats of supernatural appearances. See King Richard III. Act V. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army*.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us [1] at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery [2], thinking, by this face,

[1] — warn us —] To *warn* is to *summon*. So, in King John:
"Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?"
Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in King Richard III.:
"And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence."
Throughout the books of the Stationers' Company, the word is always used in this sense: "Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of this house."

Again, in a Letter from Lord Cecil to the Earl of Shrewsbury. See Lodge's Illustrations, &c. vol. iii. 206: "I pray yo^r L^p, therefore, let him be privatly *warned*, without any other notice (to his disgrace) to come up," &c. Steevens.

[2] With fearful bravery,] That is, with a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay. *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating*. Malone.

So, in Churchyard's Siege of Leeth, 1575:

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou [3] the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

"They were a *feare* unto the enmyes eye."

I believe, however, that in the present instance, *fearful bravery* requires an interpretation that may be found in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. ii.: "— her horse, faire and lustie: which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldnes*, daring to doe that which she knew that she knew not how to doe." Steevens.

3 — keep thou —] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*. Ritson.

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown[4];
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca[5], like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers[6]!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself[7]:

[4] The posture of your blows ARE yet unknown;] It should be —*is* yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakspeare's. MALONE.

Rather, the mistake of his transcriber or printer; which therefore ought, in my opinion, to be corrected. Had Shakspeare been generally inaccurate on similar occasions, he might more justly have been suspected of inaccuracy in the present instance. STEEVENS.

What transcriber or printer, finding the sentence right, would industriously construct it wrong. More correct writers than our poet have been guilty of this error where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although it be not the nominative case by which it is governed. I have already pointed out various instances of a similar inaccuracy in Shakspeare in a note on Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 389. MALONE.

[5] — Casca,] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming *like* a degenerate *cur behind him*. JOHNSON.

[6] — O flatterers!] Old copy, unmetrically,—O *you* flatterers! STEEVENS.

Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:] It is natural to

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds[8]
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors[9].
Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!

suppose, from the defective metre of this line, that our author wrote:

"Flatterers! Now, Brutus, *you may* thank yourself."
STEEVENS.

[8] — three and TWENTY wounds —] [Old copy—three and *thirty*;] but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty*, from the joint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius: and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. THEOBALD.

Beaumont and Fletcher have fallen into a similar mistake, in their Noble Gentleman:

"So Cæsar fell, when in the Capitol,
"They gave his body *two and thirty* wounds." RITSON.

[9] — till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.] A similar idea has already occurred in King John:

"Or add a royal number to the dead,—
"With slaughter coupled to the name of kings."
STEEVENS.

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we[1] in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs[2].
[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho!
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord.
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala[3],

[1] Defiance, traitors, hurl we—] Whence perhaps Milton, Paradise Lost, b. i. v. 669:

"*Hurling defiance* toward the vault of Heaven."

Hurl is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary. So, in King Richard II.:

"And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage
"Upon this over-weening traitor's foot." Holt White.

[2] — when you have stomachs.] So, in Chapman's version of the ninth Iliad:

"Fight *when his stomach serves him* best, or when," &c. Steevens.

This common metaphor frequently occurs in Shakspeare, as for example, in Henry V. Act IV. Sc. III.:

"Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
"That he which hath *no stomach* to this fight
"Let him depart." Boswell.

[3] Messala, &c.] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:

"But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign [4]
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldier's hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we follow euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes unto him, he bid him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth day." STEEVENS.

[4] — our FORMER ensign —] Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly. *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See King Lear, Act IV. Sc. III. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

Former is right; and the meaning—" our *fore* ensign." So, in Adlyngton's Apuleius, 1596: " First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former* feete."

Again, in Harrison's Description of Britaine: " It [i. e. brawn] is made commonly of the *fore* part of a tame bore set uppe for the purpose by the space of an whole year or two. Afterwarde he is killed—and then of his *former* partes is our brawne made."

RITSON.

I once thought that for the sake of distinction the word should be spelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon ꝼoꞃma, *first*, I have adhered to the common spelling. MALONE.

As we were sickly prey [5]; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain *,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do [6]?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy [7],
By which I did blame Cato for the death

* First folio, *incertaine.*

5 — as we were SICKLY PREY;] So, in King John:
"As doth a *raven* on a *sick-fall'n* beast—." STEEVENS.

6 The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

7 — of that philosophy,] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in Sir Thomas North's translation, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though he now condemned it.

So, in Sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest amongest men are most vncertayne,

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life [8] :—arming myself with patience [9],

and that if the battel fall out otherwise to daye than we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe? to fly? or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certeine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reproue Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and paciently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being now in the middest of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall live in another more glorious worlde." STEEVENS.

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (p. 148,) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. BLACKSTONE.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE

There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it.

M. MASON.

This apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled. Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times; but is roused by the idea of being "led in triumph," to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free. RITSON.

[8] —— so to PREVENT
The time of life;] To *prevent* is here used in a French sense

To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle[1],
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun[2];
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

—to *anticipate.* By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period. MALONE.

To *prevent,* I believe, has here its common signification. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, adduces this very instance as an example of it. STEEVENS.

9 — arming myself with patience, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c.
JOHNSON.

1 Then, if we lose THIS BATTLE,] Cassius, in his last speech, having said—If we do lose *this battle,* the same two words might, in the present instance, be fairly understood, as they derange the metre. I would therefore read only:

" *Cas.* Then, if we lose,
" You are contented," &c.

Thus, in King Lear:

" King Lear hath *lost,* he and his daughter ta'en—:"

i. e. has lost *the battle.* STEEVENS.

2 —the ides of March BEGUN;] Our author ought to have written—*began.* For this error, I have no doubt, he is himself answerable. MALONE.

See p. 134, n. 4. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary sanctions this phraseology—" Begin, v. n. I began, or *begun.*" BOSWELL.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills [3]
Unto the legions on the other side:
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

3 — give these BILLS —] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent little *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell," &c. STEEVENS.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough[4]. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

[4] This hill is far enough, &c.] Thus, in the old translation of Plutarch: "So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friendes, they showted out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best freendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow; but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more." STEEVENS.

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought [5].
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus [6], get higher on that hill [7];
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first: time is come round [8],
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news [9]?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord [1]!

5 — even with a thought.] The same expression occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra:

"That, which is now a horse, *even with a thought*
"The rack dislimns—." STEEVENS.

6 Go, Pindarus,] This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their tragedy of Bonduca, Act III. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

7 — get HIGHER on that hill;] Our author perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his alteration.
MALONE.

Mr. Malone has sufficiently justified the reading in the text; and yet the change offered by the second folio is not undefensible.
STEEVENS.

8 — time is come round,] So, in King Lear, the Bastard, dying, says:

"The *wheel* is *come* full *circle*." STEEVENS.

9 — SIRRAH, what news?] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children. Mr. Pope, not adverting to this, reads—*Now*, what news? See vol. xi. p. 212. MALONE.

1 O my lord! &c.] Perhaps this passage, designed to form a single verse, originally stood thus:

"*Pin.* O my *good* lord!
"*Cas.* What news?
"*Pin.* Titinius is—."
STEEVENS.

Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—
And, hark! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

I have restored the arrangement of the old copy. The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:
"*Pin.* Titinius is
"Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
"Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
"Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
"Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and, hark!
"They shout for joy." BOSWELL.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails [2]. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans [3], fare thee well!

2 — and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.] So, Lucan, lib. i.:
—— populumque potentem
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ. STEEVENS.

3 The last of all the Romans,] From the old translation of Plutarch: "So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him THE *last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valiant a man* as he, he caused his bodie to be buried," &c.
Mr. Rowe, and all the subsequent editors, read, as we should

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

now write,—*Thou* last, &c. But this was not the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. See Henry VI. Third Part, Act V. Sc. V.:

"Take that *the* likeness of this railer here."

See also the Letter of Posthumus to Imogen, in Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. II.: "—as you, O *the* dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes." Again, in King Lear:

"*The* jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
"Cordelia leaves you."

not *ye* jewels,—as we now should write. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's restoration from the old copy, because it is of no great importance to our author's meaning; though I am perfectly convinced, that in the instances from Cymbeline and King Lear, *the* is merely the error of a compositor who misunderstood the abbreviations employed to express *thou* and *ye* in the original MSS. which might not have been remarkable for calligraphy. Both these abbreviations very nearly resemble the one commonly used for *the;* a circumstance which has proved the frequent source of similar corruption. A mistake of the same colour appears to have happened in p. 149, where (see note 9,) *thee* had been given instead of *the*. See likewise the volume above referred to by Mr. Malone, where *the* is again printed (and, as I conceive, through the same blunder,) instead of *thou*.

The passage cited from Plutarch can have no weight on the present occasion. The biographer is only *relating* what Brutus *had said*. In the text, Brutus is the *speaker*, and is *addressing himself, propria persona*, to Cassius.

Besides, why is not "*Thou* last," &c. the language of Shakspeare? Have we not in King Richard III.:

"*Thou* slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
"*Thou* loathed issue, &c.
"*Thou* rag of honour, *thou* detested——?"

And again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"*Thou* great and wise," &c.

Again, in Hamlet:

"——know *thou* noble youth!"

And fifty more instances to the same purpose might be introduced.

Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34,) quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset. *Suet. Tiber*. lib. iii. c. 61. STEEVENS.

Come, therefore, and to Thassos[4] send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius[5], set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, *and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato[6], ho!
[*Charges the Enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the Enemy.* Cato *is overpowered, and falls.*

4 — and to Thassos —] Old copy—*Tharsus.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

It is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's translation. Steevens.

5 Labeo, and Flavius,] Old copy—*Flavio.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

6 I am the son of Marcus Cato,] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slaine valiantly fighting, &c. *telling aloud his name and his father's name,*" &c. Steevens.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son[7].

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight[8];
[*Offering Money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news[9].—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony[1]; Brutus is safe enough:

7 — being Cato's son,] i. e. worthy of him. Warburton.

8 *Luc.* Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The Soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest.* Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting?
Johnson.

9 I'll tell the news.] The old copy reads: I'll tell *thee* news.
Johnson.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

1 Safe, Antony;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenaunce sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, aliue or dead, he will be founde like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your pur-

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light [2]; but, my lord,

pose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemie, you have brought me a friend." STEEVENS.

[2] Statilius show'd the torch-light; &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not again, he say'd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed[3]?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

againe. But his euil fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongest the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have been naughtie and unjust men, haue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] I do such a deed?] Old copy—*Shall* I do, &c. STEEVENS.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts[4], whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

4 — my SWORD-HILTS.] So in the old copy, and rightly. So before, p. 144:

" —— with this good *sword*,
" That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
" Stand not to answer; here, take thou the *hilts*."

Again, in Richard III.:

" Take him over the costard with the *hilts* of thy sword."

Again, in The Mirror for Magistrates, 1587:

" —— a naked sword he had,
" That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued."

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the present time,—my *sword's hilt*. MALONE.

Thus also, in King Henry V.:

" And hides a sword from *hilts* unto the point," &c.

Falstaff also, in King Henry IV. Part I. says: " Seven, by these *hilts*; I am a villain else." STEEVENS.

Farewell to thee too, Strato [5].—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within;* Fy, fly, fly.

CLI. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRU. Hence; I will follow [6].

[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRA. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

BRU. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

OCT. What man is that?

5 Farewell to thee too, Strato.] Thus the modern editions: I think, rightly. The old folio reads:

"Farewell to thee, *to Strato*, Countrymen." JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 Hence; I will follow THEE.] *Thee*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in Hamlet: "Go on, I'll follow *thee*." STEEVENS.

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true [7].

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them [8].
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you [9].

7 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.] See p. 150. STEEVENS.

8 — ENTERTAIN them.] i. e. receive them into my service. So, in King Lear: "You, sir, I *entertain* for one of my hundred." STEEVENS.

9 Ay, if Messala will PREFER me to you.] To *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for *recommending a servant*. So, in The Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. II.:

"Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,
"And hath *preferr'd* thee — ;"

Again, in the Countess of Dorset's Memoirs: "— wher he & his daughter *preferd* William Pond to searve my lady." *Seward's Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 316. REED.

To *prefer* is to *recommend* in its general sense. Thus, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 261: "Bessardus Bisantinus *preferres* the smoake of Juniper to melancholy persons, which is in great request with us at Oxford to sweeten our chambers."

The same word is used by Chapman in his version of the 23d Iliad; and signifies to *advance*:

"—— Now every way I erre
"About this broad-door'd house of Dis. O helpe then to *preferre*
"My soule yet further."

In the eighteenth Iliad, to *prefer*, apparently means, to *patronize*:

"—— she did so still *prefer*
"Their quarrel." STEEVENS.

Oct. Do so, good Messala [1].
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he [2],
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man* [3]!

[1] Do so, Messala.] Old copy, neglecting the metre—"Do so, *good* Messala." Steevens.

[2] —save only he, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." Steevens.

[3] ——the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*] So, in The Barons' Wars, by Drayton, canto iii.:

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
"In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
"*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*
"That none to one could sov'reignty impute;
"As all did govern, so did all obey:
"He of a temper was so absolute,
"As that it seem'd, when *nature* him began,
"She meant to show *all that might be in man*."

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. Steevens.

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of The Barons' Wars, under the title of Mortimeriados, the lamentable Civil Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons: Printed by J. R. for Humphrey Lownes, and are to be solde at his shop at the west end of Paules Church. It is in seven-line stanzas, and was, I believe, published before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt*[4].

threw it into stanzas of eight lines, making some retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was published in 8vo. in 1602; but it did not contain The Barons' Wars in any form. They first appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he speaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the stanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus:

"Such one he was, (of him we boldly say,)
"In whose rich soule all soveraigne powres did sute,
"*In whom in peace the elements all lay*
"*So mixt*, as none could soveraigntie impute;
"As all did govern, yet all did obey;
"His lively temper was so absolute,
"That 't seem'd, when *heaven his modell first* began,
"*In him it show'd perfection in a man.*"

In the same form is this stanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo. 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio printed in 1619, after Shakspeare's death. In the original poem, entitled Mortimeriados, there is no trace of this stanza; so that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyist, as his verses originally stood. In the *altered* stanza he certainly was. He perhaps had seen this play when it was first exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had perused the MS.

But after all it is not improbable that both poets were indebted to Ben Jonson, who has this passage in Cynthia's Revells, acted in 1600, and printed in 1601, Act II. Sc. III. [Vol. ii. p. 266, Gifford's edit.] "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humours *and elements are peaceably met without emulation of precedency.*" MALONE.

[4] Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have

been called Marcus Brutus, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third Act.

MALONE.

*** The substance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a passage in the second Act of this play: "The genius and the mortal instruments," &c. (see p. 37, n. 7,) is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the first notice was given to the publick in the following note on Dr. Akenside's Ode to Mr. Edwards, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works :

"During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings."

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick :

"—— Duncan is in his grave;
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
"Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
"Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
"Can touch him further."

LETTER FROM MR. W. WARBURTON TO MR. M. CONCANEN.

"Dear Sir,

"Having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd, I in vain sought for them thro' a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what oar, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius :

Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind these idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplys the same stores, which will autorise us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius:* For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. " A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
" Is worth a whole eternity in bondage." *Act II. Sc. I.*

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or.* 10ª.

Addison. " Bid him disband his legions
" Restore the commonwealth to liberty
" Submit his actions to the publick censure,
" And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,
" Bid him do this and Cato is his friend."

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp.* 5ª.

Addison. " ——— But what is life?
" 'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
" From time to time——
" 'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
" Life grows insipid and hast lost its relish." *Sc. III.*

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp.* 10ª.

Addison. " Remember O my friends the laws the rights
" The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
" From age to age by your renown'd forefathers.
" O never let it perish in your hands." *Act III. Sc. V.*

Tully. —— Hanc [libertatem scilt] retinete, quæso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt. *Philipp.* 4ª.

Addison. " The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
" The nurse of Heros the Delight of Gods."

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum, *de oratore.*

" The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act, is nothing but a transcript

from the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgment who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakspeare, who in his Julius Cæsar has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

" Between the acting of a dreadful thing
" And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
" *Like a phantasma or a hideous dream*,
" The genius and the mortal *Instruments*
" Are then in *council*, and the state of Man
" like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
" The nature of an insurrection."

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it:

" O think what anxious moments pass between
" The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods
" O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
" Filled up with horror all, & big with death."

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

" The genius and the mortal instruments
" Are then in council."

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this would have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing more worthy our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:s description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him*. For,

" O 'tis a dreadful interval of time
" Filled up with horror all, and big with death."

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

" —— all the Int'rim is
" Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
&,
" The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then
" The nature of an insurrection."

Again when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. Thus his Juba

" True she is fair. O how divinely fair!"

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex:

" Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk!"

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection ag^{t}. Shakspeare's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itselfe. You may now, S^{r}, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you, which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The superscription is thus :]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodwards at the
half moon in ffleetstrete
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane Court, Fleet Street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766. M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akenside as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to Mr. Steevens. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned. MALONE.

Dr. Joseph Warton, in a note on Pope's Dunciad, book ii. observes, that at the time when Concanen published a pamphlet entitled, A Supplement to the Profund, (1728) he was intimately acquainted with Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

AMONG the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probable by that author of whose Cleopatra there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 20, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio 1623. STEEVENS.

Antony and Cleopatra was written, I imagine, in the year 1608. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony, Octavius Cæsar, M. Æmil. Lepidus, — Triumvirs.

Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, — Friends of Antony.

Mecænas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus, — Friends to Cæsar.

Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, — Friends of Pompey.

Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.

Canidius, Lieutenant-General to Antony.

Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.

Euphronius, an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes, Attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Octavia, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.

Charmian, Iras, — Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

PHI. Nay, but this dotage of our general's [1],
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges [2] all temper;

[1] — of our general's,] It has already been observed that this phraseology (not, of our *general*,) was the common phraseology of Shakspeare's time.

So, in King John, Act II. Sc. I.:

"With them a bastard of the *king's* deceased." MALONE.

[2] — reneges —] Renounces. POPE.

So, in King Lear: "*Renege*, affirm," &c. This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst, in his version of the second book of Virgil's Æneid:

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth*."
STEEVENS.

The metre would be improved, if, by a slight alteration, we were to read *reneyes;* a word derived from the old French, meaning to *renounce:* it is to be found in Chaucer:

"What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe
"But thraldom to our bodies and penance,
"And afterward in helle to ben drawe,
"For we *reneied* Mahound our creance."
Man of Lawes Tale, v. 4757.

Again, in the same tale:

And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust[3]. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar[4] of the world transform'd

"She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
"And say'd him, that she would *reneie* her lay."
V. 4795. BOSWELL.

3 And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust.] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:

"—— is become the bellows and the fan,
"*To kindle and* to cool a gypsy's lust." JOHNSON.

In Lyly's Midas, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: "Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them a pair of bellows,* one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections." STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows,* as well as the *fan, cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an instrument of *wind,* without attending to the domestick use to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a similar phraseology in his Venus and Adonis:

"Then, with her *windy* sighs, and golden hairs,
"To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she seeks."

The following lines in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ix. at once support and explain the text:

"But to delay the heat, lest by mischaunce
"It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,
"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
"A huge great payre of *bellowes,* which did styre
"Continually, and *cooling breath* inspyre." MALONE.

Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, and his reasons for it ill founded. The bellows and the fan have the same effects. When applied to a fire, they increase it; but when applied to any other warm substance, they *cool* it. M. MASON.

"— *gipsy's* lust." *Gipsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Ægyptian,* and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman.* JOHNSON.

4 The TRIPLE pillar—] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third,* or *one of three.* One of the *triumvirs,* one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd [5].

Cleo. I'll set a bourn [6] how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth [7].

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum [8].

Cleo. Nay, hear them [9], Antony:

So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
"He bade me store up as a *triple* eye." MALONE.

To sustain *the pillars of the earth* is a scriptural phrase. Thus, in Psalm 75: "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved. I bear up *the pillars of it*." STEEVENS.

5 There's BEGGARY in the love that can be reckon'd.] So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"They are but beggars that can count their worth."
Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.
Mart. l. vi. ep. 36.

Again, in the 13th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis; as translated by Golding, p. 172:

Pauperis est numerare pecus.
"Tush! beggars of their cattel use the number for to know."
STEEVENS.

Again, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"I were but little happy, If I could say how much."
MALONE.

6 —bourn—] Bound or limit. POPE.

So, in The Winter's Tale:

"—— one that fixes
"No *bourn* 'twixt his and mine." STEEVENS.

7 Then must thou needs find out new heaven, &c.] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

8 —The sum.] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.
JOHNSON.

9 Nay, hear THEM,] i. e. the *news*. This word, in Shakspeare's time, was considered as plural. So, in Plutarch's Life of Antony: "Antonius hearing *these* newes," &c. MALONE.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom[1], *and enfranchise that;*
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

ANT. How, my love!

CLEO. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process[2]? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

ANT. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall[3]! Here is my space;

[1] *Take in*, &c.] i. e. subdue, conquer. REED.

[2] Where's Fulvia's PROCESS?] *Process* here means *summons*. M. MASON.

"The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *processe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more." *Minsheu's Dict.* in v. *Processe.*—"To serve with processe. Vide to *cite*, to *summon*." *Ibid.* MALONE.

[3] — and the wide arch
Of the RANG'D empire fall!] Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabrick standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in Coriolanus:

"—— bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,
"In heaps and piles of ruin."

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet [4],
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falshood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra [5].—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours [6],

Again, in Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. II.: "Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine." STEEVENS.

The term *range* seems to have been applied, in a peculiar sense, to mason-work, in our author's time. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ix.:

"It was a vault y-built for great dispence,
"With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall." MALONE.

What, in ancient masons' or bricklayers' work, was denominated a *range*, is now called a *course*. STEEVENS.

[4] — to weet,] To know. POPE.

[5] — Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.] *But*, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without*, *unless*, *except*. "Antony, (says the queen,) will recollect his thoughts. *Unless* kept, (he replies,) in commotion by Cleopatra." JOHNSON.

What could Cleopatra mean by saying "Antony will recollect his thoughts?" What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which she was to applaud him? It was not for her purpose that he should think, or rouse himself from the lethargy in which she wished to keep him. By "Antony will be himself," she means to say, 'that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia." To which he replies, "If but stirr'd by Cleopatra;" that is, 'if moved to it in the slightest degree by her.' M. MASON.

[6] Now, for the love of Love, and HER soft hours,] "For the

Let's not confound the time [7] with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes [8], to chide, to laugh,
To weep [9]; whose every passion fully strives [1]
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone [2],

love of Love," means, for the sake of the queen of love. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"Let *Love*, being light, be drowned if *she* sink."

Mr. Rowe substituted *his* for *her*, and this unjustifiable alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. Malone.

7 Let's not confound the time —] i. e. let us not consume the time. So, in Coriolanus:

"How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour,
"And bring thy news so late?" Malone.

8 Whom every thing becomes,]

Quicquid enim dicit, seu facit, omne decet."
Marullus, lib. ii. Steevens.

9 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this *becoming* of things ill,
"That in the very refuse of thy deeds
"There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
"That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?"
Malone.

1 — whose every passion fully strives —] The folio reads—*who*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe; but "*whose every* passion" was not, I suspect, the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt. Malone.

"Whose every," is an undoubted phrase of our author. So, in The Tempest, Act II. Sc. I.:

"A space, *whose every* cubit
"Seems to cry out," &c.

Again, in Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. VII.:

"—— this hand, whose touch,
"*Whose every* touch," &c.

The same expression occurs again in another play, but I have lost my reference to it. Steevens.

2 No messenger; but thine and all alone, &c.] Cleopatra has said, "Call in the messengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the

To-night, we'll wander through the streets[3], and
note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEOP. *with their Train.*

DEM. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHI. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

DEM. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar[4], who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer*[5].

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the

ambassadors." Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. The subsequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation. MALONE.

[3] To-night, we'll wander through the streets, &c.] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of The Life of Antonius:—
"— Sometime also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him," &c.
STEEVENS.

[4] That he APPROVES the common liar,] Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter.
MALONE.

So, in Hamlet:
"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it." STEEVENS.

soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands[6]!

[5] *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Soothsayer," *Rannius, Lucilius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely over-looked, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction.

It is not impossible, indeed, that "Lamprius, Rannius, Lucilius," &c. might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakspeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance. STEEVENS.

[6] — CHANGE his horns with garlands!] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—"must *charge* his horns with garlands," i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, "change *for* horns *his* garlands." I am in doubt whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or *to dress with changes of* garlands. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "— with a cloak of some pyed colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *variety* of them. Coriolanus says that he has received "*change* of honours" from the Patricians, Act. II. Sc. I.

That to *change with*, "applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other," is the language of Shakspeare, Mr. Malone might have learned from the following passage in Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. VI. i. e. the Queen's speech to Pisanio:

" ——— to shift his being
" Is to *exchange* one misery *with* another."

Again, in the 4th book of Milton's Paradise Lost, v. 892:

" —— where thou might'st hope to *change*
" Torment *with* ease." STEEVENS.

I once thought that these two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chāge*. But an *n*, as the Bishop of Dromore observes to me, was some-imes omitted both in MS. and print, and the omission thus

Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?

marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compositor inadvertently printing *charge* instead of *change*, but not *change* instead of *charge;* which word was never abbreviated. I also doubted the phraseology—*change* with, and do not at present recollect any example of it in Shakspeare's plays or in his time; whilst in The Taming of the Shrew, we have the modern phraseology—change *for:*

"To *change* true rules *for* odd inventions."

But a careful revision of these plays has taught me to place no confidence in such observations; for from some book or other of the age, I have no doubt almost every combination of words that may be found in our author, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraseology, will at some time or other be justified. In the present edition, many which were considered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly supported.

Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none: for supposing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? The substantive *change* being formerly used to signify *variety*, (as *change* of clothes, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of clothes* or *linen* necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to show that it signified to *dress;* or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* husband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at present*, for garlands, or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he did get them, he should *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them, she intended, we may suppose, that he should wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns "charged with garlands" is an expression of a similar import with one which is found in Characterismi, or Lenton's Leasures, 8vo. 1631. In the description of a contented cuckold, he is said to "hold his *velvet horns* as high as the best of them."

Let it also be remembered that *garlands* are usually wreathed round the *head;* a circumstance which adds great support to the emendation now made. So, Sidney:

"A *garland* made, on *temples* for to wear."

It is observable that the same mistake as this happened in

CHAR. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

ALEX. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHAR. Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foresee.

CHAR. Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTH. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHAR. He means, in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEX. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHAR. Hush!

SOOTH. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver [7] with drinking.

Coriolanus, where the same correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the subsequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy sulphur with a bolt,
"That should but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phrase—"to change with," in Lyly's Maydes Metamorphosis, 1600:

"The sweetness of that banquet must forego,
"Whose pleasant taste is *chang'd with* bitter woe."

I am still, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reasons already assigned. MALONE.

"To change his horns *with* [i. e. for] garlands" signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says Benedick, in Much Ado About Nothing: "There is no staff more honourable than one tipt with *horn*."—We are not to look for serious argument in such a "skipping dialogue" as that before us. STEEVENS.

7 I had rather heat my liver, &c.] So, in The Merchant of Venice:

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty [8], to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage [9]: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

"And let my *liver* rather *heat* with wine." Steevens.

To know why the lady is so averse from *heating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. Johnson.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled Notes from Blackfryars, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation:

"He'll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,
"To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?
"For heating's liver; which some may suppose
"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*." Malone.

The *liver* was considered as the seat of desire. In answer to the Soothsayer, who tells her she shall be very loving, she says, "She had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated."
M. Mason.

8 — let me have a child at fifty,] This is one of Shakspeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. Steevens.

9 — to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage;] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea: but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that "Herod of Jewry" became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods* Herod." And, in this tragedy, Alexas tells Cleopatra, that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as Herod. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. Steevens.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs [1].

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names [2]: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million [3].

[1] — I love long life better than figs.] This is a proverbial expression. Steevens.

[2] Then, belike, my children shall HAVE NO NAMES:] If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose "I shall never name children," that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, "how many boys and wenches?" Johnson.

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says Launce, in the third Act of The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*; —" Steevens.

A line in our author's Rape of Lucrece confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"Thy issue blurr'd with *nameless bastardy*." Malone.

A *fairer fortune*, may mean "a more prosperous fortune." So Launcelot, in The Merchant of Venice, vol. v. p. 45: "Well, if any man in Italy have a *fairer* table." Boswell.

[3] If every of your wishes had a womb,
And FERTILE every wish, a million.] For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation of Dr. Warburton, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. "If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I *should* foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children." It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation: "I should shame you, and tell all;" that is, "and if I should *tell all*." *And is* for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially, used for *if*. Johnson.

I have not hesitated to receive Dr. Warburton's emendation,

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch[4].

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication[5], I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

the change being so slight, and so strongly supported by the context.

If every one of your wishes, says the Soothsayer, had a womb, and each womb-invested wish were likewise *fertile*, you then would have a million of children. The merely supposing each of her wishes to have a womb, would not warrant the Soothsayer to pronounce that she should have *any* children, much less a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of these wombs might be subject to "the sterile curse." The word *fertile*, therefore, is absolutely requisite to the sense.

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson, "I should shame you and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced. Malone.

The epithet *fertile* is applied to womb, in Timon of Athens:

"Ensear thy *fertile* and conceptious womb."

I have received Dr. Warburton's most happy emendation.

The reader who wishes for more instruction on this subject, may consult Goulart's Admirable Histories, &c. 4to. 1607, p. 222, where we are told of a Sicilian Woman who "was so *fertill*, as at thirty birthes she had seaventie three children." Steevens.

4 —I forgive thee for a witch.] From a common proverbial reproach to silly ignorant females: "You'll never be burnt for a witch." Steevens.

5 Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, &c.] So, in Othello:

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune [6], his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of

" —— This *hand* is *moist,* my lady:—
" This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart."

Again, in Venus and Adonis:

" With that she seizeth on his *sweating palm,*
" The precedent of pith and livelihood." Malone.

Antonio, in Dryden's Don Sebastian, has the same remark:

" I have a *moist, sweaty palm;* the more's my sin."

Steevens.

[6] Alexas,—come, his fortune,] [In the old copy, the name of *Alexas* is prefixed to this speech.]

Whose fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slipt the observation of all the editors; especially of the sagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, " That if, throughout the plays, had all the *speeches* been printed without the very *names* of the persons, he *believes* one might have applied them *with certainty* to every speaker." But in how many instances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falsified this opinion? The fact is evidently this: Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and says himself, " We'll know all our fortunes." Well; the Soothsayer begins with the women; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity: after which, the women hoping for the satisfaction of having something to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observations which Alexas immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused. Theobald.

all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord[7]?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here[8], at your service.—My lord approaches.

7 Saw you my lord?] Old copy—*Save* you. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Saw* was formerly written *sawe*. Malone.

8 Here, madam,] The respect due from Alexas to his mistress, in my opinion, points out the title—*Madam*, (which is wanting in the old copy,) as a proper cure for the present defect in metre. Steevens.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

CLEO. We will not look upon him: Go with us.
[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, *Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

MESS. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANT. Against my brother Lucius?

MESS. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter drave them [9].

ANT. Well, what worst?

MESS. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESS. Labienus
(This is stiff news [1]) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrătes [2];

9 — DRAVE them.] *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus, in Joshua, xxiv. 12: "— and *drave* them out from before you."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:
"—— to chariot he arose,
"*Drave* forth—." STEEVENS.

1 (This is STIFF news)] So, in The Rape of Lucrece:
"Fearing some *hard* news from the warlike band."
MALONE.

2 Extended Asia from Euphrătes;] i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Lesser Asia. WARBURTON.

To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize;* I know not whether this be not the sense here. JOHNSON.

His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Iönia;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation is right. So, in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:

"Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*,
"From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Again, in Twelfth-Night:

"This uncivil and unjust *extent*
"Against thy peace."

Again, in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, the Extortioner says:

"This manor is *extended* to my use."

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just; "for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia." To *extend* is a law term used for to seize lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance: "Those wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized." Savile's translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. And then observes, that "Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in As You Like It:

"And let my officers of such a nature
"Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

See vol. vi. p. 416.

Our ancient English writers almost always give us Euphrătes instead of Euphrātes.

Thus, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 21:

"That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrătes."

See note on Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. III. Steevens.

When our quick minds lie still[3]; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

3 When our quick WINDS lie still;] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

An idea, somewhat similar, occurs also in the The First Part of King Henry IV.: "—the cankers of a *calm world* and a *long peace*." Again, in The Puritan: "—hatched and nourished in the *idle calms* of peace."

Again, and yet more appositely, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"For what doth *cherish weeds*, but *gentle air?*"

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read *minds*. It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned.

Dr. Johnson, however, might, in some degree, have countenanced his explanation by a singular epithet, that occurs twice in the Iliad—ἀνεμοτρεφὲς; literally, *wind-nourished*. In the first instance, l. xi. 256, it is applied to the tree of which a spear had been made; in the second, l. xv. 625, to a wave, impelled upon a ship. STEEVENS.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word, signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in p. 204. So, in Genesis, c. xlv.: "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest."

BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind*-rows. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds*.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows nnder hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's description of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the husbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unless it can be shown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will suit with the context. Dr. Johnson hath con-

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

sidered the position as a general one, which indeed it is; but being made by Antony, and applied to himself, *he*, figuratively, is the *idle soil;* the *malice* that *speaks home*, the *quick*, or cutting *winds*, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our *ills* (that is *the truth* faithfully) *told us;* a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—"is as our *earing;*" serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, *in a mild winter*, those weeds which "the tyrannous breathings of the north" would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow. HENLEY.

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind-rows* be exact or erroneous, in justice to myself I must inform Mr. Henley, that I received it from an Essex farmer; observing, at the same time, that in different counties the same terms are differently applied.

STEEVENS.

The words *lie still* are opposed to *earing; quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: "When our pregnant *minds* lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying *still*, is little better than nonsense.

M. MASON.

The words—*lie still*, appear to have been technically used by those who borrow their metaphors from husbandry. Thus Ascham, in his Toxophilus, edit. 1589, p. 32: "—as a grounde which is apt for corne, &c. if a man let it *lye still*, &c. if it be wheate it will turne into rye." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson thus explains the old reading:

"The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallows*, because "the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind*-rows;" though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will[4].

Ant. Let him appear,—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
[*Gives a Letter.*

note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—"not ventilated by quick winds," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited. Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "It ascends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive."

Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians," &c.

It is, however, proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immerged in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds*, in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning; and I had the less scruple on the present occasion, because the same error is found in King John, Act V. Sc. VII. where we have, in the only authentick copy:

"Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
"Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now
"Against the *wind*."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida, folio 1632:

"Let it be call'd the *mild* and wand'ring flood." MALONE.

The observations of six commentators are here exhibited. To offer an additional line on this subject, (as the Messenger says to Lady Macduff,) "were fell cruelty" to the reader. STEEVENS.

4 He stays UPON your will.] We meet with a similar phrase in Macbeth;

Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again [5]; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself [6]: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back [7], that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

"Worthy Macbeth, we stay *upon* your leisure."
STEEVENS.

5 We wish it ours again.] Thus, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. ii.:
"We mone that lost which had we did bemone."
STEEVENS.

6 ——— the present pleasure
By REVOLUTION LOWERING, does become
The OPPOSITE of itself:] The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the *east*, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes *the opposite of itself*. WARBURTON.

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps, Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus: "What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable." TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—"The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain."
STEEVENS.

7 The hand COULD pluck her back, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The sense is, "the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again." HEATH.

Could, *would*, and *should*, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment[8]: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears[9]; they

[8] — poorer moment:] For less reason; upon meaner motives. Johnson.

[9] We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;] I once idly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—"We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters;"—which is certainly the phraseology we should now use. I mention such idle conjectures, however plausible, only to put all future commentators on their guard against suspecting a passage to be corrupt, because the diction is different from that of the present day. The arrangement of the text was the phraseology of Shakspeare, and probably of his time. So, in King Henry VIII.:

"—— You must be well contented,
"To make *your house our Tower*."

We should certainly now write—to make our Tower your house.

Again, in Coriolanus:

"What good condition can a treaty find,
"I' the part that is at mercy?"

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—See also a similar inversion in vol. v. p. 68, n. 4.

are greater storms and tempests that almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein [1], that when old robes

The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. "We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of sighs and tears; they are greater storms," &c. MALONE.

Dr. Young has seriously employed this image, though suggested as a ridiculous one by Enobarbus:

"*Sighs* there are *tempests* here,"

says Carlos to Leonora, in The Revenge. STEEVENS.

[1] — it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—"*They show* to man the tailors of the earth; comforting *him therein*," &c. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus—"It shows to *men* the tailors of the earth, comforting them," &c. JOHNSON.

When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. MALONE.

The meaning is this—"As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when

are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion[2], that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[3] to the queen,
And get her love to part[4]. For not alone

your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones. ANONYMOUS.

[2] —the tears live in an onion, &c.] So, in The Noble Soldier, 1634: "So much water as you might squeeze out of *an onion* had been tears enough," &c. i. e. yonr sorrow should be a forced one. In another scene of this play we have *onion-eyed;* and, in The Taming of a Shrew, the Lord says:

"—— If the boy have not a woman's gift
"To rain a shower of commanded tears,
"An *onion* will do well."

Again, in Hall's Vigidemiarum, lib. vi.:

"Some strong-smeld *onion* shall stirre his eyes
"Rather than no salt tears shall then arise." STEEVENS.

[3] The cause of our EXPEDIENCE —] *Expedience,* for *expedition.* WARBURTON.

So, in King Henry IV. First Part, Act I. Sc. I.:

"———— Then let me hear
"Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
"What yesternight our council did decree
"In forwarding this dear *expedience.*" MALONE.

[4] And get her LOVE to part.] I suspect the author wrote:

"And get her *leave* to part."

The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches [5],
Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home [6] : Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea : our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger : Much is breed-
ing,

in vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer :

" ———— I go from hence,
" Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
" As thou affect'st."

I have lately observed that this emendation had been made by Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*.

The same error [as I have since observed] has happened in Titus Andronicus, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that *leave* was Shakspeare's word. In that play we find :

" He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,"

instead of—" He *leaves*," &c. MALONE.

I have no doubt but we should read *leave*, instead of *love*. So afterwards :

" 'Would she had never given you *leave* to come ! "

M. MASON.

The old reading may mean—" And prevail on her love to consent to our separation." STEEVENS.

[5] — more urgent touches,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

So, Imogen says in Cymbeline :

" —— a *touch* more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears." M. MASON.

[6] Petition us at home :] Wish us at home ; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

Which, like the courser's hair [7], hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence [8].

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —the courser's hair, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. Pope.

So, in Holinshed's Description of England, p. 224: "—A *horse-haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c.

Again, in Churchyard's Discourse of Rebellion, &c. 1570:

"Hit is of kinde much worsse then *horses heare*
"That lyes in donge, where on vyle *serpents* brede."

Steevens.

Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions, showed that what were vulgarly called animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. Tollet.

[8] — Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.] Say to those whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—"whose *places* under us," and "*require.*" The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the second folio.

Malone.

I should read the passage thus:

"—— Say our pleasure
"To such *who've* places under us, requires
"Our quick remove," &c.

The amendment is as slight as that adopted by the editor, and makes the sense more clear. M. Mason.

I concur with Mr. Malone. Before I had seen his note I had explained these words exactly in the same manner.

I learn, from an ancient Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, &c. published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1790, that it was the office of "Gentlemen Ushers to give the whole house warning upon a remove." Steevens.

I believe we should read:

"———— *Their* quick remove from hence."

Tell our design of going away to those who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste. Johnson.

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he [9] ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you [1] ;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

9 Where is he?] The present defect of metre might be supplied, by reading:

"Where is he *now?*"

So, in Macbeth: "The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she *now?*" STEEVENS.

1 — I did not send you;] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

So, in Troilus and Cressida:

"We met by chance; you did not find me here." MALONE.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it [2].

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods [3],
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going.

[2] —the SIDES of nature
Will not sustain it.] So, in Twelfth-Night:
"There is no woman's *sides*
"Can bide the beating of so strong a passion." STEEVENS.

[3] Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,] So, in Timon of Athens:
"Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
"Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
"The immortal gods that hear you." STEEVENS.

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent[4]; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven[5]: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now, lady!

CLEO. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use[6] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestick powers
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

4 — in our BROWS' BENT;] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows. So, in King John:

"Why do you *bend* such solemn *brows* on me?" STEEVENS.

5 — a race of heaven:] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, 'was of *heavenly origin*.' MALONE.

6 Remains in use —] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

The same phrase has already occurred in The Merchant of Venice:

"I am content, so he will let me have
"The other half *in use*—." STEEVENS

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going[7],
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die[8]?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd[9]; at the last, best[1]:
See, when, and where she died.

7 —should SAFE my going,] i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Mr. Theobald, instead of *safe*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *salve*. MALONE.

—— *safe* my going, is the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene, a soldier says to Enobarbus:

"—— Best you *safed* the bringer
"Out of the host." STEEVENS.

8 It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be: "Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?" She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it possible that Fulvia should die? I will not believe it. RITSON.

Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

9 The GARBOILS she awak'd;] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood, in The Rape of Lucrece, 1638:

"—— thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,
"The head of all those *garboiles*."

Again, by Stanyhurst, in his translation of the first book of Virgil's Æneid, 1582:

"Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror."

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water[2]? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire[3],
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves[4].

Again, in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607: "Days of mourning by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreased." The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly, great stir*. Steevens.

In Cawdrey's Alphabetical Table of Hard Words, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *hurlyburly*. Malone.

[1] — at the last, best:] This conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia, may be illustrated by Malcolm's eulogium on the thane of Cawdor:

"—— nothing in his life
"Became him, like the leaving it." Steevens.

Surely it means her death was the best thing I have known of her, as it checked her *garboils*. Boswell.

[2] O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, of bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. Johnson.

So, in the first Act of The Two Noble Kinsmen, said to be written by Fletcher, in conjunction with Shakspeare:

" Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
" *Sacred vials, fill'd with tears.*" Steevens.

[3] —Now, by the fire, &c.] Some word, in the old copies, being here wanting to the metre, I have not scrupled to insert the adverb—*Now*, on the authority of the following passage in King John, as well as on that of many others in the different pieces of our author:

" *Now*, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
" I like it well—." Steevens.

[4] So Antony loves.] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. Steevens.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right; yet before I read his note, I

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt[5]: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword *,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[6] does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, —but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten[7].

* First folio, *Now by sword.*

thought the meaning to be—"My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me." *So*, for *so that*. If this be the true sense of the passage, it ought to be regulated thus:

"I am quickly ill,—and well again,
"So Antony loves."

Thus, in a subsequent scene:

"—— I would, thou didst;
"*So* half my Egypt were submerg'd." MALONE.

5 —to Egypt:] To me, the Queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

6 —HERCULEAN Roman—] Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules. STEEVENS.

7 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow; and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: "O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself[8].

forget every thing." *Oblivion,* I believe, is boldly used for *a memory apt to be deceitful.*

If too much latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes :

"Oh *me!* oblivion is a very Antony," &c. STEEVENS.

Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punctuation ; *O my!* being still an exclamation frequently used in the West of England. HENLEY.

"Oh my!" in the provincial sense of it, is only an imperfect exclamation of—"*Oh my* God!" The decent exclaimer always stops before the sacred name is pronounced. Could such an exclamation therefore have been uttered by the Pagan Cleopatra? STEEVENS.

The sense of the passage appears to me to be this : "O, my oblivion, as if it were another Antony, possesses me so entirely, that I quite forget myself." M. MASON.

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this passage is just. Dr. Johnson says, that "it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her." It certainly was ; it was her *oblivious memory,* as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it ; and the licence is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

[8] But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.] i. e. But that your charms hold me, who am the *greatest* fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the *greatest.* That this is the sense is shown by her answer :

"'Tis sweating labour,
"To bear such *idleness so near the heart,*
"As Cleopatra this—." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very coarse one. The sense may be :—But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself. So Webster, (who was often a close imitator of Shakspeare,) in his Vittoria Corombona, 1612 :

"—— how *idle* am I
"To *question* my own *idleness!*"

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject.*— But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me [9], when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory [1]! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here [2], go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But perhaps *your subject* rather means, whom being in subjection to you, you can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding," to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being. MALONE.

9 Since my BECOMINGS kill me,] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her—

"—— wrangling queen,
"Whom every thing *becomes*."

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. Or she may mean—That conduct, which, in my own *opinion*, becomes me, as often as it appears ungraceful to you, is a shock to my sensibility. STEEVENS.

1 — LAUREL'D victory!] Thus the second folio. The inaccurate predecessor of it—*laurel* victory. STEEVENS.

This was the language of Shakspeare's time. I have adhered to the old reading. MALONE.

2 That thou, residing here, &c.] This conceit might have been suggested by the following passage in Sidney's Arcadia, book i.:

"She went they staid; or, rightly for to say,
"She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

Thus also, in The Mercator of Plautus: "Si domi sum, foris est animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est." STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR's House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

CÆS. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor [3]: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd * to think he had partners [4]: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEP. I must not think, there are
Evils enough † to darken all his goodness:

* First folio, *Vouchsafe.* † First folio, *enow.*

[3] ONE great competitor:] Perhaps—*Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.

Johnson is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read—"*Our* great competitor," as this speech is addressed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate* or *partner*. So Menas says:

"These three world-sharers, these *competitors*
"Are in thy vessel."

And again, Cæsar, speaking of Antony, says—

"That thou my brother, my *competitor*,
"In top of all design, my mate in empire." M. MASON.

One competitor is *any one* of his great competitors. BOSWELL.

[4] — or
Vouchsaf'd TO think he had partners:] The irregularity of metre in the first of these lines induces me to suppose the second originally and elliptically stood thus:

"*Or* vouchsaf'd think he had partners," &c.

So, in Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. II.:

"Will force him think I have pick'd the lock," &c.

not *to* think. STEEVENS.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More firy by night's blackness [5]; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd [6]; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;

5 — as the spots of heaven,
More firy by night's blackness;] If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:

"—— spots *on ermine*,
" *Or fires*, by night's blackness." JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—" As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart of the simile, is *Antony's goodness.* His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour.* It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.— That the *prominence* and *splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in Hamlet, where a similar thought is less equivocally expressed:

" Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
" *Stick firy off* indeed."

A kindred thought occurs in King Henry V.:

" —— though the truth of it stands off as gross
" As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it."

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

" And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
" My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
" Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
" Than that which hath no foil to set it off." MALONE.

6 — purchas'd;] Procured by his own fault or endeavour.
JOHNSON.

To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
 him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish[7],) yet must
 Antony
No way excuse his soils[8], when we do bear

7 —— say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,)] This seems inconsequent. I read:

" *And* his composure," &c.

Grant that this becomes him, *and* if it can become him, he must have in him something very uncommon, *yet*, &c.

JOHNSON.

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In As You Like It we meet with the same kind of phraseology:

" —— what though you *have* beauty,
" (*As* by my faith I see no more in you
" Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
" Must you therefore be proud and pitiless?"

See vol. vi. p. 459, n. 6. MALONE.

8 No way excuse his SOILS,] The old copy has—*foils*. For the emendation now made I am answerable. In the MSS. of our author's time *ſ* and *f* are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakspeare has so regularly used this word in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation. So, in Hamlet:

" —— and no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch,
" The virtue of his will."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:

" The only *soil* of his fair virtue's gloss."

Again, in Measure for Measure:

" Who is as free from touch or *soil* with her,
" As she from one ungot."

Again, ibid.:

" My *unsoil'd* name, the austereness of my life."

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" For all the *soil* of the achievement goes
" With me into the earth."

So great weight in his lightness[9]. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't[1]: but, to confound such time[2],
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge[3],
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

LEP. Here's more news.

In the last Act of the play before us we find an expression nearly synonymous:

"—— His *taints* and honours
"Wag'd equal in him."

Again, in Act II. Sc. III.:

"Read not my *blemishes* in the world's reports."

MALONE.

If *foils* be inadmissible, (which I question,) we might read—*fails*. In The Winter's Tale, we meet with this substantive, which signifies omission, or non-performance:

"Mark, and perform it. See'st thou? for the *fail*
"Of any point in't, shall not only be
"Death to thyself," &c.

Yet, on the whole, I prefer Mr. Malone's conjecture.

STEEVENS.

9 So great weight in his lightness.] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is—His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

1 Call on him for't:] *Call on him*, is, *visit him*. Says Cæsar —If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*. JOHNSON.

2 — to CONFOUND such time,] See p. 170, n. 7. MALONE.

3 — boys; who, being mature in knowledge,] For this Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconsistent idea, has put:

"—— who, *immature* in knowledge:"

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature:* though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*. JOHNSON.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar[4]: to the ports
The discontents repair[5], and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd[6]. This common body,

[4] That only have fear'd Cæsar:] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

[5] The DISCONTENTS repair,] That is, the *malecontents.* So, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. I.:

"—— that may please the eye
"Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents.*"

MALONE.

[6] — he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes DEAR'D, by being lack'd.] [Old copy—*fear'd.*] Let us examine the sense of this [as it stood] in plain prose. "The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be *fear'd* by them." But do the multitude *fear* a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

"Comes *dear'd*, by being lack'd."

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So, in Coriolanus:

"I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd.*" WARBURTON.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet

Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself[7] with motion[8].

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear[9] and wound

wanting. What is the meaning of—"ne'er lov'd till *ne'er* worth love?" I suppose that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—till *not* worth love. MALONE.

7 —rot ITSELF—] The word—*itself*, is, I believe, an interpolation, being wholly useless to the sense, and injurious to the measure. STEEVENS.

8 Goes to, and back, LACKEYING the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.] [Old copy—*lashing*.] But how can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to *lash* the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. 'Tis true, there is no sense in the old reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain:

"——*lackeying* the varying tide,"

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lackey*, at his master's heels. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's Odyssey:

"—— who would willingly
"*Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in his version of the 24th Iliad:

"My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side."

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of Antonio and Melilda, 1602:

"O that our power
"Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!"

Again, in The Whole Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, &c. March 15, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "The minutes (that *lackey* the heeles of time) run not faster away than do our joyes."

Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. STEEVENS.

9 — which they EAR —] To *ear*, is to *plough*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't [1], and flush youth [2] revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

CÆS. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals [3]. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses [4], and the gilded puddle [5]
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turbervile's Falconry, 1575:

"—— because I have a larger field to *ear*."

See p. 182. MALONE.

1 Lack blood to think on't,] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

2 — and FLUSH youth —] *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. So, in Timon of Athens:

"Now the time is *flush*—." STEEVENS.

3 — thy lascivious WASSELS,] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word, see Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 85. The old copy, however, reads—*vaissailes*. STEEVENS.

Vassals is, without question, the true reading. HENLEY.

4 — Thou didst drink
The stale of horses,] All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

5 — gilded puddle —] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime: to this appearance the poet here refers. HENLEY.

It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain [6]
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council [7]: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

[6] Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain, &c.] The defect of the metre induces me to believe that some word has been inadvertently omitted. Perhaps our author wrote:

"Drive him to Rome *disgrac'd*: 'Tis time we twain," &c.

So, in Act III. Sc. XI.:

"———— So she
"From Egypt *drive* her all-*disgraced* friend." Malone.

I had rather perfect this defective line, by the insertion of an adverb which is frequently used by our author, and only enforces what he apparently designed to say, than by the introduction of an epithet which he might not have chosen. I would therefore read:

"——'Tis time *indeed* we twain
"Did show ourselves," &c. Steevens.

[7] Assemble we immediate council:] [Old copy—assemble *me*.] Shakspeare frequently uses this kind of phraseology, but I do not recollect any instance where he has introduced it in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the second folio is right: "Assemble *we*," &c. So, afterwards:

"—— Haste *we* for it:" Malone.

I adhere to the reading of the second folio. Thus, in King Henry IV. Part II. King Henry V. says:

"Now call *we* our high court of parliament." Steevens.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond[8]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora[9].

[8] —I knew it for my bond.] That is, to be my bounden duty. M. Mason.

[9] —mandragora.] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in Othello:

"Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
"Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
"Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep—."

Johnson.

So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"Come violent death,
"Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep."

Steevens.

Gerard, in his Herbal, says of the *mandragoras:* "Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof."

In Adlington's Apuleius (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to. bl. l. p. 187, lib. x.: "I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead." Percy.

See also Pliny's Natural History, by Holland, 1601, and Plutarch's Morals, 1602, p. 19. Ritson.

Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason[1]!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men[2].—He's speaking now,

[1] O, treason!] Old copy, coldly and unmetrically—
"O, *'tis* treason!" STEEVENS.

[2] And BURGONET of men.] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. So, in King Henry VI.:
"This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*."
Again, in The Birth of Merlin, 1662:
"This, by the gods and my good sword, I'll set
"In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet*." STEEVENS.

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison [3]:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar[4],
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspéct[5], and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEO. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee[6].—

3 —delicious poison:] Hence, perhaps, Pope's Eloisa:
"Still drink *delicious poison* from thine eye." STEEVENS.

4 —Broad-fronted Cæsar,] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—"*bald*-fronted Cæsar." The compound epithet —"broad-fronted," occurs however in the tenth book of Chapman's version of the Iliad:
"——— a heifer most select,
"That never yet was tam'd with yoke, *broad-fronted,* one year old." STEEVENS.

"——Broad-fronted," in allusion to Cæsar's baldness. HENLEY.

5 —ANCHOR his aspéct,] So, in Measure for Measure:
"Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
"*Anchors* on Isabel." STEEVENS.

6 —that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The Alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his Shadow of Night, 1594:
"O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures."
And on this passage he has the following note: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes." Thus, in The Chanones Yemannes Tale of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 16,330:

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed [7],

"—— the philosophre's stone,
" *Elixir* cleped, we seken fast eche on."

See Tempest, last Scene, near the end. Steevens.

7 —arm-gaunt,] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

"His *stall-worn* steed the champion stout bestrode."

Warburton.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantry, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonick word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:

"—— arm-*girt* steed." Johnson.

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his Venus and Adonis.

Dr. Johnson must have looked into some early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: "I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be,

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him [8].

thin-shoulder'd, by a strange composition of Latin and English :— "gaunt *quoad* armos." MALONE.

I suppose there must be some error in the passage, and should amend it by reading:

"And soberly did mount a *termagant* steed,
"*That* neigh'd," &c.

Termagant means *furious.* So Douglas, in Henry IV. is called the *termagant* Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the steed's neighing so high. Besides, by saying that Antony mounted composedly a horse of such mettle, Alexas presents Cleopatra with a flattering image of her hero, which his mounting slowly a jaded post-horse, would not have done. M. MASON.

When I first met with Mr. Mason's conjecture, I own I was startled at its boldness; but that I have since been reconciled to it, its appearance in the present text of Shakspeare will sufficiently prove.

It ought to be observed, in defence of this emendation, that the word *termagaunt* (originally the proper name of a clamorous Saracenical deity) did not, without passing through several gradations of meaning, become appropriated (as at present) to a turbulent female. I may add, that the sobriety displayed by Antony in mounting a steed of temper so opposite, reminds us of a similar contrast in Addison's celebrated comparison of the Angel:

"*Calm* and *serene* he drives the *furious* blast."

Let the critick who can furnish a conjecture nearer than *termagaunt* to the traces of the old reading *arm-gaunt,* or can make any change productive of sense more apposite and commodious, displace Mr. M. Mason's amendment, which, in my opinion, is to be numbered among the *feliciter audentia* of criticism, and meets at least with my own unequivocal approbation. STEEVENS.

If Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation "arm-girt" should not be adopted, I know not what to make of this difficult passage. Till some instance shall be produced of the epithet *termagant* being applied to a steed, I apprehend Mr. Steevens will have few followers in the sanction he has given to this wild alteration; which would at the same time destroy the measure of the verse. May I be permitted to throw out a conjecture, as to which I myself have no great confidence. *Gaunt* is certainly *thin;* but as it is generally used in speaking of animals made *savage by hunger,* such as a *gaunt* wolf, a *gaunt* mastiff, it is possible that it may derivatively have acquired the sense of *fierce,* and an *arm-gaunt* steed may signify a steed looking fierce in armour. The reader need scarcely be informed that formerly the horse was often pro-

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;

tected by armour as well as his rider. But I prefer Hanmer's reading. Boswell.

[8] Was beastly dumb'd by him.] The old copy has *dumbe.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. "Alexas means (says he) the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke, he could not have been heard." Malone.

The verb which Mr. Theobald would introduce, is found in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"Deep clerks she *dumbs,*" &c. Steevens.

Shakspeare wrote:

"Who neighed so high, that what I would have spoken,
"Was beastly *done* by him."

i. e. the sense of what I would have spoke, the horse declared, though in inarticulate sounds. The case was this: Alexas came to take leave of Antony, who recommended a message to him to his mistress; Alexas then had no more to do but to make his compliments: but in that instant Antony mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master's weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance (such a one as poets and romancers, when they speak of their hero's adventures, never fail to improve,) Alexas is made to turn to a compliment on Antony, which could not but please Cleopatra. I was going (says he,) to pay my farewell compliments to Antony, to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, showed him to be sensible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest. Warburton.

I have restored the above very ingenious note. Boswell.

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick [9]?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then [1]!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt [2]. [*Exeunt*

9 — SO THICK?] i. e. in such quick succession. So, in Macbeth:

"—— As *thick* as tale,
"Came post with post—."

See vol. xi. p. 43. STEEVENS.

1 My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!] *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. "Those, (says she,) were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then." WARBURTON.

Old copy:

"When I was green in judgment, cold in blood
"To say as I said then."

Warburton's reading is more spirited, but *cold* and *green* seem to be suggested by the metaphor *sallad* days. BOSWELL.

2 — unpeople Egypt.] By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S House.

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS [3].

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for [4].
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent [5], and my auguring hope

[3] The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him. JOHNSON.

All the speeches in this scene that are not spoken by Pompey and Varrius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which must stand for *Menecrates*. The course of the dialogue shows that some of them at least belong to Menas; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the modern editions; or, rather, a syllable [*Men.*] has been prefixed, that will serve equally to denote the one or the other of these personages. I have given the first two speeches to Menecrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

[4] Whiles we are suitors to their throne, DECAYS
The thing we sue for.] The meaning is, "While we are praying, the thing for which we pray *is losing its value*." JOHNSON.

[5] My POWER'S a crescent, &c.] In old editions:
"My *powers are* crescent, and my auguring hope
"Says *it* will come to the full."
What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate

Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

MEN. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

POM. Where have you this? 'tis false.

MEN. From Silvius, sir.

POM. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms[6] of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip[7]!

to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon;* and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent;* but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full* orb. THEOBALD.

[6] — charms —] Old copy—"*the* charms—." The article is here omitted, on account of metre. STEEVENS.

[7] — thy WAN'D lip!] In the old edition it is—

"—— thy *wand* lip!"

Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand,* if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan,* the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned,* or *made wan,* a participle. So, in Hamlet:

"That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd.*"

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth:

"Now you look *wan* and pale; *lips'* ghosts you are."

Again, in Marston's Antonio and Mellida:

"———— a cheek
"Not as yet *wan'd.*"

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. *decreased,* like the moon, in its beauty. So, in The Tragedy of Mariam, 1613:

"And Cleopatra then to seek had been
"So firm a lover of her *wained* face."

Again, in The Skynner's Play, among the Chester collection of Mysteries, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 152:

"O blessed be thou ever and aye;
"Now *wayned* is all my woo."

Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness [8].—How now, Varrius?

ruin of her lover: or, as Mr. Ritson expresses the same idea, that "her *lip*, which was become *pale* and *dry* with *age*, may recover the *colour* and *softness* of her *sallad* days." The epithet *wan* might indeed have been added, only to show the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiaticks are paler than those of European nations.
STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn:* why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd;* i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY.

[8] That sleep and feeding may prorogue HIS HONOUR,
Even TILL a Lethe'd dulness.] I suspect our author wrote:
"That sleep and feeding may prorogue his *hour*," &c.
So, in Timon of Athens:
"—— let not that part of nature,
"Which my lord paid for, be of any power
"To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*."

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in these plays What Pompey seems to wish is, that Antony should still *remain* with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

"To prorogue his *honour*," does not convey to me at least any precise notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I suppose Pompey means to wish, that sleep and feasting may prorogue to so distant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally slide from Antony's mind. MALONE.

"Even *till* a Lethe'd dulness." i. e. *to* a Lethe'd dulness. That *till* was sometimes used instead of *to*, may be ascertained from the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighteenth Iliad:

"They all ascended, two and two; and trod the honor'd shore
"*Till* where the fleete of myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore."

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel [9].
Pom. I could have given [1] less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm [2]
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow [3] pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope [4],

Again, in Candlemas Day, 1512, p. 13:

"Thu lurdeyn, take hed what I sey the *tyll*."

To "prorogue his honour," &c. undoubtedly means, 'to delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish.' STEEVENS.

9 —— since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.] i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

1 I could have given, &c.] I cannot help supposing, on account of the present irregularity of metre, that the name of Menas is an interpolation, and that the passage originally stood as follows:

"*Pom.* I could have given
"Less matter better ear.—I did not think—."

STEEVENS.

2 —would have DON'D his helm—] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"Call upon our dame aloud,
"Bid her quickly *don* her shrowd." STEEVENS.

3 —Egypt's WIDOW—] Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. STEEVENS.

4 I cannot HOPE, &c.] Mr. Tyrwhitt, the judicious editor of The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in five vols. 8vo. 1775, &c. observes, that to *hope*, on this occasion, means to *expect*. So, in The Reve's Tale, v. 4027:

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him [5]; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square [6] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon [7], to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt* [8].

"Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

Yet from the following passage in Puttenham, it would seem to have been considered as a blundering expression in the days of Queen Elizabeth: "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, said thus with a certaine rude repentance:

"I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow!"

For [I feare me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his *ill-shapen terme*." BOSWELL.

5 — WARR'D upon him;] The old copy has—*wan'd*. The emendation, which was made by the editor of the second folio, is supported by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony:

"—— your wife and brother
"Made *wars* upon me." MALONE.

6 — square —] This is, *quarrel*. So, in The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft, 1600:

"What? *square* they, master Scott?"
"—— Sir, no doubt:
"Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out." STEEVENS.

See vol. v. p. 202. MALONE.

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day [9].

LEP. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time

[7] — It only stands
Our lives upon, &c.] i. e. to exert our utmost force, is the only *consequential* way of securing our lives.

So, in King Richard III.:

"—— for it *stands me much upon*
"To stop all hopes," &c.

i. e. is of the utmost consequence to me. See Richard III. Act IV. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

[8] This play is not divided into Acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first Act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second Act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

[9] Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.] I believe he means, 'I would meet him undressed, without show of respect.' JOHNSON.

Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspeare's thoughts. MALONE.

Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here[1], to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter[2].

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

[1] If we COMPOSE well here,] i. e. if we come to a lucky *composition, agreement*. So afterwards:

"I crave our *composition* may be written—."

i. e. the terms on which our differences are settled. STEEVENS.

[2] Nor curstness grow to the matter.] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir[3]!

Cæs. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

[3] *Cæs.* Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir!] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, "Nay, then;" i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this, as well as the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, "Conde de Lemos, be covered." And being asked, by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, "I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian." JOHNSON.

I believe, the author meant no more than that Cæsar should desire Antony to be seated: "Sit." To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first: "Sit, sir." "Nay, then," rejoins Cæsar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat.—However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's speech, undisturbed. MALONE.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state [4], your being in Egypt
Might be my question [5].

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war [6].

[4] Did PRACTISE on my state.] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in The Tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595:

"—— nothing kills me so
"As that I do my Cleopatra see
"*Practise* with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

[5] — question—] i. e. My theme or subject of conversation. So again in this scene:

"Out of our *question* wipe him." MALONE.

[6] — their contestation
Was THEME for you, you were the word of war.] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

"— and their contestation
"Was *them'd* for you,"

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation: *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

"—— their contestation
"*Had* theme *from* you, you were the word of war."

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never

'The dispute derived its subject from you.' It may be corrected by mere transposition:

"—— their contestation
"*You were theme for*, you were the word—." JOHNSON.

"Was theme for you," I believe, means only, 'was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan;' as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. I.:

"—— throw forth greater *themes*
"For insurrection's arguing."

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, "—the *theme* of our assembly." STEEVENS.

So, in Macbeth:

"—— Two truths are told
"As happy prologues to the swelling act
"Of the imperial *theme*."

And, in Cymbeline:

"—— When a soldier was the *theme*, my name
"Was not far off." HENLEY.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly a just one, as the words now stand; but the sense of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apposition with what has preceded, shows that there must be some corruption. If their contestation was a *theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow*, what congruity is there between these words and the conclusion of the passage—"you were the word of war:" i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their standard? On the other hand, "their contestation *derived* its *theme* or subject from you; you were their word of war," affords a clear and consistent sense. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the sense desired, we should read—

"Was *them'd from* you—."

So, in Troilus and Cressida:

"She is a *theme* of honour and renown,
"A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

Again, in Hamlet:

"—— So like the king,
"That was and is the *question* of these wars."

In almost every one of Shakspeare's plays, substantives are used as verbs. That he must have written *from*, appears by Antony's answer:

Did urge me in his act[7]: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports[8],
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause[9]? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

"You do mistake your business; my brother never
"Did urge me in his act."

i. e. never made *me* the *theme* for "insurrection's arguing."
MALONE.

I should suppose that some of the words in this sentence have been misplaced, and that it ought to stand thus:

"—— and for contestation
"Their theme was you; you were the word of war."
M. MASON.

7 — my brother never
Did urge me in his act:] i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

8 — true REPORTS,] *Reports* for *reporters*. Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers*; and in King Richard II. our author has *wrongs* for *wrongers*:

"To rouse his *wrongs* and chase them to the bay."
STEEVENS.

9 HAVING alike YOUR cause?] The meaning seems to be, "having the same cause as you to be offended with me." But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

"—— Did he not rather
"Discredit my authority with yours,
"And make the wars alike against my stomach,
"*Hating* alike *our* cause?" JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought. STEEVENS.

"Having alike your cause?" That is, *I* having alike your cause. The meaning is the same as if, instead of "against *my* stomach," our author had written—"against *the stomach of me*." Did he not (says Antony) make wars against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with yourself? Dr. Johnson supposed that *having* meant, *he* having, and hence has suggested an unnecessary emendation. MALONE.

As matter whole you have not to make it with[1],
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes[2] attend those wars
Which 'fronted[3] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another[4]:

[1] As matter whole you HAVE NOT to make it with,] The original copy reads:

"As matter whole you *have* to make it with,"

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him. STEEVENS.

I have not the smallest doubt that the correction, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The structure of the sentence, "*As* matter," &c. proves decisively that *not* was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent. MALONE.

[2] — with GRACEFUL eyes —] Thus the old copy reads, and, I believe, rightly. We still say, "I could not look *handsomely* on such or such a proceeding." The modern editors read—*grateful.* STEEVENS.

[3] — 'fronted —] i. e. *opposed.* JOHNSON.

So, in Cymbeline:

"Your preparation can *affront* no less
"Than what you hear of." STEEVENS.

[4] I would you had her spirit in such another:] Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.

By the words, "you *had* her spirit," &c. Shakspeare, I appre-

The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself[5]; which was as much

hend, meant, "you were *united to,* or possessed of, *a woman with* her spirit."

Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that Antony wished Augustus to *be actuated* by a spirit similar to Fulvia's, I proposed to read—*e'en* such an another, *in* being frequently printed for *e'en* in these plays. But there is no need of change. Malone.

Such, I believe, should be omitted, as both the verse and meaning are complete without it:

"I would you had her spirit in another."

The compositor's eye might have caught the here superfluous *such,* from the next line but one, in which *such* is absolutely necessary both to the sense and metre.

The plain meaning of Antony is—"I wish you had my wife's spirit *in* another wife;"—i. e. *in* a wife of your own. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens should have recollected that spirit was generally pronounced as a monosyllable. So, in Hamlet:

"Be thou a *spirit* of health, or goblin damn'd."

Again:

"My father's *spirit* in arms! all is not well." Boswell.

[5] I told him of myself;] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. Warburton.

As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆS. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Cæsar.

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred [6] which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

[6] The honour's SACRED —] *Sacred*, for *unbroken*, *unviolated*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus: "The honour which he *talks* of me as *lacking*, is *unviolated*. I never lacked it. This, perhaps, may be the true meaning; but, before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies—" No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of *honour on which he now speaks*, on which this conference is held now, *is sacred*, even *supposing that I lacked* honour *before*." JOHNSON.

Antony, in my opinion, means to say—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. MALONE.

I do not think that either Johnson's or Malone's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. The true meaning of it appears to be this:—" Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but, in the midst of dissipation, neglected to send it: that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was *now* sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement."—The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on;* and the line should be pointed thus:

" The honour's sacred that he talks on, now,
" Supposing that I lack'd it." M. MASON.

CÆS. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
ANT. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it[7]: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
LEP. 'Tis noble spoken[8].
MEC. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs[9] between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you[1].
LEP. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.
ANT. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

7 — nor my power
Work without it:] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. MALONE.

8 'Tis NOBLY spoken.] Thus the second folio. The first—*noble*. STEEVENS.

Substantives were frequently used adjectively by Shakspeare. See vol. x. p. 438. I have adhered to the old reading. MALONE.

9 The GRIEFS —] i. e. grievances. See vol. xi. p. 506. MALONE.

1 — to ATONE you.] i. e. reconcile you. See Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

Eno. That truth should be silent [2], I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone [3].

[2] That truth should be silent,] We find a similar sentiment in King Lear: "Truth's a dog that must to kennel—."

STEEVENS.

[3] — your considerate stone.] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:

"Go to then, *you* considerate *ones*."

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business.

JOHNSON.

I believe, "Go to then; your considerate stone," means only this:—If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. "As silent as a stone," however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the interlude of Jacob and Esau, 1598:

"Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be *a stone*.
"*Mido.*] *A stone*, how should that be,"
"*Rebecca.*] I meant *thou should'st nothing say*."

Again, in the old metrical romance of Syr Guy of Warwick, bl. l. no date:

"Guy let it passe *as still as stone*,
"And to the steward word spake none."

Again, in Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. I.:

"A *stone is silent* and offendeth not."

Again, Chaucer:

"To riden by the way, *dombe as a stone*."

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part I. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subs. 15, is the following quotation from Horace:

—— *statua taciturnior* exit,
Plurumque et risum populi quatit.

The same idea, perhaps, in a more dilated form, will be found in our author's King Henry VIII.:

"———— If we shall stand still,
"In fear our motion should be mock'd or carp'd at,
"We should take root here where we sit, or sit
"State *statues* only."

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question thus: "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions." STEEVENS.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech [4]: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch [5], from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa [6];
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd [7] of rashness.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

"—— your consideratest one."

I doubt, indeed, whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. BLACKSTONE.

As Enobarbus, to whom this line belongs, generally speaks in plain prose, there is no occasion for any further attempt to harmonize it. RITSON.

4 I do not much dislike the MATTER, but
The manner of his speech:] 'I do not, (says Cæsar,) think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.' JOHNSON.

5 What HOOP should hold us staunch,] So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"A *hoop* of gold, to bind thy brothers in —." STEEVENS.

6 Say not so, Agrippa;] The old copy has—"Say not *say*." Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

7 — your reproof
Were well deserv'd —] In the old edition:

"—— your *proof*
"Were well *deserved* —."

which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own.

JOHNSON.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales [8],
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already [9].

" *Your* reproof," &c. That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.—*Your* reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo. The expression is rather licentious: but one of a similar nature occurs in The Custom of the Country, where Arnoldo, speaking to the Physician, says:

" —— And by your success
" In all your undertakings, propagate
" *Your* great opinion in the world."

Here, *your* opinion means, the opinion conceived of you.
M. Mason.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another scene of this play, we find in the first copy—*mine* nightingale, instead of *my* nightingale; in Coriolanus, news is *coming*, for news is *come in*; in the same play, *higher* for *hire*, &c. &c. Malone.

8 — but tales,] The conjunction—*but*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to perfect the metre. We might read, I think, with less alliteration—*as* tales. Steevens.

9 — already.] This adverb may be fairly considered as an interpolation. Without enforcing the sense, it violates the measure.
Steevens.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report[1];
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us[2] must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where[3] lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

[1] Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

[2] Of us, &c.] In the language of Shakspeare's time, means—by us. MALONE.

[3] AND where—] *And* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together? Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness [4];
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* Cæsar, Antony, *and* Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her [5].

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus [6].

[4] — MOST gladness;] i. e. greatest. So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"But always resolute in *most* extremes." Steevens.

[5] — be SQUARE to her.] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. Steevens.

[6] When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.] This passage is a strange instance of

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in[7], like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water[8]: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

negligence and inattention in Shakspeare. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that, whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her: and that, when she landed, he sent to her to invite her to supper. M. Mason.

7 The barge she sat in, &c.] The reader may not be displeased with the present opportunity of comparing our author's description with that of Dryden:

"Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
"The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
"The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
"Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
"Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.—
"She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
"And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
"As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
"Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
"Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
"That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
"A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad;
"That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
"But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
"The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
"The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
"And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
"For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crouds
"Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
"To give their welcome voice." Reed.

8 —— like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water:] The same idea occurs in Chapman's translation of the tenth book of the Odyssey:

"—— In a *throne* she plac'd
"My welcome person. Of a curious frame
"'Twas, and so bright, I *sat as in a flame.*" Steevens

The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
 silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see [9],
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did [1].
 Agr. O, rare for Antony!
 Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes [2],

[9] O'er picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes, mentioned by Pliny, l. xxxv. c. x.: WARBURTON.

[1] And what they undid, did.] It might be read less harshly: "And what they did, undid." JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and "what they undid;" i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seemed to produce. MALONE.

[2] —tended her i' the eyes,] Perhaps "tended her *by th'* eyes," discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

So, Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. i. c. iii.:

" —— he wayted diligent,
" With humble service to her will prepar'd;
" *From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,*
" *And by her looks conceited her intent.*"

Again, in our author's 149th Sonnet:

" Commanded by the motion of thine eyes."

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress. MALONE.

Perhaps this expression, as it stands in the text, may signify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked observantly into her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal explanation. Shakspeare has a phrase as uncommon, in another play:

And made their bends adornings[3]: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office[4]. From the barge
A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone[5] to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only[6].

"Sweats *in the eye* of Phœbus—."

After all, I believe that "tended her in th' eyes," only signifies waited before her, in her presence, in her sight. So, in Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"If that his majesty would aught with us,
"We shall *express our duty in his eye.*"

i. e. in our personal attendance on him, by giving him ocular proof of our respect. Mr. Henley explains it thus: "obeyed her looks without waiting for her words." See note on Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. IV. vol. vii. p. 419. STEEVENS.

3 And made their bends ADORNINGS.] I have carried the very long notes on this passage to the end of the play. BOSWELL.

4 That yarely frame the office.] i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. See Tempest, Act I. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

5 —which, but for vacancy,
Had gone—] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* WARBURTON.

"But for vacancy," means, for *fear* of a *vacuum.* MALONE.

6 For what his EYES EAT only.] Thus Martial:
Inspexit molles pueros, *oculisque comedit.* STEEVENS.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety[7]: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies[8]. For vilest things
Become themselves in her[9]; that the holy priests[1]
Bless her, when she is riggish[2].

7 Age cannot wither her, nor custom STALE
Her infinite variety:] Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

To *stale* is a verb employed by Heywood, in The Iron Age, 1632:

"One that hath *stal'd* his courtly tricks at home."

STEEVENS.

8 Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.] Almost the same thought, clothed nearly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of Pericles:

"Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
"The more she gives them speech."

Again, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
"But rather famish them amid their plenty." MALONE.

9 — For VILEST THINGS
BECOME themselves in her;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him[3].

" Whence hast thou this *becoming* of *things ill?*"
MALONE.

[1] — the holy priests, &c.] In this, and the foregoing description of Cleopatra's passage down the Cydnus, Dryden seems to have emulated Shakspeare, and not without success:

" ——— she's dangerous:
" Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
" To draw the moon from heaven. For eloquence,
" The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery;
" And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
" Unmark'd of those that hear: Then, she's so charming,
" Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
" The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
" And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
" They bless her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,
" With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
" And while I curse desire it."

Be it remembered, however, that, in both instances, without a spark from Shakspeare, the blaze of Dryden might not have been enkindled. REED.

[2] — when she is RIGGISH.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576:

" Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
" Or else be sure such *ryggs* my care shall prove."

Again:

" Immodest *rigg*, I Ovid's counsel usde."

Again, in Churchyard's Dolorous Gentlewoman, 1593:

" About the streets was gadding, gentle *rigge*,
" With clothes tuckt up to set bad ware to sale,
" For youth good stuffe, and for olde age a stale."
STEEVENS.

Again, in J. Davies's Scourge of Folly, printed about the year 1611:

" When wanton *rig*, or lecher dissolute,
" Do stand at Paules Cross in a—suite." MALONE.

[3] — Octavia is
A BLESSED LOTTERY to him.] Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *allottery*, but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea, in The Spanish Tragedy, says:

" Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*
" Drew forth the manner of my life and death." FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1582:

" By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye* carnal."

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers [4]
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir [5].

Again, in The Honest Man's Fortune, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— fainting under
"Fortune's false *lottery*." Steevens.

Lottery for *allotment*. Henley.

[4] — shall bow my prayers —] The same construction is found in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. I.:

"*Shouting their* emulation."

Again, in King Lear, Act II. Sc. II.:

"*Smile you* my speeches?"

Modern editors [Mr. Malone excepted] have licentiously read:

"—— bow *in* prayers." Steevens.

[5] *Ant.* — Good night, dear lady.—
Oct. Good night, sir.] These last words, which in the only authentick copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern edi-

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither[6]!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue[7]: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt[8].

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

tors have assigned to Octavia. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, "Good night." MALONE.

I have followed the second folio, which puts these words (with sufficient propriety) into the mouth of Octavia. STEEVENS.

Antony has already said "Good night, sir," to Cæsar, in the three first words of his speech. The repetition would be absurd. The editor of the second folio appears, from this and numberless other instances, to have had a copy of the first folio corrected by the players, or some other well-informed person. RITSON.

6 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
THITHER!] Both the sense and grammar require that we should read *hither*, instead of *thither*. To come *hither* is English, but to come *thither* is not. The Soothsayer advises Antony to hie back to Egypt, and for the same reason wishes he had never come to Rome; because when they were together, Cæsar's genius had the ascendant over his. M. MASON.

7 I see't in
My MOTION, have it not in my tongue:] i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, "I see it in my *notion*." MALONE.

8 Hie you again to Egypt.] Old copy, unmetrically:
"Hie you to Egypt again." STEEVENS.

Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear[9], as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,

9 Becomes a FEAR,] Mr. Upton reads:

"Becomes *afear'd*——."

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in The Maid's Tragedy, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

"—— and then a *Fear:*
"Do that *Fear* bravely, wench——."

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear,* in the 12th canto of the third book of his Fairy Queen. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person:

"I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt." *Exodus.*

The whole thought is borrowed from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Ægypt, that coulde cast a figure, and iudge of men's natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished, and obscured by Cæsars fortune: and therefore he counselled him vtterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he commeth neere vnto the other." STEEVENS.

Our author has a little lower expressed his meaning more plainly:

"—— I say again, *thy spirit*
"Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him."

We have this sentiment again in Macbeth:

"——— near him,
"My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
"Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

The old copy reads—"*that* thy spirit." The correction, which was made in the second folio, is supported by the foregoing passage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is necessary. MALONE.

Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens[1],
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away[2], tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails[3] ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds[4]. I will to Egypt:

1 — thy LUSTRE thickens,] So, in Macbeth:
" —— *light* thickens—." STEEVENS.

2 But, he AWAY,] Old copy—*alway*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

3 —his quails—] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should haue any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockefight, or quailes that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsars cockes or quailes did euer ouercome." STEEVENS.

4 — INHOOP'D, at odds.] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *inclosed*, *confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read:
" Beat mine, *in whoop'd-at* odds——." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time; and there is no occasion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his Epigrams upon Proverbs:
" He sets cocke *on* the hoope, *in*, you would say;
" For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play." FARMER.

The attempt at emendation, however, deserves some respect; as, in As You Like It, Celia says: " —and after that *out of all whooping*." STEEVENS.

At odds was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in Mortimeriados, by Michael Drayton, no date:
" She straight begins to bandy him about,
" *At* thousand *odds*, before the set goes out." MALONE.

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
MEC. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount[5]
Before you, Lepidus.
LEP. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
MEC. AGR. Sir, good success!
LEP. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[5] — at Mount —] i. e. Mount Misenum. STEEVENS.
Our author probably wrote—*a' the* mount. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me some musick; musick, moody food[6]
Of us that trade in love.
ATTEND. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards[7]:
Come, Charmian.
CHAR. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
MAR. As well as I can, madam.
CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon[8]. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,

6 — musick, MOODY food—] The *mood* is the *mind,* or *mental disposition.* Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, "Grootmoedig Volk [great minded nation]." Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means *melancholy.* Cotgrave explains *moody,* by the French words, *morne* and *trifle.* STEEVENS.

So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But *moody* and dull *melancholy?*" MALONE.

7 — let us to BILLIARDS:] This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

8 And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon.] A similar sentiment has already appeared in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"For never any thing can be amiss,
"When simpleness and duty tender it." STEEVENS.

My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes [9]; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

CHAR. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish [1] on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEO. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan [2]. O! from Italy?—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings [3] in mine ears, Rain

[9] Tawny-finn'd fishes;] The first copy reads:
"Tawny *fine* fishes——." JOHNSON.
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] Did hang a salt-fish, &c.] This circumstance is likewise taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of the life of Antony in Plutarch. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment *à posteriori*. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi:

"*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
"His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
"The lean and wrinkled Cassius," &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that this sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romances are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

[3] RAM thou thy fruitful tidings—] Shakspeare probably

That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free [4],
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use

wrote, (as Sir T. Hanmer observes,) "Rain thou," &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in Timon:

"*Rain* sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear:

Again, in The Tempest:

"—— Heavens *rain* grace!" Steevens.

I suspect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker; and is supported incontestably by a passage in Julius Cæsar:

"———— I go to meet
"The noble Brutus, *thrusting* this *report*
"*Into his ears*."

Again, in Cymbeline:

"—— say, and speak thick,
"(Love's counsellor should *fill the bores of hearing*,
"*To the smothering of the sense*,) how far," &c.

Again, in The Tempest:

"You *cram* these words *into my ears*, against
"The stomach of my sense." Malone.

Ram is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket. In the passage before us, it is evidently a misprint for *rain*. The quotation from Julius Cæsar does not support the old reading at all, the idea being perfectly distinct. Ritson.

Ramm'd, however, occurs in King John:

"Have we *ramm'd* up your gates against the world."

Steevens.

[4] But well and free, &c.] This speech is but coldly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in The False One:

"*Cleop.* What of him? Speak: if ill, Apollodorus,
"It is my happiness: and for thy news
"Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
"And kiss my hand." Steevens.

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
MESS. Good madam, hear me.
CLEO. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings [5]? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man [6].
MESS. Will't please you hear me?
CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar [7], or not captive to him,

5 ——— If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—WHY so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings?] The old copies have not the adverb—*why*; but, as Mr. M. Mason observes, somewhat was wanting in the second of these lines, both to the sense and to the metre. He has, therefore, no doubt but the passage ought to run thus:

"——— If Antony
"Be free, and healthful,—*why* so tart a favour
"To *usher*," &c.

I have availed myself of this necessary expletive, which I find also in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition. STEEVENS.

6 Not like a FORMAL man.] Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, Shakspeare means, a man *in his senses*. *Informal* women, in Measure for Measure, is used for women *beside themselves*. STEEVENS.

"A formal man," I believe, only means a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in A Mad World my Masters, by Middleton, 1608:

"The very devil assum'd thee *formally*."

i. e. assumed thy form. MALONE.

7 Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, IS well,
Or friends with Cæsar, &c.] The old copy reads—'*tis* well. MALONE.

We surely should read—*is well*. The Messenger is to have

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee [8].

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence [9]; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack [1] of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and "either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him." Tyrwhitt.

[8] I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*. So, Milton:
"—— the gorgeous east with liberal hand
"Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*."
In The Life of Timer-buc, or Tamerlane, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i.: "Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries *selon la coûtume*." Warburton.

[9] — it does allay
The good precedence;] i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported. Steevens.

[1] — the pack —] A late editor [Mr. Capell] reads—*thy* pack. Reed.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MESS. For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MESS. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*

MESS. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MESS. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

CLEO. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg

MESS. He's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Dagger*[2].

MESS. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself[3];
The man is innocent.

[2] —*Draws a Dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a Knife.* STEEVENS.

See vol. xi. p. 65. MALONE.

[3] —keep yourself within yourself;] i. e. contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile [4]! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself [5]; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.

"Doubt not, my lord, we can *contain* ourselves."
Steevens.

4 Melt Egypt into Nile!] So, in the first scene of this play:
"Let Rome in Tyber *melt*," &c. Steevens.

5 These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself;] This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in Albumazar:
"Stay; understand'st thou well the points of duel?
"Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?—
"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
"Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree
"As long and wide as mine?—for otherwise
"Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour
"In me to fight." Steevens.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's enquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. Malone.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd [6], and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly [7]. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of [8]!—Get thee hence:

[6] — were SUBMERG'D,] *Submerg'd* is *whelmed under water.* So, in The Martial Maid, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation," &c.

Again, in Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, book iii. hist. xiv.: "— as the cataracts of Nilus make it *submerge* and wash Egypt with her inundation." STEEVENS.

[7] — to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly.] So, in King John, Act III. Sc. I.:

"Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
"This news hath made thee a *most ugly* man." STEEVENS.

[8] That art not what thou'rt sure of!] For this, which is not easily understood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given:

"That *say'st but* what thou'rt sure of!"

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome,

" O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
" *That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't. Get thee hence.*"

'That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—*but what* shall I say thou art not? Thou art then sure of this *marriage.*— Get thee hence.'

Dr. Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation.
JOHNSON.

In Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. II. is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us:

" Drest in a little brief authority,
" *Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,*
" His glassy essence." STEEVENS.

" That art not what thou'rt sure of!" i. e. 'Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art, in my opinion, a knave by thy master's fault alone.' TOLLET.

A proper punctuation, with the addition of a single letter, will make this passage clear; the reading of *sure of't,* instead of *sure of:*

" O, that his fault should make a rogue of thee
" That art not!—What? thou'rt sure *of't?*"

That is, 'What? are you sure of what you tell me, that he is married to Octavia?' M. MASON.

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims:

" O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
" Thou art not what thou'rt *sore* of!"

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet *sore* with my blows!'

If it be said, that it is very harsh to suppose that Cleopatra means to say to the Messenger, that *he* is not himself that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him smart, let the following passage in Coriolanus answer the objection:

" Lest you should chance to whip your *information,*
" And beat the messenger that bids beware
" Of what is to be dreaded."

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

CHAR. Good your highness, patience.

CLEO. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

CHAR. Many times, madam.

CLEO. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia [9], her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair [1]:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.

The Egyptian queen has beaten her *information*.

If the old copy be right, the meaning is—'Strange, that his fault should make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringest such certain assurance.' MALONE.

I have adopted the arrangement, &c. proposed, with singular acuteness, by Mr. M. Mason; and have the greater confidence in it, because I received the very same emendation from a gentleman who had never met with the work in which it first occurred.
STEEVENS.

9 — the FEATURE of Octavia,] By *feature* seems to be meant, the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general.

So, in Greene's Farewell to Folly, 1617: "— rich thou art, *featured* thou art, feared thou art."

Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. Fairy Queen, b. i. c. viii.:

"Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,
"And all her filthy *feature* open shown."

Again, in b. iii. c. ix.:

"She also doft her heavy haberjeon,
"Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide."
STEEVENS.

Our author has already, in As You Like It, used *feature* for the general cast of face. See vol. vi. p. 443. MALONE.

1 — let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:] This is one of Shakspeare's masterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Charmian to enquire of the Messenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, "let him not leave out the colour of

Let him for ever go[2] :—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's * a Mars[3] :—Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

* First folio, *The other wayes.*

her hair;" as from thence she might be able to judge for herself, of her rival's propensity to those pleasures, upon which her passion for Antony was founded. HENLEY.

Verily, I would, for the instruction of mine ignorance, that the commentator had dealt more diffusedly on this delectable subject, for I can in no wise divine what coloured hair is to be regarded as most indicative of venereal motions: perhaps indeed the κόμαι χρύσειαι; and yet, without experience, certainty may still be wanting to mine appetite for knowledge. *Cuncta prius tentanda,* saith that waggish poet Ovidius Naso. AMNER.

2 Let him for ever go:] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the Messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

3 T' other way he's a Mars:] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says:

"Let him for ever go:—Let him *not*—Charmian,—
"Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
"T' other way he's a Mars—."

This, I think, would be more spirited thus:

"Let him for ever go:—let him—*no,*—Charmian;
"Though he be painted," &c. TYRWHITT.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted[4],
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the[5] all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us[6], Pompey, with thy sails,

[4] — the good Brutus GHOSTED,] This verb is also used by Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy. Preface, p. 22, edit. 1632. "What madnesse *ghosts* this old man? but what madnesse *ghosts* us all?" STEEVENS.

[5] Made THE —] Thus the second folio. In the first, the article—*the* is omitted, to the manifest injury of the metre.
STEEVENS.

[6] Thou canst not FEAR us,] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.
So, in Measure for Measure:
"Setting it up, to *fear* the birds of prey." STEEVENS.

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house [7]:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself [8],
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present [9],) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer

7 At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :] At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'er-count* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *out-numbered,* but had *over-reached,* him. The circumstance here alluded to our author found in the old translation of Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very straunge, and was offended with them."

Again: "Whereupon Antonius asked him, [Sextus Pompeius] And where shall we sup? There, sayd Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six benches of owers: that said he is *my father's house* they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because *he had his father's house,* that was Pompey the Great." See p. 271, n. 9. MALONE.

8 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, &c.] Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, b. x. ch. ix.:
"These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests." STEEVENS.

9 — this is from the PRESENT,] i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. See Tempest, Act I. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

This word occurs as a substantive no less than seventeen times in our poet. BOSWELL.

Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes [1] undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face [2];
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

[1] Our targe —] Old copy, unmetrically—*targes*. Steevens.

[2] What counts harsh fortune casts, &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.
Warburton.

Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot[3]: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings[4], sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress[5].
Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

3 — take the lot:] Perhaps (a syllable being here wanting to the metre) our author wrote:
" —— take *we* the lot." STEEVENS.

4 — meanings,] Former editions, *meaning*. REED.
The correction was suggested by Mr. Heath. MALONE.

5 A certain queen to CÆSAR in a MATTRESS.] i. e. To Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.
This is from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1579: "*Cleopatra* trussed up *in a mattresse,* and so brought *to Cæsar*, upon *Apollodorus* backe." RITSON.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *Soldiers and Attendants.*

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir[6].

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me[7]: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

[6] You and I have known, sir.] i. e. been acquainted. So, in Cymbeline: "Sir, we have *known together* at Orleans."
STEEVENS.

[7] I will praise any man that will praise me:] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection.
WARBURTON.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation [8].

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in

[8] — conversation.] i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So, in Psalm xxxvii. 14: "— to slay such as be of upright *conversation*." Steevens.

Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On Board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet[9].

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants[1] are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink[2]. ×

9 — *with a* BANQUET.] A banquet, in our author's time, frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in Lord Cromwell, 1602: "Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner."

Again, in Heath's Chronicle of the Civil Wars, 1661: "*After dinner,* he was served with a *banquet,* in the conclusion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner." MALONE.

1 — Some o' their PLANTS —] *Plants,* besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot,* from the Latin. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Lupton's Thyrd Booke of Notable Things, 4to. bl. l.: "Grinde mustarde with vineger, and rubbe it well on the *plants* or soles of the feete," &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the sixteenth Iliad:

"Even to the low *plants* of his feete, his forme was altered."
STEEVENS.

2 They have made him drink ALMS-DRINK.] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his

× Edm^d [illegible] received at Harborough a 1671 (an Envoy) besides meate & 2 barrels of beer and one alms of Rhenish wine [illegible]

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition[3], he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan[4] I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks[5].

companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. Warburton.

3 As they pinch one another by the disposition,] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of "Touching one in a sore place." Warburton.

4 — a partizan —] A pike. Johnson.

So, in Hamlet:

"Shall I strike at it with my *partizan?*" Steevens.

5 To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

"To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it," is a very ignominious state; "great offices" 'are the holes where eyes should be, which, (if eyes be wanting,) pitifully disaster the cheeks.' Johnson.

In the eighth book of The Civil Wars, by Daniel, st. 103, is a passage which resembles this, though it will hardly serve to explain it. The Earl of Warwick says to his confessor:

"I know that I am *fix'd unto a sphere*
"*That is ordain'd to move.* It is the place
"My fate appoints me; and the region where
"I must, whatever happens there embrace.
"Disturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,
"Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place;
"And action best, I see, becomes the best:
"The stars that have most glory, have no rest."

Steevens.

The thought, though miserably expressed, appears to be this:

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To* CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile[6]

That a man called into a high sphere, without being seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without the eyes to fill them. M. MASON.

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which *empty* sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

"The sphere in which the eye moves" is an expression which Shakspeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

"How have mine eyes out of their *spheres* been fitted," &c.

Again, in Hamlet:

"Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their *spheres*."

MALONE.

6 — They take the flow o' the Nile —] Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says: "How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still; 14 cubites comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed." Philemon Holland's translation, 1601, b. v. c. ix. REED.

Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: "Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselfe, in the midst whereof there is a foure-square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cisterne there is erected a certaine *piller*, which is *marked and divided into so many cubits as the cisterne containeth in depth.*

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean[7], if dearth,
Or foizon, follow[8]: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things[9]; without contradiction, I have heard that.

And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveied by the said sluce into the channel, increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said *piller*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but mean: if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a sign that corne will be solde ten ducates the bushel." MALONE.

7 — the mean,] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

8 Or FOIZON, follow:] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. STEEVENS.

9 I have heard the Ptolemies' PYRAMISES are very goodly things;] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's Poems, 1647:

"Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*
"Above the host and altar reared is."

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *py-*

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*
And hear me speak a word [1].

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

ramises, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides,* which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

"My country's high *pyramides*—."

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's Poems, 1658:

"Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,
"To take a view of the *pyramides.*"

Again, in Braithwaite's Survey of Histories, 1614: "Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air." MALONE.

[1] And hear me speak A WORD.] The two last words of this hemistich are, I believe, an interpolation. They add not to the sense, but disturb the measure. STEEVENS.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips[3],
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors[4],
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable[5];

[3] — or sky INCLIPS,] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

[4] — competitors,] i. e. confederates, partners. See vol. iv. p. 61. STEEVENS.

[5] — Let me cut the cable;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now in the middest of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey hauing pawsed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer have told it me, but now we must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor."
STEEVENS.

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine[6].

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes[7] more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more[8].

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

[6] All THERE is thine.] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:

"All *then* is thine."

If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: "All *theirs* is thine." All *there*, however, may mean, *all in the vessel*. STEEVENS.

[7] — thy PALL'D fortunes —] *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness. JOHNSON.

Palled is a word of which the etymology is unknown. Perhaps, says Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, it is only a corruption of *paled*, and was originally applied to colours. Thus, in Chaucer's Manciple's Prologue, v. 17,004:

"So unweldy was this sely *palled* ghost." STEEVENS.

[8] Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.] This is from the ancient proverbial rhyme:

"He who will not, when he may,
"When he will, he shall have nay." STEEVENS.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* Lepidus.
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; Sees't not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all [9],
That it might go on wheels [1]!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels [2].
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels [3], ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

9 The third part THEN IS drunk: 'Would it were all, &c.] The old copy reads—The third part then *he* is drunk, &c. The context clearly shows that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read as I have printed it,—The third part *then is* drunk. MALONE.

1 That it might go on wheels!] The World goes upon Wheels, is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the water-poet. MALONE.

2 — INCREASE the REELS.] As the word—*reel* was not, in our author's time, employed to signify a *dance* or *revel*, and is used in no other part of his works as a substantive, it is not impossible that the passage before us, which seems designed as a continuation of the imagery suggested by Menas, originally stood thus:

" Drink thou, *and grease* the *wheels*."

A phrase, somewhat similar, occurs in Timon of Athens:

" ——*with* liquorish draughts, &c.
" —— greases *his pure mind*,
" That from it all consideration slips."
STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens (as Mr. Douce has observed) is mistaken in supposing that *reel* did not signify a dance in our author's time. BOSWELL.

3 — Strike the vessels,] Try whether the casks sound as empty. JOHNSON.

I believe, " strike the vessels" means no more than " chink the

CÆS. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer [4]: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

ENO. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANTONY.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

POM. Let's ha't, good soldier.

ANT. Come, let us all take hands [5],
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENO. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears [6] with the loud musick:—

vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking," as we now say, *chink glasses.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is surely right. So, in one of Iago's songs:

"And let me the *cannikin clink.*" RITSON.

Vessels probably mean *kettle-drums,* which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drank; immediately after we have, "make battery to our ears with the loud musick." They are called *kettles* in Hamlet:

"Give me the cups;
"And let the *kettle* to the trumpet speak."

Dr. Johnson's explanation degrades this feast of *the lords of the whole world* into a rustick revel. HOLT WHITE.

In the last scene of Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, we meet with a passage which leaves no doubt, as Mr. Weber has observed, that to *strike* the vessels means to *tap* them:

"Home Launce, and *strike a fresh piece of wine,* the town's ours." BOSWELL.

4 — I'll MAKE answer:] The word—*make,* only serves to clog the metre. STEEVENS.

5 Come, let us all take hands;] As half a line in this place may have been omitted, the deficiency might be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's Comus:

"Come let us all take hands, *and beat the ground,*
"Till," &c. STEEVENS.

6 Make BATTERY TO OUR EARS —] So, in King John:

"Our *ears* are *cudgel'd.*" STEEVENS.

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear[7], as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne[8]*:*

7 The holding every man shall BEAR,] In old editions:
"The holding every man shall *beat*——."
The company were to join in the burden, which the poet styles the *holding*. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides?* I am persuaded the poet wrote:
"The holding every man shall *bear*, as loud
"As his strong sides can volley."
The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible; and yet *beat* might have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In Henry VIII. we find a similar expression:
"——let the musick *knock* it." STEEVENS.

"The holding every man shall *beat*." Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but *bear* is the right reading. To *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from King Henry VIII. relates to instrumental musick, not to vocal. "Loud as his sides can volley," means, "with the utmost exertion of his voice." So we say, he laughed till he split his sides. M. MASON.

Theobald's emendation appears to me so plausible, and the change is so small, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr. Steevens, in his edition.

The meaning of *the holding* is ascertained by a passage in an old pamphlet called The Serving Man's Comfort, 4to. 1598: "—where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all." MALONE.

8 —*with* PINK *eyne*:] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says a *pink eye* is a *small* eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes:* eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in Julius Cæsar:
"——such *ferret* and such firy eyes."

In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

CÆS. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

POM. I'll try you on the shore.

ANT. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

POM. O, Antony,
You have my father's house [9],—But what? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.

So, Greene, in his Defence of Coney-Catching, 1592: " — like a *pink-ey'd* ferret." Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in Marius and Sylla, 1594:

" Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble,
" And me have *pinky eyne*, most brave and jolly wine!"

STEEVENS.

It should be observed, however, that from the following passage in P. Holland's translation of the 11th book of Pliny's Natural History, it appears that *pink*-eyed signified the smallness of eyes: " — also them that were *pinke-eyed* and had verie small eies, they termed *ocellæ*." STEEVENS.

9 O, Antony,
You have my father's house,] See the passage in Plutarch's Life of Antony, which Shakspeare here had in his thoughts, p. 256.

The historian Paterculus says: " — cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurdè, cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit: *In carinis suis se cœnam dare;* referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab An-

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, *and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain! come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conquest, with* Silius, *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck [1]; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes [2],
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

tonio possidebatur." Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. Warburton.

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, could not be found in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further. Steevens.

[1] — struck;] Alludes to *darting.* Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. Johnson.

[2] — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, King of Parthia. Steevens.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone [3], than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away [4].
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that

[3] Better leave undone, &c.] Old copies, unmetrically (because the players were unacquainted with the most common ellipsis):
"Better *to* leave undone," &c. Steevens.
The text is that of the old copy. Mr. Steevens reads:
"Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
"Too high a fame, when him we serve's away." Boswell.

[4] — when him we serve's away.] Thus the old copy, and such certainly was our author's phraseology. So, in The Winter's Tale:
"I am appointed *him* to murder you."
So also Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. V.:
"———— *Him* I accuse
"The city ports by this hath entered —."
The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *he* we serve, &c. Malone.

Without the which [5] a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction [6]. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆSAR's House.

Enter AGRIPPA, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

5 That without which —] Here again, regardless of metre, the old copies read:

"That without *the* which—." STEEVENS.

In the old copy this speech is printed as prose. By the arrangement in the text, which is the same that I had adopted in my former edition, the supposed fault of the metre is done away with. MALONE.

6 That without which a soldier, and his sword,
GRANTS scarce distinction.] *Grant,* for *afford.* It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this: "Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless." This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARBURTON.

We have somewhat of the same idea in Coriolanus:

"Who, sensible, *outdares* his senseless sword."

STEEVENS.

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird [7]!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further [8].

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets [9], cannot

"Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
"*Agr.* *O* Antony!" &c. We should read—
"*Of* Antony? O, thou Arabian bird!"

Speak you of Cæsar, he is the nonpareil; speak you of Antony, he is the Arabian bird. M. Mason.

7 —Arabian bird!] The phœnix. Johnson.

So, again, in Cymbeline:
"She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I
"Have lost my wager." Steevens.

8 — Cæsar;—go no further.] I suspect that this line was designed to be metrical, and that (omitting the impertinent *go*) we should read:
"Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar;—no further."
Steevens.

9 — bards, poets,] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. Johnson.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle [2].
So,— [*Trumpets.*
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers,* and to *number,* a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses.*

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

So, in An Excellent Sonnet of a Nimph, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in England's Helicon, 1600:

"Vertue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
"My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
"First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
"His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:
"Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
"Held, pearst, possest, my judgement, sence, and will;
"Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
"Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
"Then greefe, unkindnes, proofe, tooke, kindled, taught,
"Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine:
"But ah, alas (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
"Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.
"For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
"Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease."

Steevens.

Again, in Daniel's 11th Sonnet, 1594:

"Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell shee;
"Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yields, we see."

Malone.

[2] They are his shards, and he their beetle.] i. e. They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground. So, in Macbeth:

"—— the *shard-borne* beetle."

See vol. xi. p. 155, n. 8. Steevens

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself[3];
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band[4]
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue[5], which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded[6], be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious[7], the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;

3 You take from me a great part of myself;] So, in The Tempest:
"I have given you here a third of my own life. STEEVENS.
Again, in Troilus and Cressida:
"I have a kind of self resides in you." MALONE.

4 — as my furthest BAND —] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.
Band and *bond*, in our author's time, were synonymous. See Comedy of Errors, vol. iv. p. 228. MALONE.

5 — the PIECE OF VIRTUE,] So, in The Tempest:
"Thy mother was *a piece of virtue* —."
Again, in Pericles:
"Thou art *a piece of virtue*," &c. STEEVENS.

6 —— the cement of our LOVE,
To keep it BUILDED,] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:
"And ruin'd *love*, when it is *built* anew,
"Grows fairer than at first." MALONE.

7 — therein CURIOUS,] i. e. scrupulous. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:
"For *curious* I cannot be with you."
See vol. v. p. 493, n. 8. STEEVENS.

The elements be kind to thee[8], and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

[8] The ELEMENTS be kind, &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean, "May the different *elements* of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful." JOHNSON.

"The elements be kind," &c. I believe means only, 'May the four elements of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.'

There is, however, a thought, which seems to favour Dr. Johnson's explanation, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Fletcher and Shakspeare:

"—— My precious maid,
"Those best affections that the heavens infuse
"In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
"In your dear heart!"

Again, in Twelfth-Night: "Does not our life consist of the *four elements?*—Faith, so they say."

And another, which may serve in support of mine:

"———— the *elements,*
"That know not what or why, yet do effect,
"Rare issues by their operance."

These parting words of Cæsar to his sister, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occasion of her voyage very naturally required. He wishes "that serene weather and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from every apprehension that might disturb or alarm them." STEEVENS.

"The *elements* be kind to thee," (i. e. the elements of air and water.) Surely this expression means no more than, "I wish you a good voyage;" Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens. HOLT WHITE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is too profound to be just. Octavia was about to make a long journey both by *land* and by *water*. Her brother wishes that both these elements may prove kind to her; and this is all.

So, Cassio says, in Othello:

"——O, let the heavens
"Give him defence against the *elements,*
"For I have lost him on a dangerous sea." M. MASON.

In the passage just quoted, the *elements* must mean, not *earth* and water, (which Mr. M. Mason supposes to be the meaning here,) but *air* and water; and such, I think, (as an anonymous commentator has also suggested,) is the meaning here. The following lines in Troilus and Cressida likewise favour this interpretation:

Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines[9].
Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to Agrippa.*
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse[1];
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

"———— anon behold
"The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
"Bounding between the *two moist elements*,
"Like Perseus' horse." Malone.

9 — stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.] This image has already occurred in The Second Part of King Henry IV.:
"As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
"That makes a still-stand, running neither way."
Steevens.

1 —were he a horse;] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

The same phrase occurs in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, 524: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of her selfe—thin leane, chitty face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c. Steevens.

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd[2]:
Believe it, till I weep too[3].

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* Octavia.

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

[2] What willingly he did CONFOUND, he WAIL'D:] So, in Macbeth:

"—— *wail* his fall
"Whom I myself struck down."

To *confound* is to *destroy*. See Minsheu's Dict. in voce.
MALONE.

[3] Believe it, till I WEEP too.] I have ventured to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. THEOBALD.

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it originally stood, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. "Believe it, (says Enobarbus,) that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy." I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Theobald reads—"till I *wept* too."
STEEVENS.

I should certainly adopt Theobald's amendment, the meaning of which is, that Antony wailed the death of Brutus so bitterly, that I [Enobarbus] was affected by it, and wept also.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the present reading is so forced, that I cannot clearly comprehend it. M. MASON.

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is the fellow?
ALEX. Half afeard to come.
CLEO. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

ALEX. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
CLEO. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
MESS. Most gracious majesty,—
CLEO. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
MESS. Ay, dread queen.
CLEO. Where?
MESS. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
CLEO. Is she as tall as me [4]?

[4] Is she as tall as me? &c. &c. &c.] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by Queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the Queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, may probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental. STEEVENS.

I see no probability that Shakspeare should here allude to a conversation that passed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made publick for above threescore

MESS. She is not, madam.

CLEO. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

MESS. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

CLEO. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long [5].

CHAR. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

CLEO. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

years after his death; Melvil's Memoirs not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches. RITSON.

[5] That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—'That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last;' but, '*That*, i. e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue."

That a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an eulogium when he has an opportunity) was not esteemed by Cleopatra as merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue*, and dwarfish!" If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the author intended no connection between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—'He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time.' My first interpretation I believe to be the true one.

It has been justly observed that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary, about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. "She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's Chronicle) *tall of stature*, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her *voyce loud and shrill*." MALONE.

It may be remarked, however, that when Cleopatra applies the epithet "shrill-tongued" to Fulvia, (see p. 168,) it is not introduced by way of compliment to the wife of Antony. STEEVENS.

The quality of the *voice* is referred to, as a criterion similar to that, already noticed, of the *hair*. See p. 253. HENLEY.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[6] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life:
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark[7].
Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so[8].—
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low[9] as she would wish it.

[6] — her STATION—] *Station,* in this instance, means *the act of standing.* So, in Hamlet:
"A *station* like the herald Mercury." STEEVENS.

[7] WIDOW?—Charmian, hark.] Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin, when she fell to the lot of Antony. STEEVENS.

[8] ROUND, &c.
They are FOOLISH that are so.] This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So, in Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1613: "The head *very round,* to be forgetful and *foolish.*" Again: "the head *long* to be prudent and wary."—"a *low forehead,*" &c. p. 218. STEEVENS.

[9] — IS as low, &c.] For the insertion of—*is,* to help the metre, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him [1]. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Mr. Steevens arranges this and the preceding lines, which in the old copy are printed as prose, in the following manner:

"*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.
"*Cleo.* For the most part too,
"They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
"*Mess.* Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
"As she would wish it." Boswell.

"As low as she would wish it." Low foreheads were, in Shakspeare's age, thought a blemish. So, in The Tempest:

"—— with foreheads *villainous low.*"

You and *She* are not likely to have been confounded; otherwise we might suppose that our author wrote—

"As low as *you* would wish it." Malone.

The phrase employed by the Messenger is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival,—"that her legs were as thick *as she could wish them.*" Steevens.

1 — so I harry'd him.] To *harry*, is to *use roughly*, *harass*, *subdue*. So, in the Chester Whitsun-Playes, MS. Harl. 2013, the Cookes' Company are appointed to exhibit the 17th pageant of—

"—— the *harrowinge of helle.*"

The same word occurs also in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:

"He *harried* her, and midst a throng," &c.

Again, in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"Will *harry* me about instead of her."

Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Richard III. says, it was "*harried* on horseback, dead."

The same expression had been used by Harding, in his Chronicle. Again, by Nash, in his Lenten Stuff, 1599: "—as if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies." Steevens.

To *harry*, is, literally, to *hunt*. Hence the word *harrier*. King James threatened the Puritans that "he would *harry* them out of the land." Henley.

Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1617, explains the word thus: "To turmoile or vexe." Cole, in his English Dictionary, 1676, inter-

Char. Nothing [2], madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't [3],
Or did it from his teeth [4].

prets *haried* by the word *pulled*, and in the sense of pulled and *lugged* about, I believe the word was used by Shakspeare. See the marginal direction in p. 249. In a kindred sense it is used in the old translation of Plutarch: "Pyrrhus seeing his people thus troubled, and *harried* to and fro," &c.

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1590: "Tartassare. To rib-baste, to bang, to tugge, to hale, to *harrie*." Malone.

[2] O, nothing,] The exclamation—*O*, was, for the sake of measure, supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

[3] When the best hint was given him, he not took't,] The

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the [5] good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray [6], *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,

first folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. Thirlby advised the emendation, which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

4 Or did it FROM HIS TEETH.] Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine.

A similar passage, however, occurs in a very scarce book entitled A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning Five Tragicall Histories, &c. Translated out of French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: "The whyche the factor considering, incontinently made his reckning that it behoued him to speake clearely, and not *betweene his teeth*, if he would practise surely," &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth Iliad:
"She laught, but meerly *from her lips*: —"

Again, in Fuller's Historie of the Holy Warre, b. iv. ch. 17: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of the eleventh book of Pliny's Natural History: "— the noise which they make cometh but *from their teeth* and mouth outward." STEEVENS.

5 AND the—] I have supplied this conjunction, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens divides this line, and reads thus:
"Praying for both parts:
"*And* the good gods will mock me presently." BOSWELL.

6 When I shall pray, &c.] The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in King John, Act III. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless [7]. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother [8]; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

7 Than YOURS so branchless.] Old copy—*your*. Corrected in the second folio. This is one of the many mistakes that have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, *your so* and *yours so*, being scarcely distinguishable in pronunciation. MALONE.

8 —— The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall STAIN your brother;] Thus the printed copies. But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her the war, he raises, shall *stain*, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter—

"Shall *strain* your brother; ——"

i. e. shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonished at it; for he himself was in many wants, and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions. THEOBALD.

I do not see but *stain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *shame* or *disgrace*. JOHNSON.

So, in some anonymous stanzas among the poems of Surrey and Wyatt:

"—— here at hand approacheth one
"Whose face will *stain* you all."

Again, in Shore's Wife, by Churchyard, 1593:

"So Shore's wife's face made foulè Browneta blush,
"As pearle *staynes* pitch, or gold surmounts a rush."

Again, in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595:

"Whose beautie *staines* the faire Helen of Greece."

STEEVENS.

I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, "unless I am compelled in my own defence, I will do no act that *shall stain*," &c.

After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother. MALONE.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler[9]! Wars 'twixt you twain would be[1]
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Perhaps we should read:
"Shall *stay* your brother;"
Shall check and make him pause in his hostile designs.
BOSWELL.

9 Your reconciler!] The old copy has *you*. This manifest error of the press, which appears to have arisen from the same cause as that noticed above, was corrected in the second folio.
MALONE.

1 —Wars 'twixt you twain would be, &c.] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality [2]; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal [3], seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony [4]?

[2] — rivality;] Equal rank. JOHNSON.
So, in Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo "the *rivals*" of his watch. STEEVENS.

[3] — upon his own APPEAL,] To *appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse;* Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.

[4] Then, WORLD, &c.] Old copy—" Then *'would* thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them al lthe food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?" This is obscure; I read it thus:
" Then, *world*, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
" And throw between them all the food thou hast,
" They'll grind the *one the* other. Where's Antony?"
Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I have not, in the present instance, any scruples on that head. The passage, as it stands in the folio, is nonsense, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were easily confounded, and the omission in the last line, which Dr. Johnson has supplied, is one of those errors that happen in almost every sheet that passes through the press, when the same words are repeated near to each other in the same sentence. Thus, in a note on Timon of Athens, [edit. 1790] Act III. Sc. II. now before me, these words ought to have been printed: " Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation and *honour* (i. e. the lordship of a place) in its legal sense." But the words—" in its common acceptation and" were omitted in the *proof* sheet by the compositor, by his eye (after he had composed the first *honour*) glancing on the last, by which the intermediate words were lost. In the passage before us, I have no doubt that the compositor's eye in like manner glancing on the second *the*,

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigged.
Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius [5];
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

after the first had been composed, the two words now recovered were omitted. So, in Troilus and Cressida, the two lines printed in Italicks, were omitted in the folio, from the same cause:

"The bearer knows not; but commends *itself*
" *To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,*
" *That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,*
" Not going from itself," &c.

In the first folio edition of Hamlet, Act II. is the following passage: "I will leave him, *and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him* and my daughter." But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italick character are omitted. The printer's eye, after the words *I will leave him* were composed, glanced on the second *him*, and thus all the intervening words were lost.

I have lately observed that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. As, in a subsequent scene, Shakspeare, with allusion to the triumvirs, calls the world *three-nook'd*, so he here supposes it to have had *three chaps. No more* does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as if Shakspeare had written—*and* no more. Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps, and *only* a pair.
MALONE.

5 — More, Domitius;] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria:—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place [6], on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia [7],
Absolute queen.

[6] I' the market-place,] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia." STEEVENS.

[7] Lydia,] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thos. North, in folio, 1597,* will be seen at once the origin of this mistake:

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:
"'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
"That Latin French, that French to English straid:
"Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
"Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France."
FARMER.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there[8] proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis[9]
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being that, we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;

"First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria." FARMER.

The present reading is right: for in p. 295, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus. M. MASON.

8 — he there —] The old copy has—*hither*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

9 — the goddess Isis —] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis." STEEVENS.

That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
MEC. He'll never yield to that.
CÆS. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

OCT. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
CÆS. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
OCT. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
CÆS. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love[1], which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
OCT. Good my lord,

[1] The OSTENT of our love,] Old copy—*ostentation.* But the metre, and our author's repeated use of the former word in The Merchant of Venice, "— Such fair *ostents* of love," sufficiently authorize the slight change I have made. *Ostent* occurs also in King Henry V.:
"Giving full trophy, signal, and *ostent*—." STEEVENS.

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

CÆS. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him[2].

OCT. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCT. My lord, in Athens[3].

CÆS. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

[2] — Which soon he granted,
Being an OBSTRUCT 'tween his lust and him.] [Old copy—*abstract.*] Antony very soon complied to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordinate passion and him. This is absurd. We must read:

"Being an *obstruct* 'tween his lust and him."

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra. WARBURTON.

I am by no means certain that this change was necessary. Mr. Henley pronounces it to be "needless, and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense." One of the meanings of *abstracted* is—*separated, disjoined;* and therefore our poet, with his usual licence, might have used it for a *disjunctive.* I believe there is no such substantive as *obstruct:* besides, we say, an obstruction *to* a thing, but not *between* one thing and another.

As Mr. Malone, however, is contented with Dr. Warburton's reading, I have left it in our text. STEEVENS.

[3] My lord, in Athens.] Some words, necessary to the metre, being here omitted, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

"My lord, *he is* in Athens."

But I rather conceive the omission to have been in the former hemistich, which might originally have stood thus:

"Where is he, *'pray you,* now?
"*Oct.* My lord, in Athens."

STEEVENS.

Up to a whore; who now are levying[4]
The kings o' the earth for war[5]: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers[6]

[4] — WHO now ARE levying —] That is, which two persons now are levying, &c. MALONE.

[5] The kings o' the earth for war:] Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

"—— Polemon and Amintas
"Of Lycaonia: and the king of Mede."

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

[6] — THEM ministers —] Old copy—*his* ministers. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort[7];
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[8] to a trull,
That noises it against us[9].

7 — Best of comfort;] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, *and*, seems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation, *Be* of comfort, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe,) it stands very aukwardly. "*Best* of *comfort*" may mean—"Thou best of comforters!" a phrase which we meet with again in The Tempest:

"A solemn air, and the *best comforter*
"To an unsettled fancy's cure!"

Cæsar, however, may mean, that what he had just mentioned is the best kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. Malone.

This elliptical phrase, I believe, only signifies—"May the best of comfort be yours!" Steevens.

8 —potent regiment —] *Regiment*, is *government*, *authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. Johnson.

Trull is used in The First Part of King Henry VI. as synonymous to *harlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's Dictionary, 1679. There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here. Malone.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of The Schola Salernitana, is called The *Regiment* of Helth.

Again, in Lyly's Woman in the Moon, 1597:

"Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. x.:

"So when he had resign'd his *regiment*."

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by George Peele, in the Song of Coridon and Melampus, published in England's Helicon, 1600:

"When swaines sweete pipes are puft, and *trulls* are warme."

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being[1] in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Again, in Damætas's Jigge in Praise of his Love, by John Wootton; printed in the same collection:

"——— be thy mirth seene;
"Heard to each swaine, seene to each *trull*."

Again, in the eleventh book of Virgil, Twyne's translation of the *virgins* attendant on Camilla, is—

"Italian *trulles* ——."

Mecænas, however, by this appellation, most certainly means no compliment to Cleopatra. STEEVENS.

9 That NOISES it against us.] Milton has adopted this uncommon verb in his Paradise Regained, book iv. 488:

"—— though *noising* loud,
"And threatening nigh—." STEEVENS.

1 — FORSPOKE my being —] To *forspeak*, is to *contradict*, to *speak against*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"—— thy life *forspoke* by love."

To *forspeak* likewise signified to *curse*. So, in Drayton's Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey:

"Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed."

To *forspeak*, in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid*, in Macbeth:

"He shall live a man *forbid*."

So, to *forthink*, meant anciently to *unthink*, and consequently to *repent*:

Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd against us[2], why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,

"Therefore of it be not to boolde,
"Lest thou *forthink* it when thou art too olde."
Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, b. i. to *forshape* is to *mis-shape*:

"Out of a man into a stone
"*Forshape*," &c.

To *forspeak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. So, in Ben Jonson's Staple of News: "—a witch, gossip, to *forspeak* the matter thus." In Shakspeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. Steevens.

[2] Is't not? Denounce against us, &c.] The old copy reads:

"*If* not, *denounc'd* against us," &c.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

I would read [following Mr. Rowe]:

"Is't not? *Denounce* against us, why should not we
"Be there in person?" Tyrwhitt.

Cleopatra means to say, "Is not the war denounced against us? Why should we not then attend in person?" She says, a little lower,

"—— A charge we bear i' the war,
"And, as the president of my kingdom, will
"Appear there for a man."

She speaks of herself in the plural number, according to the usual style of sovereigns. M. Mason.

Mr. Malone reads with the old copy; I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt.

So, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from Phyllis to Demophoon:

"*Denounce* to me what I have doone
"But loud thee all to well?" Steevens.

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read—*denounce*, but I am of opinion that the old reading is right. "If not *denounc'd*," 'if there be no particular denunciation against me, why should we not be there in person.' Malone.

× or witchcraft —
"Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn"
Middleton's "Witch"

The horse were merely lost[3]; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne[4]?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,

3 — MERELY lost;] i. e. entirely, absolutely lost. So, in Hamlet:

"—— things rank, and gross in nature
"Possess it *merely*." STEEVENS.

4 And TAKE IN Toryne?] To *take in* is to gain by conquest. So, in Chapman's version of the second Iliad:

"—— for now Troy's broad-way'd towne
"He shall *take in*." STEEVENS.

To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us [5] to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muliters, reapers [6], people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy [7]: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;

5 For he dares us—] i. e. *because* he dares us." So, in Othello:
" —— Haply, *for* I am black—."
The old copy redundantly reads—For *that* he. See note on Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. I. Steevens.

6 Your mariners are muliters, reapers, &c.] The old copy has *militers*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. It is confirmed by the old translation of Plutarch: "— for lacke of watermen his captains did presse by force all sortes of men out of Græce, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, *muliters*, reapers, harvest men," &c. *Muliter* was the old spelling of *muleteer*.

So, in The Battell of Alcazar, 1594:
" Besides a number almost numberlesse,
" Of drudges, negroes, slaves, and *muliters*." Malone.

7 Their ships are yare; yours, heavy.] So, in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch: " Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally signifies, *dextrous, manageable*. See Tempest, Act I. Sc. I. Steevens.

Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better[8].

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be[9].—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis[1]!—How now, worthy soldier?

8 — Cæsar none better.] I must suppose this mutilated line to have originally ran thus:
"I have sixty sails, Cæsar *himself* none better."
STEEVENS.

9 Strange, that his POWER should be.] It is strange that his *forces* should be there. So, afterwards, in this scene:
"His *power* went out in such distractions, as
"Beguil'd all spies."
Again, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:
"Before the which was drawn the *power* of Greece."
MALONE.

1 — my Thetis!] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like *Thetis* surrounded by the Nereids. STEEVENS.

Sold. O noble emperor[2], do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't[3]: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,

[2] O noble emperor, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, & a valiant man, that had serued Antonius in many battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked and cut: who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword? let the Ægyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himselfe." STEEVENS.

[3] *Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason. JOHNSON.

I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his *land force*,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson refers the word *on't* to *right* in the preceding speech. I apprehend, it refers to *action* in the speech before us. MALONE.

Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief[4].

Sold. While he was[5] yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions[6], as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius[7].

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes forth[8],
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

4 Carries beyond belief.] Perhaps this phrase is from archery. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.: " — he would have *carried* you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half." Steevens.

5 While he was —] Of what use are the words—*he was*, except to vitiate the metre? Steevens.

6 — distractions,] Detachments, separate bodies. Johnson.
The word is thus used by Sir Paul Rycaut, in his Maxims of Turkish Polity: " — and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives, slaves, or *distractions of his love*." Steevens.

7 The emperor calls for Canidius.] The preposition—*for*, was judiciously inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. So, in a future scene:

" —— call *for* Enobarbus —." Steevens.

8 — and throes forth,] i. e. emits as in parturition. So, in The Tempest:

" ———— proclaim a birth
Which *throes* thee much to yield." Steevens.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump [9]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad [1], the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle [2] of the world is lost

9 — this JUMP.] i. e. hazard. So, in Macbeth:
"We'd *jump* the life to come." STEEVENS.

1 The Antoniad, &c.] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

2 The greater CANTLE —] A piece or lump. POPE.
Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.
The word is used by Chaucer, in The Knight's Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3010:
"Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." STEEVENS.

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd way
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight?

SCAR. On our side the token'd[3] pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid[4] nag of Egypt,

So, in King Henry IV. Part I. Act III. Sc. I.:

"See how this river comes me cranking in,
"And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
"A huge half moon, a monstrous *cantle* out." MALONE.

Cockeram, in his Dictionary of Hard Words, gives *cantle* as the explanation of *fragment*. BOSWELL.

3 — token'd —] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools, in seven Acts, 1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*." Again, in Herod and Antipater, 1622:

"His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague,
"Once *spotted*, *never cur'd*."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"For the *Lord's tokens* on you do I see."

See vol. iv. p. 430, n. 4. STEEVENS.

4 — ribald —] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a *lewd fellow*. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"—— that injurious *riball* that attempts
"To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity."

Again:

"Injurious strumpet, and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaudred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

"Yon *ribald-rid* nag of Egypt—,"

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow.

We find, however, in The Golden Legend, Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 186, b. that "Antony was wylde, ioly, and *rybauldous*, and had y^e^ syster of Octauyan to his wyfe." STEEVENS.

I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald;* and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for. Whenever, by any negligence in writing, a dot is omitted over an *i*, compositors at

Whom leprosy o'ertake[5]! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder[6],—

the press invariably print an *e*. Of this I have had experience in many sheets of my edition of Shakspeare, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the passage before us.

In our author's own edition of his Rape of Lucrece, 1594, I have lately observed the same error:

"Afflict him in his bed with bed-*red* groans."

Again, in Hamlet, 1604, sign. B 3, Act I. Sc. II.:

"Who impotent, and bed-*red*, scarcely hears
"Of this his nephew's purpose."

By *ribald*, Scarus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not "*every* lewd fellow," as Mr. Steevens has explained it. MALONE.

"—Yon ribald *nag* of Egypt." I believe we should read—*hag*. What follows seems to prove it:

"——She once being loof'd,
"The noble ruin of her *magick*, Antony,
"Claps on his sea-wing——." TYRWHITT.

Odd as this use of *nag* might appear to Mr. Tyrwhitt, *jade* is daily used in the same manner. HENLEY.

The brize, or œstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

5 Whom LEPROSY o'ertake!] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum. JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher, 1592: "Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, although for his sweete villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*." STEEVENS.

Pliny, who says, *the white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is "a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Ægyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men's bloud for their cure." *Philemon Holland's Translation*, b. xxvi. c. i. REED.

6 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,] So, in Julius Cæsar:

The brize upon her[7], like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight[8], and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd[9]
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

"We were two lions, litter'd in one day,
"But I the elder and more terrible." Steevens.

7 The brize upon her,] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser:

"—— a *brize*, a scorned little creature,
"Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten."
Steevens.

8 Did sicken at the sight on't,] For the insertion of—*on't*, to complete the measure, I am answerable, being backed, however, by the authority of the following passage in Cymbeline:

"—— the sweet view *on't*
"Might well have warm'd old Saturn—." Steevens.

The old copy reads as in the text. Mr. Steevens alters the arrangement thus, to make room for his insertion:

"———— that I beheld: mine eyes
"Did sicken at the sight on't," &c. Boswell.

9 —— being loof'd,] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. It also occurs frequently in Hackluyt's Voyages. See vol. iii. 589. Steevens.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*Aside.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony[1], though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,

[1] The wounded chance of Antony,] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written:

"The wounded *chase* of Antony——."

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will,* says Enobarbus, *follow Antony,* though *chased* and *wounded.*

The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as "the broken fortunes of Antony." The old reading is indisputably the true one. So, in the fifth Act:

"Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit,
"Through the ashes of my *chance.*" MALONE.

Mr. Malone has judiciously defended the old reading. In Othello we have a phrase somewhat similar to *wounded chance;* viz. "*mangled* matter." STEEVENS.

I am so lated in the world[2], that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone[3]:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you[4]. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself[5]: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command[6],

[2] — so LATED in the world,] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth, Act III.:

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace." STEEVENS.

[3] — be gone:] We might, I think, safely complete the measure by reading:

"—— be gone, *I say*." STEEVENS.

[4] Sweep your way for you.] So, in Hamlet:

"—— they must *sweep my way*,
"And marshall me to knavery." STEEVENS.

[5] — let THAT be left
Which leaves itself:] Old copy—"let *them*," &c. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[6] — I have lost command,] I am not maker of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else[7]?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer[8]; while I struck

Surely, he rather means,—I *entreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in King Richard III.:

"Tell her, the king, that may *command, entreats.*"

MALONE.

7 Do! Why, what else? &c.] Being uncertain whether these, and other short and interrupted speeches in the scene before us, were originally designed to form regular verses; and suspecting that in some degree they have been mutilated, I have made no attempt at their arrangement. STEEVENS.

8 — He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer;] In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNSON.

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-dance* which they always practise at Christmas. SEEEVENS.

The Goths, in one of their dances, held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLET.

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in Titus Andronicus, Act II. Sc. I.:

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended[9]: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry[1], and no practice had

"—— our mother, unadvis'd,
"Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side."

It may also be observed, that the dancers represented in one of the compartments of the shield of Achilles, had weapons by their sides:

——— οι δὲ μαχαίρας
Εἶχον χρυσείας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων.
Iliad, Σ. 597. STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in All's Well That Ends Well. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the *wars*, says—

"I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
"Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
"Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*,
"But one to *dance* with."

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was *not worn* at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

9 — and 'twas I,
That the MAD Brutus ended:] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

1 — he alone
DEALT ON lieutenantry,] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

"Dealt on lieutenantry," I believe, means only,—"fought by proxy," made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants. So, in a former scene, Ventidius observes—

"Cæsar and Antony have ever won
"*More in their officer*, than person."

Again, in The Countess of Pembroke's Antonie, 1595:

"—— Cassius and Brutus ill betid,
"March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,
"But by my sole condúct; for all the time,
"Cæsar heart-sick with fear and feaver lay."

To *deal on* any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in The Roaring Girl, 1611:

"You will *deal upon* men's wives no more."

In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied[2] with very shame.

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's Miseries of Queen Margaret:

"That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold
"Men so ill arm'd, *upon* their bows so bold."

Upon their bows must here mean "on the strength of their bows, relying on their bows." Again, in Have With You to Saffron Walden, &c. by Nashe, 1596: "At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intentively." Again, in Othello:

"*Upon* malicious bravery dost thou come
"To start my quiet."

Again, in King Richard III.:

"—— are they that I would have thee *deal upon*."

Steevens.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and agreeable to the character here given of Augustus. Shakspeare represents him, in the next Act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himself:

"Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight——."

Again:

"Go, charge, Agrippa." M. Mason.

In the Life of Antony, Shakspeare found the following passage: "—they were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants*, than by themselves;"—which fully explains that before us.

The subsequent words also—"and no practice had," &c. show that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage. The phrase to *deal on* is likewise found in Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil, by T. Nashe, 1592: "When dice, lust, and drunkenness, all have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a plaie for him to go to for his penie, he sits melancholie in his chamber."

Malone.

[2] He is unqualitied—] I suppose she means, he is *unsoldier'd*. *Quality*, in Shakspeare's age, was often used for *profession*. It has, I think, that meaning in the passage in Othello, in which Desdemona expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service:

"—— My heart's subdued
"Even to the very *quality* of my lord." Malone.

CLEO. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort[3] makes the rescue.

ANT. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS. Sir, the queen.

ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame[4] out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEO. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings[5],
And thou should'st tow[6] me after: O'er my spirit

Perhaps, *unqualitied*, only signifies *unmanned* in general, "disarmed of his usual faculties," without any particular reference to soldiership. STEEVENS.

3 — death will seize her; BUT
Your comfort, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unless*. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary signification. If it had been used for *unless*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have written, according to his usual practices, *make*. MALONE.

See Mr. Horne Tooke's explanation of *but* in his Diversions of Purley. BOSWELL.

4 How I convey my shame —] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

5 — tied by the strings,] That is, by the *heart-strings*. JOHNSON.

So, in The Tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595:

" ——— as if his soule
" Unto his ladies soule had been *enchained*,
" He left his men," &c. STEEVENS.

6 — should'st TOW —] The old copy has—should'st *stow* me.

Thy full supremacy [7] thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:
Some wine, within [8] there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus [9], *and Others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

This is one of the many corruptions occasioned by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[7] Thy full supremacy —] Old copy—*The* full—. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[8] — within —] This word might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre. Steevens.

[9] — *Thyreus,*] In the old copy always—*Thidias.* Steevens.

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster[1]:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea[2].

[1] — his schoolmaster:] The name of this person was *Euphronius*. Steevens.

He was schoolmaster to Antony's *children* by Cleopatra. Malone.

[2] —— as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.] Thus the old copy. To *whose* grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read:
"To *this* grand sea."
We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance. Tyrwhitt.

The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the* grand sea.

I believe the old reading is the true one. "His grand sea" may mean his 'full tide of prosperity.' So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
"Now stops thy spring; *my sea* shall suck them dry,
"And swell so much the higher by their ebb."

Again, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Fletcher:

"———— though I know
"His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they
"Must yield their tribute here."

There is a playhouse tradition that the first Act of this play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: "Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms it, "immensa æquorum vastitas." I may add, that Sir John Mandeville, p. 89, calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, "the grete see."

Again, in A. Wyntown's Cronykil, b. ix. ch. xii. v. 40:

CÆS. Be it so; Declare thine office.
EUP. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies [4] for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
CÆS. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend [5],
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
EUP. Fortune pursue thee!
CÆS. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;

"—— the Mediterane,
"*The gret se* clerkis callis it swa."

The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. "His *grand* sea" may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. STEEVENS.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is more likely to be right than Steevens's explanation. M. MASON.

I believe the last is the right explanation. HENLEY.

The last of Mr. Steevens's explanations certainly gives the sense of Shakspeare. If *his* be not used for *its*, he has made a person of the *morn-drop*. RITSON.

4 The circle of the Ptolemies —] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:
"All that impedes thee from the golden *round*,
"Which fate and metaphysical aid
"Would have thee *crown'd* withal." MALONE.

5 — friend,] i. e. paramour. See note on Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
[*To* THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal[6]: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

THYR. Cæsar, I go.

CÆS. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw[7];
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves[8].

THYR. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus[9]?

ENO. Think, and die[1].

[6] —— will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd VESTAL:] So, in The Rape of Lucrece:
"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:—
"Thou mak'st the *vestal violate her oath.*" MALONE.

[7] —how Antony becomes his flaw;] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

[8] And what thou think'st his very ACTION SPEAKS
In every power that moves.] So, in Troilus and Cressida:
"—— her *foot speaks*, her—spirits look out
"At *every* joint and *motive* of her body." STEEVENS.

[9] What shall we DO, Enobarbus?] I have little doubt but that the verb—*do,* which is injurious to the metre, was interpolated, and that some player or transcriber (as in many former instances) has here defeated the purpose of an ellipsis convenient to versification. *What shall we?* in ancient familiar language, is frequently understood to signify—What shall we *do?* STEEVENS.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will

[1] Think, and die.] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
"*Drink*, and die."
And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, "has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary." "Think, and die;" says he, "that is, Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world, is a natural answer." I grant it would be, *according to this explanation*, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt soldier;* not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as Sir T. Hanmer's alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is:
"*Wink*, and die."
When the ship is going to be cast away, in The Sea Voyage of Beaumont and Fletcher, (Act I. Sc. I.) and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her:
"—— Go, take your gilt
"Prayer-book, and to your business; *wink, and die:*"
insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's desponding question. Tyrwhitt.
I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in Julius Cæsar:
"———— all that he can do
"Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar."
Mr. Tollet observes, that the expression of *taking thought*, in our old English writers, is equivalent to *the being anxious* or *solicitous*, or *laying a thing much to heart*. So, says he, it is used in our translations of The New Testament, Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 50, or anno 1140: "*taking thought* for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: "The bishop of Salisburie *dieth of thought*." Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, anno 1508: "Christopher Hawis shortened his life by *thought-taking*." Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 234: "—their mother died *for thought*." Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, might have given additional support to the reading which he offers, from a passage in The Second Part of King Henry IV.:
"—— led his powers to death,
"And *winking* leap'd into destruction." Steevens.
After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand *think and die*

Lord of his reason. What though [2] you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow [3]?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship [4]; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question [5]: 'Twas a shame no less

to mean the same as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, Act IV. Sc. VI. and by Holinshed, Chronicle of Ireland, p. 97: "His father lived in the Tower—where *for thought* of the young man his follie *he died*." There is a passage almost exactly similar in The Beggar's Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. ii. p. 423:

"Can I not *think away* myself and die?" TYRWHITT.

"Think and die."—Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

See vol. xi. p. 410. MALONE.

[2] — ALTHOUGH —] The first syllable of this word was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

[3] — why should he follow?] Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read—follow *you?* STEEVENS.

[4] Have NICK'D his captainship;] i. e. set the mark of folly on it. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"—— and the while
"His man with scissars *nicks* him like a fool."
STEEVENS.

[5] —— he being
The MERED question:] The *mered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except—

"The *mooted* question —."

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary;* and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, b. iii. 1582:

"Whereto joinctlye *mearing* a cantel of Itayle neereth."

Barrett, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, interprets a *meere*-stone by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is certainly the true reading. So, in Hamlet, Act I. Sc. I.:

"—— the king
"That was and is the *question* of these wars." STEEVENS.

Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word *meered*, and derived it from the adjective *mere* or *meer*. In that case, the

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with* Euphronius.

Ant. Is this his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it[6].—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd[7], sword against sword,

meered question might mean, the only cause of the dispute—the only subject of the quarrel. M. Mason.

[6] Let her know it.] To complete the verse, we might add—Let her know it *then*. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's arrangement is this—

" ———— The queen
" Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
" Us up," &c. Boswell.

[7] — his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd,] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. Johnson.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote—

Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.
ENO. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show [8],

"—— his gay *caparisons.*"
Let him "unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions,* &c. and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dress.* So, in As You Like It, Act III. Sc. II.:

"—— though I am *caparison'd* like a man—."

Again, in The Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. II.:

"With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison.*"

The old reading however is supported by a passage in Macbeth:

"Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
"Confronted him with *self-comparisons,*
"Point against point, rebellious."

His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in Timon of Athens:

"Not one accompanying his *declining* foot."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"—— What the *declin'd* is,
"He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
"As feel in his own fall."

Again, in Daniel's Cleopatra, 1594:

"Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd." MALONE.

The word *gay* seems rather to favour Malone's conjecture, that we should read *caparisons.* On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech, appears to countenance the present reading:

"—— that he should dream,
"Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
"Answer his emptiness!" M. MASON.

[8] — be STAG'D to the show,] So, Goff, in his Raging Turk, 1631:

"—— as if he *stag'd*
"The wounded Priam——." STEEVENS.

Be stag'd to show,—that is, 'exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze.' HENLEY.

Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes [9]; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

ATT. A messenger from Cæsar.
CLEO. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
ENO. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square [1]. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools [2], does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

9 — are
A PARCEL of their fortunes;] i. e. as we should say at present, *are of a piece with them*. STEEVENS.

1 — to SQUARE.] i. e. to *quarrel*. See a Midsummer-Night's Dream, vol. v. p. 202, n. 3. STEEVENS.

2 The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.] After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, stubbornly preserved to a master in his declined fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read:
"*Though* loyalty, well held to fools, does make
"Our faith mere folly——." THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald. Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

Enter THYREUS.

CLEO. Cæsar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends[3]; say boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

THYR. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar's[4].

[3] None but friends;] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we ought to read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer:
"None *here* but friends." STEEVENS.

[4] —CÆSAR entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is CÆSAR.] Thus the second folio; and on this reading the subsequent explanation by Dr. Warburton is founded.

The first folio, which brings obscurity with it, has—
"—— than he is *Cæsar's*."

See Mr. Malone's note. STEEVENS.

i. e. 'Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar:' That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.
WARBURTON.

It has been just said, that whatever *Antony* is, all his followers are; "that is, *Cæsar's*." Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Cæsar entreats her not to consider *herself* in a state of subjection, further than as she is connected with Antony, who is *Cæsar's*: intimating to her, (according to the instructions he had received from Cæsar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony—see p. 317,) that she might make separate and advantageous terms for herself.

I suspect that the preceding speech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers usually keep the names of the persons who appear in each scene, ready composed; in consequence of which, speeches are often attributed to those to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus should presume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleo-

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not[5] Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee[6]. [*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff

patra and Thyreus, till Enobarbus thinks it necessary to attend to his own interest, and says what he speaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us*,) which suits Cleopatra, who throughout the play assumes that royal style, strengthens my conjecture. The words, "our master," it may be said, are inconsistent with this supposition; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus described Antony, with sufficient propriety. They are afterwards explained: "Whose he is, *we* are." Antony was the master of her fate. Malone.

Enobarbus, who is the buffoon of the play, has already presumed [see p. 228,] to interfere between the jarring Triumvirs, and might therefore have been equally flippant on the occasion before us. For this reason, as well as others, I conceive the speech in question to have been rightly appropriated in the old copy. What a diminution of Shakspeare's praise would it be, if four lines that exactly suit the mouth of Enobarbus, could come with equal propriety from the lips of Cleopatra! Steevens.

5 — that you embrace not—] The author probably wrote—*embrac'd.* Malone.

6 — thou'rt so leaky, &c.
Thy dearest quit thee.] So, in The Tempest:
"A rotten carcase of a boat——
"—— the very rats
"Instinctively had *quit it*—." Steevens.

To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand[7]: tell him, I am prompt

[7] Say to great Cæsar this, In DISPUTATION
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:] The poet certainly wrote:
"Say to great Cæsar this, In *deputation*
"I kiss his conqu'ring hand:"
i. e. by *proxy;* I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.
WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary. "I kiss his hand in disputation"—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy. I confess my inability to *dispute* or *contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in Macbeth: "*Dispute* it like a man;" and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in Twelfth Night: "For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense." If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—"*by* deputation." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *deputation* is the right reading. Steevens having proved, with much labour and ingenuity, that it is but by a forced and unnatural construction that any sense can be extorted from the words as they stand. It is not necessary to read *by* deputation, instead of *in*. That amendment indeed would render the passage more strictly grammatical, but Shakspeare is, frequently, at least as licentious in the use of his particles.
M. MASON.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being used, is, in my apprehension, of little weight. Though *by* deputation is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakspeare. Thus a *Deputy* says in the first scene of King John:
"Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
"*In* my behaviour, to his majesty,
"The borrow'd majesty of England here."
Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:
"Of all the favourites that the absent king
"*In deputation* left behind him here."

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath[8] I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace[9] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in[1],
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses[2].

Again: Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. says, "—if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king *at* courtesie." We should now say, "*by* courtesy." So, "*in* any hand," was the phrase of Shakspeare's time, for which, "*at* any hand," was afterwards used.

Supposing *disputation* to mean, as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controversy, but struggle for power, or the contention of adversaries, to say that one kisses the hand of another *in contention*, is surely a strange phrase: but to "kiss by proxy," and to "marry by proxy," was the language of Shakspeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being used in the sense required here. MALONE.

[8] Tell him, from his ALL-OBEYING breath, &c.] *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an "all-obeying breath." I suppose we ought to read—

"—— all-*obeyed* breath." JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *passive* signification:

"To furnish me upon my *longing* journey."

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In The Unnatural Combat, by Massinger, the active participle is yet more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *strangling husband*."

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled. STEEVENS.

All-obeying breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which *all obey*. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. MALONE.

[9] — Give me grace —] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

[1] — taking kingdoms in,] To *take in* is to *gain by conquest*; so, before, p. 299: "And take in Toryne." REED.

[2] As it RAIN'D KISSES.] This strong expression is adopted in Pope's version of the 17th Odyssey:

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man[3], and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss[4], kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack[5], and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!

" ———— in his embraces dies,
" *Rains kisses* on his neck, his face, his eyes." STEEVENS.

3 — the FULLEST man,] The most complete, and perfect. So, in Othello, vol. ix. p. 226:
" What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe." MALONE.
So before, p. 322: " the *full* Cæsar." BOSWELL.

4 Like boys unto a MUSS,] i. e. a *scramble*. POPE.
So used by Ben Jonson, in his Magnetick Lady:
" —— nor are they thrown
" To make a *muss* among the gamesome suitors."
Again, in The Spanish Gipsie, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:
" To see if thou be'st alcumy or no,
" They'll throw down gold in *musses*."
This word was current so late as in the year 1690:
" Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
" But there's a *muss* of more than half the town."
Dryden's Prologue to The Widow Ranter, by Mrs. Behn.
STEEVENS.

5 —Take hence this JACK,] See vol. viii. p. 52.
MALONE.

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra[6] ?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

THYR. Mark Antony,—

ANT. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack[7] of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women[8], to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders[9] ?

6 — (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)] That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra. So, when Ludovico says:

" Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?"

Othello replies,

" That's he that *was* Othello. Here I am." M. MASON.

7 — THIS Jack —] Old copy—*The* Jack. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 — a GEM of women,] This term is often found in Chapman's version of the Iliad. Thus, in the sixth book:

" —— which though I use not here,
" Yet still it is my *gem* at home."

In short, beautiful horses, rich garments, &c. in our translator's language, are frequently spoken of as *gems*. " A *jewel* of a man," is a phrase still in use among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

9 By one that looks on FEEDERS ?] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman: " Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters*? My *mouths* now? bar up my doors, my varlets."

Again, in The Wits, a comedy, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

" —— tall *eaters* in blew coats,
" Sans number."

Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—

"One who looks on feeders," is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in Cymbeline:

"—— that base wretch,
"One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
"The very scraps o' the court." STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation of this passage the true one. Neither of the quotations, in my apprehension, support Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as synonymous to a *servant*. So fantastick and pedantick a writer as Ben Jonson, having in one passage made one of his characters call his attendants, his *eaters*, appears to me a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous. In Timon of Athens, this word occurs again:

"—— So the gods bless me,
"When all our offices have been oppress'd
"With riotous *feeders*—."

There also Mr. Steevens supposes *feeders* to mean *servants*. But I do not see why "all our offices" may not mean *all* the apartments in Timon's house; (for certainly the steward did not mean to lament the excesses of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of his master and his guests;) or, if *offices* can only mean such parts of a dwelling-house as are assigned to servants, I do not conceive that, because *feeders* is *there* descriptive of those menial attendants who were thus fed, the word used by itself, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the passage before us, should necessarily signify a *servant*.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that a subsequent passage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given:

"To flatter Cæsar, would you *mingle eyes*
"*With one that ties his points?*" MALONE.

On maturer consideration, Mr. Malone will find that Timon's Steward has *not* left the excesses of his master, and his guests, unnoticed; for though he first adverts to the luxury of their servants, he immediately afterwards alludes to their own, which he confines to the *rooms* (not *offices*) that "blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy." My definition, therefore, of the term—*offices*, will still maintain its ground.

In further support of it, see a note on Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 90, n. 8, where *offices* occurs [in Mr. Steevens's edition], a reading which Mr. Malone has overlooked, and consequently left without remark.

Duncan would hardly have "sent *forth*" largess to Macbeth's

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes [1];
In our own filth drop our clear judgments [2]; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out [3]:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were

offices, had these *offices* been (as Mr. Malone seems willing to represent them) "*all* the apartments *in* the house." STEEVENS.

Mr. Gifford has, I think, clearly proved that Mr. Steevens's interpretation is right. See his edition of Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 408. BOSWELL.

[1] — seel our eyes; &c.] This passage should be pointed thus;

" ——— seel our eyes;
" In our own filth drop our clear judgments."

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

" ——— seel our eyes
" In our own filth;" &c. STEEVENS.

[2] In our own filth DROP our clear judgments;] If I understand the foregoing allusion, it is such as scarce deserves illustration, which, however, may be caught from a simile in Mr. Pope's Dunciad:

" As what a Dutchman *plumps* into the lakes," &c.

In King Henry V. Act III. Sc. V. we meet with a conceit of similar indelicacy:

" He'll *drop* his heart into the *sink* of fear." STEEVENS.

[3] LUXURIOUSLY pick'd out:] *Luxuriously* means *wantonly*. So, in King Lear:

" To't *luxury*, pellmell, for I lack soldiers." STEEVENS.

Upon the hill of Basan [4], to outroar
The horned herd [5]! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him [6].—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *ATT.* Soundly, my lord.
ANT. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 *ATT.* He did ask favour.
ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say [7],

[4] —the hill of Basan,] This is from Psalm lxviii. 15: "As *the hill of Basan,* so is God's hill: even an high hill, as *the hill of Basan.*" STEEVENS.

[5] The horned herd!] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON.

The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from Psalm xxii. 12: "Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side." STEEVENS.

[6] For being YARE about him.] i. e. *ready, nimble, adroit.* So, in a preceding scene:

"Their ships are *yare;* yours, heavy." STEEVENS.

[7] —thou say, &c.] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch: "Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well sauouredly whipped, and so sent him vnto Cæsar; and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, bicause he showed him self prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of

He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me [8]: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

CLEO. I must stay his time.

ANT. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points [9]?

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines [1], so

my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittaunce." STEEVENS.

8 — to QUIT me:] To repay me this insult; to *requite* me. JOHNSON.

9 With one that ties his points?] i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunkhose were fastened. MALONE.

1 — as it DETERMINES,] That is, as the hailstone dissolves. M. MASON.

So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me." STEEVENS.

Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite[2]!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm[3],
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey[4]!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet[5], threat'ning most sea-
like.

[2] —The next Cæsarion smite!] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

The folio has *smile*. This literal error will serve to corroborate Dr. Farmer's conjecture in King Henry V. Act II. Sc. I. REED.

[3] By the DISCANDYING of this pelleted storm,] The old folios read, *discandering:* from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve the word with which I have reformed the text. THEOBALD.

Discandy is used in the next Act. MALONE.

[4] —— till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have BURIED them for prey!] We have a kindred thought in Macbeth:

"—— our *monuments*
"Shall be the maws of kites." STEEVENS.

[5] —and FLEET,] *Float* was a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is—

"—— and *fleet* ——." JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. *Float* and *fleet* were synonymous. So, in the tragedy of Edward II. by Marlow, 1598:

"This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean."

Again, in Tamburlaine, 1590:

"Shall meet those Christians *fleeting* with the tide."

Again, in The Cobler's Prophecy, 1594:

"And envious snakes among the *fleeting* fish."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. vii.:

"And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*."

Again, in Harding's Chronicle, 1543:

"The bodies *flete* amonge our shippes eche daye."

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle [6];
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd [7], hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky [8], men did ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now [9], I'll set my teeth [1],

this old reading, from Verstegan's Restitution of Decay'd Intelligence, Holinshed's Description of Scotland, and Spenser's Colin Clout's come Home again. STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 1598, 2399, 4883. TYRWHITT.

[6] I and my sword will EARN OUR chronicle;] I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded. MALONE.

So, in a former part of this scene Enobarbus has said:

"And *earns* a place i' the story." STEEVENS.

[7] I will be treble-SINEW'D,] So, in The Tempest:

"—— which to do,
"*Trebles thee* o'er."

Antony means to say, that he will be treble-*hearted*, and treble-*breath'd*, as well as *treble-sinew'd*. MALONE.

[8] Were NICE and lucky,] *Nice*, for *delicate, courtly, flowing in peace*. WARBURTON.

Nice rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish*. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*. JOHNSON.

Nice is *trifling*. So, in Romeo and Juliet, Act V. Sc. II.:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge."

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Again, in King Richard III.:

"My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
"But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*." MALONE.

[9] —— when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now, &c.] There is some resemblance between this passage and the following speech of Achilles in the 21st Iliad, as translated by Chapman:

And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night[2]: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day?
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra[3].

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet[4]. The next time I do fight,

"Till his death, I did grace to Troy; and many lives did rate
"At price of ransome; but none now, of all the brood of Troy
"(Who ever Jove throwes to my hands) shall any breath enjoy." Steevens.

1 — I'll set my teeth,] So, in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. III.: "— he did so *set his teeth* and tear it," &c. Steevens.

2 — gaudy night:] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. Steevens.

Gawdy, or Grand days in the Inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. "The etymology of the word," says Blount, in his Dictionary, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of *joy*, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of courts *Grand days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar days*." Reed.

Days of good cheer, in some of the foreign universities, are called *Gaudeamus* days. C.

3 Is Antony again, &c.] I shrewdly suspect that—*again*, which spoils the verse, is an interpolation, on the players' old principle of opening the sense, without regard to the metre. Steevens.

4 There's sap in't yet.] So, in King Lear:
"Then there's life in't." Steevens.

I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe [5].

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and Attendants.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning [6]. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

5 ——— The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.] This idea seems to have been caught from the 12th book of Harrington's translation of The Orlando Furioso, 1591:

"Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,
"To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle."

This idea, however, is not entirely modern: for in Statius, Thebaid I. 633, we find that death is armed with a weapon:

Mors fila sororum
Ense metit. STEEVENS.

6 Now he'll out-stare the lightning.] Our author, in many of the speeches that he has attributed to Antony, seems to have had the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: "He [Antony] used a manner of phrase in his speeche, called Asiatick, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for *it was full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and vaine ambition.*" MALONE.

See Dr. Johnson's note, at the conclusion of the play.
STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a Letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die [7]; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think [8],
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

[7] I HAVE many other ways to die;] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read—

" *He hath* many other ways to die: mean time,
" *I* laugh at his challenge."

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. " After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that *he might find several other ways to end his life.*"
UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by Sir T. Hanmer.
JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: " Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." FARMER.

[8] Cæsar must think,] Read:

" Cæsar *needs* must think—." RITSON.

This is a very probable supplement for the syllable here apparently lost. So, in King Henry VIII.:

" But I must *needs* to the Tower." STEEVENS.

Make boot of[9] his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in[1]. See it done[2];
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all*[3].

9 Make boot of—] Take advantage of. Johnson.

1 Enough to fetch him in.] So, in Cymbeline:
"—— break out, and swear
"He'd *fetch us in.*" Steevens.

2 — See it be done;] *Be* was inserted by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. Steevens.

3 *Take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death. Johnson.

So, in King Lear:
"—— unbonneted he runs,
"And bids what will, *take all.*" Steevens.

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou[4],—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks[5], which sorrow shoots [*Aside.*
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

4 And thou,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

5 — one of those odd tricks,] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet Sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. Johnson.

A mangled shadow[6]: perchance[7], to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't[8]!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd[9]; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho[1]!

[6] — or if,
A mangled shadow:] *Or if* you see me more, you will see me *a mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

The thought is, as usual, taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they shold fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so, to salue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor." STEEVENS.

[7] — perchance,] To complete the verse, might we not read—*nay*, perchance, &c.? *Nay*, on this occasion, as on many others, would be used to signify—*Not only so, but more*. STEEVENS.

[8] And the gods YIELD YOU for't!] i. e. reward you. See a note on Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 7, n. 1; and another on As You Like It, vol. vi. p. 500, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[9] — onion-ey'd;] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So, in The Birth of Merlin, 1662:
"I see something like a peel'd *onion;*
"It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.

See p. 188, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] *Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!] i. e. *stop*, or *desist*. Antony desires his

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall[2]! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
For I spake to you[3] for your comfort: did desire you

followers to cease weeping. So, in Chaucer—The Knightes Tale, v. 1706, edit. 1775:

"This duk his courser with his sporres smote,
"And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
"And pulled out a swerd, and cried, *ho!*
"No more, up peine of lesing of your hed."

But Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a note on ver. 2535 of the Canterbury Tales, doubts whether this interjection was used except to command a cessation of fighting. The succeeding quotations, however, will, while they illustrate an obscurity in Shakspeare, prove that *ho* was by no means so confined in its meaning. Gawin Douglas translates—"Helenum, farique vetat Saturnia Juno," (*Æneid*, l. iii. v. 380,)

"The douchter of auld Saturn Juno
"Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and crys *ho*."

In the Glossary to the folio edition of this translation, Edinb. 1710, it is said that "*Ho* is an Interjection commanding to desist or leave off."

It occurs again in Langham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, 12mo. p. 61, cited in The Reliques of Antient Poetry: "Heer was no *ho* in devout drinkyng."

And in The Myrrour of good Maners, compyled in Latyn by Domynike Mancyn, and translated into Englishe by Alexander Bercley, Prest, imprynted by Rychard Pynson, bl. l. no date, fol. Ambition is compared to

"The sacke insaciable,
"The sacke without botome, which never can say *ho*."

HOLT WHITE.

These words may have been intended to express an hysterical laugh, in the same way as Cleopatra exclaims—

"——— *Ha! ha!*
"Give me to drink mandragora."

See p. 207. BOSWELL.

[2] GRACE grow where those drops fall!] So, in K. Richard II.:

"*Here did she drop a tear;* here, in this place,
"I'll set a bank of rue, sour *herb of grace*." STEEVENS.

[3] — I spake to you —] Old copy, redundantly:

"*For* I spake to you —." STEEVENS.

To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour[4]. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 SOLD. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 SOLD. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 SOLD. Nothing: What news?

2 SOLD. Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

1 SOLD. Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 SOLD. Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 SOLD. And you: Good night, good night.
[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts.*

4 SOLD. Here we: [*They take their Posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 SOLD. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Musick of Hautboys under the Stage*[5].

[4] — death and honour.] That is, an honourable death.
UPTON.

[5] *Musick of Hautboys* UNDER THE STAGE.] This circumstance (as I collect from Mr. Warton) might have been suggested to

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise [6]?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well [7], does't not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters?
Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this?
[*Several speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

Shakspeare by some of the machineries in masques. Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or mysterious musick of some fictitious nymphs, "which, (he adds,) surely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [novelty] thereof, because it should come secretlie and strangelie *out of the earth.*" Vol. iii. f. 1297. STEEVENS.

6 Peace, what noise?] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, the selfe same night within little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre; it is said that sodainly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncinge, and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the maner of the satyres: & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them." STEEVENS.

7 It signs well, &c.] i. e. it is a good sign, it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra; Charmian, and Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck [8].—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, with Armour.

Come, good fellow [9], put thine iron [1] on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too [2].
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

[8] — my chuck.] i. e. chicken. See vol. xi. p. 157, n. 9. Steevens.

[9] — my good fellow,] The necessary pronoun possessive—*my*, was introduced, in aid of metre, by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

[1] — thine iron—] I think it should be rather—
"—— *mine* iron—." Johnson.

Thine iron is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, i. e. Antony's armour. Malone.

[2] Nay, I'll help too.] These three little speeches, which in

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir[3].
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't[4] for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou[5]: Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.
1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,

the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by Sir T. Hanmer. Johnson.

In the old copy the words stand thus: "*Cleo.* Nay I'll help too, Antony. What's this for? Ah let be, let be; &c. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be."

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What's this for?" to Antony: but that they belong to Cleopatra, appears clearly, I think, from the subsequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What's *this* piece of your armour for? says the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony: "false, false; *this, this.*" This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you asked the use. Malone.

3 Briefly, sir.] That is, *quickly*, sir. Johnson.

4 To doff't—] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. See vol. xi. p. 232, n. 1. Steevens.

5 More tight at this, than thou:] *Tight* is *handy, adroit.* So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "bear you these letters *tightly.*" In the country, a *tight* lass still signifies a *handy* one. Steevens.

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim [6],
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 OFF. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general [7].

ALL. Good morrow, general.

ANT. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*

CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber?

CLEO. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

6 — have on their RIVETED trim,] So, in King Henry V.:
"The armourers accomplishing the knights,
"With busy hammers closing *rivets* up." MALONE.

7 The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.] This speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the speaker. See p. 350. MALONE.

SCENE V.

ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a Soldier meeting them.*

SOLD. The gods make this a happy day to Antony[8]!

ANT. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

SOLD. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning?

SOLD. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

ANT. What say'st thou?

SOLD. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone?

SOLD. Most certain.

[8] *Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next *two* speeches addressed to Antony, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the Soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony's words, "What *sayst thou?*" compared with what follows, show that the speech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee:" &c. belongs to the Soldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Despatch:—Enobarbus[9]!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

9 —Eros, despatch.] Thus the second folio; except that these two words are here, for the sake of metre, transposed. The first folio has—

"Dispatch Enobarbus."

Dr. Johnson would read—

"Despatch! *To* Enobarbus;"

And Mr. Holt White supposes that "Antony, being astonished at the news of the desertion of Enobarbus, merely repeats his name in a tone of surprize."

In my opinion, Antony was designed only to enforce the order he had already given to Eros. I have therefore followed the second folio. STEEVENS.

It will be evident to any person who consults the second folio with attention and candour, that many of the alterations must have been furnished by some corrected copy of the first folio, or an authority of equal weight, being such as no person, much less one so ignorant and capricious as the editor has been represented, could have possibly hit upon, without that sort of information. Among these valuable emendations is the present, which affords a striking improvement both of the sense and of the metre, and should of course be inserted in the text, thus:

"Corrupted honest men. *Eros, despatch.*"

The same transposition, which is a mere, though frequent, inadvertence of the press, has happened in a subsequent scene:

"*Unarm, Eros;* the long days task is done:"

Where the measure plainly requires, as the author must have written,—"Eros, unarm." RITSON.

Our will is, Antony be took alive [1];
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Agrippa.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely [2].

[1] Our will is, Antony be took alive;] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. Warburton.

[2] —the THREE-NOOK'D WORLD
Shall bear the olive freely.] So, in King John:

"Now these her princes are come home again,
"Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
"And we shall shock them."

So, Lyly, in Euphues and his England, 1580: "The island is in fashion *three-corner'd*," &c. Malone.

"Shall *bear* the olive freely," i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton mistakes the sense of the passage. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive-branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus. M. Mason.

I doubt whether Mr. M. Mason's explication of the word *bear* be just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally; and might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there would be no occasion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negociation. Malone.

My explanation of this passage is supported by the following lines in The Second Part of King Henry IV. Act IV. Sc. IV. where Westmoreland says—

"There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
"But peace puts forth her olive every where." M. Mason.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade [3]
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure [4], with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

3 — persuade —] The old copy has *dissuade,* perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are: "for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, *he persuaded* him to turne to Cæsar." MALONE.

4 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and took a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not [5], Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best [6] you saf'd the bringer [7]
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most [8]. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart [9]:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

[5] Mock ME not,] *Me* was supplied by Mr. Theobald. STEEVENS.

[6] —Best THAT—] For the insertion of the pronoun—*that*, to assist the metre, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

[7] —SAF'D the bringer—] I find this verb in Chapman's version of the fourth book of Homer's Odyssey:

"——— and make all his craft
"Sail with his ruin, for his father *saf't*." STEEVENS.

[8] And feel I am so most.] That is, and feel I am so, more than any one else thinks it. M. MASON.

Surely, this explanation cannot be right. "I am alone the villain of the earth," means, "I am *pre-eminently* the *first*, the *greatest* villain of the earth." To *stand alone*, is still used in that sense, where any one towers above his competitors. "And feel I am so most," must signify, "I feel or know it myself, more than any other person can or does feel it." REED.

[9] —This BLOWS my heart:] All the latter editions have:

"——This *bows* my heart:"

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. This generosity, (says Enobarbus,) *swells* my heart, so that it will quickly break, "if thought break it not, a swifter mean." JOHNSON.

That to *blow* means to *puff* or *swell*, the following instance, in the last scene of this play, will sufficiently prove:

"——— on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."

Again, in King Lear:

"No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite—." STEEVENS.

Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel[1].
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and Others.*

AGR. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[2]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

SCAR. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'st apace.

SCAR. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

ANT. They do retire.

[1] —but THOUGHT will do't, I feel.] *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*. See p. 318, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] —and our OPPRESSION—] *Oppression*, for *opposition*. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

Our *oppression* means, the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered. MALONE.

So, in Romeo and Juliet:
"At thy good heart's *oppression*." STEEVENS.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes [3]; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, *marching;* Scarus, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests [4].—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood

[3] —bench-holes;] The hole in a bench, ad levandum alvum. So, in Cecil's Secret Correspondence, published by Lord Hailes, 1766: "And beside until a man be sure that this embryo is likely to receive life, I will leave it like an abort in a *bench-hole.*" Malone.

[4] —Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.] Antony, after his success, intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. Johnson.

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives [4], your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy [5] I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness [6] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing [7].

4 —CLIP your wives,] To *clip* is to *embrace*. STEEVENS.

5 To this great FAIRY —] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

Fairy, in former times, did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an inchanter, in which last sense, as has been observed, it is used here. But Mr. Upton's assertion, that it comprizes the idea of *beauty* as well as power, seems questionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in describing the weird sisters, (who certainly were not beautiful,) in the argument prefixed to his alteration of Macbeth, 4to. 1674: "These two, travelling together through a forest, were met by three *fairie* witches, (*weirds* the Scotch call them,)" &c. See also vol. iv. p. 224, n. 4. MALONE.

Surely, Mr. Upton's remark is not indefensible. *Beauty* united with *power*, was the popular characteristick of *Fairies* generally considered. Such was that of The Fairy Queen of Spenser, and Titania, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Sir W. D'Avenant's particular use of any word is by no means decisive. That the language of Shakspeare was unfamiliar to him, his own contemptible alterations of it have sufficiently demonstrated. STEEVENS.

6 — proof of HARNESS —] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr. *Arnese*, Ital. STEEVENS.

See vol. xi. p. 267, n. 6. MALONE.

CLEO. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare [8] uncaught?
ANT. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown [9]; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth [1]. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's [2].
ANT. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;

7 — triúmphing.] This word is so accented by Chapman, in his version of the eleventh Iliad:

"Crept from his covert and *triúmph'd:* Now thou art maim'd, said he." STEEVENS.

8 The world's great SNARE —] i. e. the war. So, in the 116th Psalm: "The *snares of death* compassed me round about."

Thus also Statius:

—— circum undique lethi
Vallavere *plagæ*. STEEVENS.

9 — with our brown;] Old copy—*younger* brown: but as this epithet, without improving the idea, spoils the measure, I have not scrupled, with Sir Thomas Hanmer and others, to omit it as an interpolation. See p. 367, n. 7. STEEVENS.

1 Get goal for goal of youth.] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal;* to *win a goal,* is to be a superior in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

2 — it was a king's.] So, in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them[3]:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines[4];
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 SOLD. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard[5]: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 SOLD. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

ENO. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that OWE them :] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them? JOHNSON.

4 —tabourines;] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy." STEEVENS.

5 — the court of guard :] i. e. the guard-room, the place where he guard musters. The same expression occurs again in Othello, vol. ix. p. 331, n. 1. STEEVENS.

3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him[6].
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me[7];
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart[8]
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register

[6] — list TO him.] I am answerable for the insertion of the preposition—*to*. Thus, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list *to* me." STEEVENS.

Yet see Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 216:
"If with too credent ear you *list his songs*." BOSWELL.

[7] — DISPONGE upon me;] i. e. discharge, as a *sponge*, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed. So, in Hamlet: "— it is but *squeezing* you, and, *sponge*, you shall be dry again." This word is not found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

[8] — Throw my heart —] The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, in most of his conceits, is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. Thus, Daniel, in his 18th Sonnet, 1594, somewhat indeed less harshly, says—
"Still must I whet my young desires abated,
"Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling." MALONE.

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep [9].

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him [1].
Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely [2] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

9 — for SLEEPING.] Old copy—*sleep*. I am responsible for the substitution of the participle in the room of the substantive, for the sake of measure. STEEVENS.

1 The hand of death hath RAUGHT him.] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. STEEVENS.

2 — Hark, the drums
DEMURELY —] *Demurely*, for *solemnly*. WARBURTON.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven [3]: Let's seek a spot,

[3] They have put forth the haven: FURTHER ON,] These words, *Further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. JOHNSON.

I think these words are absolutely necessary for the sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, "that they could best discover the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they had left it." But if we add the words *Further on*, his speech will be consistent: "As they have put out of the haven, let us go further on where we may see them better." And accordingly in the next page but one he says—

"—— Where yonder pine does stand,
"I shall discover all." M. MASON.

Mr. Malone, instead of—*Further on*, reads—*Let's seek a spot.* STEEVENS.

The defect of the metre in the old copy shows that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy, as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that something must have been said by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitred. The *haven itself* was not such a place; but rather some hill from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony says upon his re-entry, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I see, (says he,) they have not yet joined; but I'll now choose a more convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all." A preceding passage in Act III. Sc. VI. adds such support to the emendation now made, that I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text:

"Set we our battles on yon side of the *hill*,
"In eye of Cæsar's battle; *from which place*
"*We may the number of the ships behold*,
"And so proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe supplied the omission by the words—*Further on*; and the four subsequent editors have adopted his emendation.

In Hamlet there is an omission similar to that which has here been supplied:

"And let them know both what we mean to do,
"And what's untimely done. [So viperous slander]

Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour[4]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall[5]; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

"Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
"As level as the cannon to his blank," &c.

The words—"So viperous slander," which are necessary both to the sense and metre, are not in the old copies. MALONE.

[4] Where their APPOINTMENT we may best discover,
And look on their ENDEAVOUR.] i. e. where we may best discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*. WARBURTON.

[5] BUT being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall;] i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be.* WARBURTON.

"*But* (says Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of The Battle of Floddon,) signifies *without*," in which sense it is often used in the North. "*Boots* but *spurs*." Vulg. Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots Proverbs: "— He could eat me *but* salt." Again: "He gave me whitings *but* bones." Again, in Chaucer's Persones Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.: "Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Samson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan.* Thus *butan leas;* absque falso, without a lie. Again, in The Vintner's Play, in the Chester Collection, British Museum, MS. Harl. 2013, p. 29:

"*Abraham.* Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,
"I greeve my God, and that full ill."

See also Ray's North Country Words; and the MS. version of an ancient French romance, entitled L'Histoire du noble, preux, et vaillant Chevalier Guillaume de Palerne, et de la belle Melior sa mye, lequel Guill. de Palerne fut filz du Roy de Cecille, &c. in the Library of King's College, Cambridge:

"I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,
"*Boute* anker, or ore, or ani semlych sayle." P. 86.

In ancient writings this preposition is commonly distinguished from the adversative conjunction—*but;* the latter being usually spelled—*bot.* STEEVENS.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers [6]
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore [7]! 'tis thou

[6] — the AUGURERS—] The old copy has—*auguries.* This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers,* which word is used in the last Act:

"You are too sure an *augurer.*" MALONE.

[7] — TRIPLE-TURN'D whore!] She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then she *turned* again to Antony; and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author perhaps might have written *triple-tongued?* *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued.* But the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former scene:

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
[*Exit* SCARUS.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels [8], to whom I gave

"I found you as a morsel, cold upon
"Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
"Of Cneius Pompey."

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey *the Great;* but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey. MALONE.

She first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence. M. MASON.

This interpretation is sufficiently plausible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connection with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the passage just quoted. 2. There is no ground for supposing that Antony meant to insinuate that Cleopatra had granted any personal favour to Augustus, though he was persuaded that she had "*sold* him to the novice." MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is, I think, very sufficient; and Antony may well enough be excused for want of circumstantiality in his invective. The sober recollection of a critick should not be expected from a hero who has this moment lost the one half of the world. STEEVENS.

[8] That SPANIEL'D me at heels,] All the editions read:

"That *pannell'd* me at heels——."

Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injured by the suppression; and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough—

"That *paged* me at heels——,"

in the second edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot. JOHNSON.

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm [9],—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end [1],

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare: and in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. II. Helena says to Demetrius:

"I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,
"Unworthy as I am, to *follow you*." TOLLET.

Spannel for *spaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our author has in like manner used the substantive *page* as a verb in Timon of Athens:

"Will these moist trees
"That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy heels*," &c.

In King Richard III. we have—

"Death and destruction *dog thee at the heels*." MALONE.

9 —this GRAVE charm,] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, this *grave* charm, which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to this *gay* charm. By "this *grave* charm," is meant, "this sublime, this majestick beauty." JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman, in his translation of Homer. So, in the 19th book:

"—— but not far hence the fatal minutes are
"Of thy *grave* ruin."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 22d Odyssey:

"———— and then flew
"Minerva, after every dart, and made
"Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade;
"Some beate the doores, and all acts rendred vaine
"Their *grave* steele offer'd."

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*. STEEVENS.

1 —was my CROWNET, my chief end,] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means *last purpose*, probably from *finis coronat*

Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me[2] to the very heart of loss[3].—
What, Eros, Eros!

opus. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of Homer, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

" —— all things have their *crowne*."

Again, in our author's Cymbeline:

" My supreme *crown* of grief."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

" As true as Troilus shall *crown* up the verse,
" And sanctify the numbers." STEEVENS.

So, again, in All's Well That Ends Well:

" All's well that ends well; still *the fine's the crown*." C.

[2] Like a right GIPSY, hath, at FAST AND LOOSE,
Beguil'd me, &c.] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Ægyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. " Fast and loose" is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirmed by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called Run and a great Cast, by Thomas Freeman, 1614:

" In Ægyptum suspensum. *Epig.* 95.

" Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
" Make *fast* or *loose*, or whatsoere he would;
" Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
" Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
" The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
" Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
" You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
" Seeming to loose indissoluble knots;
" Had you been there, but to have seen the cast,
" You would have won, had but you laid—'tis fast."

STEEVENS.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

CLEO. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

ANT. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits [4]; and let

That the Ægyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 336, where these practices are fully explained. REED.

[3] — to the very HEART of loss.] To the utmost loss possible. JOHNSON.

So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"Here is the *heart* of my purpose." STEEVENS.

[4] — most monster-like, be shown

For POOR'ST DIMINUTIVES, FOR DOITS;] [Old copy—*for* dolts.] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words, "for poorest diminutives," must mean for the least piece of money. We must therefore read the next word:

"—— for *doits*,——

i. e. farthings, which shows what he means by "poorest diminutives." WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet *to show what he meant* by *purest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read:

"For poor'st diminutives, *to dolts* ——;"

This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation; to be shown, *as monsters are*, not only *for the smallest piece of money*, but *to the most stupid and vulgar spectators*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEEVENS.

I have received the emendation made by Dr. Warburton, because the letter *i*, in consequence of the dot over it, is sometimes confounded with *l* at the press.

It appears to me much more probable that *dolts* should have been printed for *doits*, than that *for* should have been substituted for *to*.

Whichsoever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails[5]. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[6] on the horns o' the moon;

difficulty. Though monsters are shown to the stupid and the vulgar for *poor'st diminutives*, yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace *for nothing*. Nor can it be said that he means that *she* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monsters are shown for small pieces of money; because his words are "monster-like," be [thou] shown for poor'st diminutives," &c.

I have sometimes therefore thought that Shakspeare might have written:

"*Fore* poor diminutives, *fore* dolts."

The following passage in Troilus and Cressida adds some support to my conjecture: "How this poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; *diminutives* of nature!" MALONE.

5 With her PREPARED nails.] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARBURTON.

6 Let me lodge Lichas, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

"——— thy rage
"*Led thee* lodge Lichas—and——
"Subdue *thy* worthiest self——."

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, 'Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.'
JOHNSON.

"Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon." This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's Hercules, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare was more probably indebted to Golding's version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. ix. edit. 1575:

"Behold, as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
"He spyed him: And as his griefe did all in furie work,
"He sayd, art thou syr Lychas, he that broughtest unto mee
"This plagye present? Of my death must thou the woorker
bee?

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy [7] she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit*.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield [8]; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd [9].

CHAR. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

"Hee quaak't and shaak't and looked pale, and fearfully gan make
"Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling too him spake,
"The furious Hercule caught him up, and swindging him about
"His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he floong him out
"Into th' Euboyan sea, with force surmounting any sling;
"He hardened intoo peble stone as in the ayre he hing," &c.
STEEVENS.

7 — the Roman boy —] Old copy—the *young* Roman boy—. See p. 355, n. 9, where a similar interpolation has been already ejected, for similar reasons. STEEVENS.

8 Than Telamon for his shield;] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.
STEEVENS.

9 Was never so EMBOSS'D.] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost*.
HANMER.

See vol. v. p. 361. MALONE.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off[1].

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish[2];

[1] The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.] So, in King Henry VIII.:
"—— it is a sufferance, panging
"As soul and body's severing." Malone.

[2] Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish; &c.] So, Aristophanes, Nubes, v. 345:
"Ηδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν;
"Η παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ;—.
Sir W. Rawlinson.

Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. ii. ch. iii.: "— our eiesight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beare*, the figure of a bull in this part," &c. or from Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, 1606:
"Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
"An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
"And then a mouse," &c. Steevens.

I find the same thought in Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois, 1607:
"——— like empty *clouds*,
"In which our faulty apprehensions forge
"The forms of *dragons, lions*, elephants,
"When they hold no proportion."

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't [3], that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;
They are black vesper's pageants [4].

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dislimns [5]; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros [6], now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare had the following passage in A Treatise of Spectres, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his thoughts: "The *cloudes* sometimes will seem to be monsters, *lions*, bulls, and wolves; *painted* and figured: albeit in truth the same be nothing but a *moyst humour mounted in the ayre*, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but such as the *ayre* is able to give unto it." MALONE.

3 —— blue promontory
With TREES UPON'T,] Thus, says Commodore Byron, (speaking of the deceptions of a *fog-bank*,) "—the master of a ship, not long since, made oath, that he had seen an island between the west end of Ireland and Newfoundland, and even distinguished *the trees that grew upon it*. Yet it is certain that no such island exists," &c. *Byron's Voyage,* 4to. p. 10. STEEVENS.

4 They are black vesper's pageants.] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age.
T. WARTON.

5 The rack dislimns;] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

6 My good KNAVE, Eros,] *Knave* is *servant.* So, in A Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode, bl. l. no date:

"I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,
"For he shall be thy *knave*."

Again, in the old metrical romance of Syr Degore, bl. l. no date:

"He sent the chylde to her full rathe,
"With much money by his *knave*." STEEVENS.

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph [7].—

[7] PACK'D CARDS with Cæsar, and FALSE PLAY'D my glory
Unto an enemy's TRIUMPH.] Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred:* thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

This use of the word *triumph* comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. STEEVENS.

It is evident that Ben Jonson did not consider the word *trump* as derived from *triumph*, but from the French *tromper*, to deceive, as appears from the following passage in his New Inn:

" Yet all, sir, are not sons of the white hen;
" Nor can we, as the songster says, come all
" To be wrapt soft and warm in Fortune's smock.
" When she is pleas'd to trick, or *tromp* mankind,
" Some may be coats, as in the cards; but then
" Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and others
" As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it
" Out in the game, which all the world is." M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*. The playing false to the adversary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591: "S. What a shouffling do you keepe with those cardes?—A. I *plaie fair playe*, and shooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and set them."
MALONE.

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.
MAR. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
ANT. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
MAR. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
ANT. Dead then?
MAR. Dead.
ANT. Unarm, Eros[8]; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* MARDIAN.
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep[9]
The battery from my heart[1]. O, cleave, my sides!

[8] Eros, unarm;] Old copy, in defiance of metre—*Unarm, Eros.* STEEVENS.

See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[9] The SEVEN-FOLD SHIELD of Ajax cannot keep, &c.] This thought might have been taken from the Epistle prefixed to Wit's Commonwealth, 1598: "Which neyther a *seaven-fold shielde*, nor Pallas' Ægis can avoyde." STEEVENS.

[1] THE battery from my heart.] I would read:

"*This* battery from my heart——." JOHNSON.

"The battery from my heart" means, I apprehend, 'the battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent[2],
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture[3]:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done[4].—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops[5],

through the seven-fold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me.' See the notes on "Pray you, undo this button:" King Lear, vol. x. p. 286. Boswell.

[2] —thy continent,] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in Hamlet: "You shall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would see." Steevens.

[3] All length is torture:] I strongly suspect that, instead of *length*, our author wrote—*life*. Steevens.

[4] — Seal then, and all is done.] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke. Warburton.

I believe the reading is:

"——*seel* then, and all is done——."

To *seel hawks*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be: 'Close thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet*.' Johnson.

In a former scene we have:

"—— the wise gods *seel* our eyes
"In our own filth." Malone.

The old reading is the true one. Thus, in King Henry V.:

"And so, espous'd to death, with blood he *seal'd*
"A testament of noble-ending love." Steevens.

[5] Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,] Dr. Warburton has justly observed that the poet seems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated,

And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

EROS. What would my lord?
ANT. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she [6], which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

"where souls do couch on flowers." He undoubtedly had read Phaer's translation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the sixth book:

Talibus Æneas ardentem et *torva tuentem*
Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.
Illa solo fixos oculos *aversa* tenebat:—
Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has also observed that Shakspeare most probably wrote—*Sichæus*. At least, I believe, he intended to have written so, on the strength of the passage immediately following the lines already quoted:

—— conjux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem.

Thus rendered by Phaer, edit. 1558:

"—— where ioynt with her, her husband old,
"*Sycheus* doth complayne, and equall loue with her doth holde."

But *Æneas* being the more familiar name of the two, our author inadvertently substituted the one for the other. STEEVENS.

[6] — condemn myself, to LACK
The courage of a woman; LESS noble MIND
Than she,] Antony is here made to say, that he is destitute of even the courage of a woman, that he is *destitute of a less* noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary: that he must acknowledge he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore formerly supposed that Shakspeare might have written:

"—— condemn myself to lack
"The courage of a woman; less noble-*minded*
"Than she," &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has shown

I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now

me that he had some *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour to amend. For these the poet, not his editor, must answer. We have the same inaccurate phraseology in The Winter's Tale:

"—— I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
"*Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,
"Than to perform it first."

Again, in Macbeth:

"Who *cannot want* the thought, how monsterous
"It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
"To kill their gracious father?"

Again, in King Lear, Act II. Sc. IV.:

"—— I have hope,
"You *less* know how to value her desert,
"Than she to *scant* her duty."

See vol. xi. p. 85; Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. II. and Act III. Sc. II.

The passage in North's translation of Plutarch, which Shakspeare has here copied, shows that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt: "When he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himselfe, and being naked say'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorrie that having been so great a captaine and emperour, I am indeede *condemned* to be *judged* of *lesse corage and noble* MINDE than a woman." Instead of "to be judged of less," which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakspeare substituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a solecism be connected with "*less* noble mind." MALONE.

"Condemn myself *to lack*," &c. however licentiously, may have been employed to signify—'condemn myself *for lacking* even the courage of a woman.'

To *mind*, in this instance, may be a verb, signifying to *intend*, *incline*, or *be disposed*. So, in Spenser's State of Ireland: "When one of them *mindeth* to go into rebellion, he will convey away all his lordships," &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:

"—— As for me; be sure, I *mind* no harme
"To thy grave person."

Again, in the Third Part of our author's King Henry VI.:

"Belike, she *minds* to play the Amazon."

Again, ibid.:

"But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience—."

Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is
come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms [7], bending down
His corrigible neck [8], his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued [9]?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

There may still, however, remain a slight corruption, viz. *noble* instead of *nobly*. I would therefore read—

"—— condemn myself to lack
"The courage of a woman; less *nobly* mind
"Than she," &c.

i. e. am less nobly inclined than she is. STEEVENS.

7 —pleach'd arms,] Arms folded in each other. JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's Cornelia, published in 1594:

"Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee,)
"Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,
"Before the victor; while thy rebel son
"With crowned front triumphing follows thee." STEEVENS.

8 His CORRIGIBLE neck,] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile* frigus" for "*penetrans* frigus," in his Georgicks. STEEVENS.

9 His baseness that ensued?] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free [1], swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world [2] lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

1 When I did make thee free, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it vp, as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe again, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntil at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was aliue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

2 — the WORSHIP of the whole world —] The *worship*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

So, in King John:

"By giving it the *worship* of revenge." STEEVENS.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:— [*Falls on his Sword.*
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death[3], and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his Sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead[4]? not dead?—
The guard!—ho[5]!—O, despatch me.

3 —but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, &c.] This thought has occurred before in Measure for Measure:

" I will encounter darkness as a bride,
" And hug it in my arms."

Dryden's Don Sebastian has the same image, though more luxuriantly expressed:

" The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night
" More gladly enters not the lists of love:
" Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus." STEEVENS.

Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the Earl of Essex's associates, says, that " having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death,* he prayed very devoutly." MALONE.

4 —not YET dead?] *Yet,* which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

5 The guard!—HO!] [Old copy—guard *how.*] I suspect the poet wrote:

" The guard, *ho!* O, despatch me!"

So, afterwards:

" What, *ho!* the emperor's *guard!*"

In the last scene of the third Act, he has said—

Enter DERCETAS *and Guard.*

1 *GUARD.* What's the noise?

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *GUARD.* The star is fallen.

1 *GUARD.* And time is at his period.

ALL. Alas, and woe!

ANT. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *GUARD.* Not I.

2 *GUARD.* Nor I.

3 *GUARD.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Where's Antony?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.

"Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried *ho,*
"Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
"And cry, *your will?*"

The same mistake has happened in The Merchant of Venice. See vol. v. p. 143, n. 2.

And twice in the original copy of Hamlet, 1604:

"*Queen.* Help, *how!*
"*Pol.* What *how,* help."

Again, in the last Act:

"O villainy! *how,* let the door be lock'd."

The emendation which I have proposed, ought therefore certainly to be admitted into the text. MALONE.

I find this emendation already admitted into the text of edition 1785. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens should have added that it was so admitted in consequence of my having suggested it. MALONE.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear [6]
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar [7], and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we [8], sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

[6] — a PROPHESYING fear —] I suppose our author designed we should read:
" —— a *prophet's* fear ——." STEEVENS.

[7] She had DISPOS'D with Cæsar,] To *dispose*, in this instance, perhaps signifies *to make terms, to settle matters*. STEEVENS.

[8] Woe are we,] Old copy—Woe, *woe*—. But as the second *woe* appears (for it spoils the verse) to have been accidentally repeated by the compositor, I have left it out. STEEVENS.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XIII.

The Same. A Monument.

Enter above, Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead [9].
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling [1] stand

9 — his death's upon him, but not dead.] The defective measure, and want of respect in the speaker, induce me to suppose, that this line originally stood thus:

"His death's upon him, *madam*, but not dead." Steevens.

The varying shore o' th' world [2]. O Antony, Antony,
Antony,
Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: help, friends
Below, let's draw him hither [3].

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying [4]; only

[1] — darkling —] i. e. without light. So, in The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

"—— my mother hath a torch, your wife
"Goes *darkling* up and down." STEEVENS.

[2] O THOU sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The VARYING shore o' the world!] *Thou* is wanting in the old copy, and was supplied by Mr. Pope, whose reading may be justified on the authority of a similar passage in Timon of Athens:

" *Thou* sun, that comfort'st, burn!" STEEVENS.

She desires the sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.

"The varying shore o' the world!" i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkness make an incessant *variation*. WARBURTON.

According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night. HEATH.

[3] — Charmian, help, &c.] Mr. Steevens has thus altered this passage:

"The varying shore o' the world—O Antony!
"Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
"Help, friends below; let's draw him hither." BOSWELL.

For the sake of somewhat like metre, one word has been omitted and others transposed. STEEVENS.

[4] — Egypt, DYING;] Perhaps this line was originally completed by a further repetition of the participle; and stood thus:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying, *dying;* only," &c. STEEVENS.

I here impórtune death [5] a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken [6]: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar [7] ever shall
Be brooch'd with me [8]; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

5 I here IMPÓRTUNE death, &c.] I *solicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

6 *Cleo.* I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken :] Antony is supposed to be at the foot of the monument, and tells Cleopatra that he *there* importunes death, till he can lay his last kiss upon her lips, which was intimating to her his desire that she should come to him for that purpose. She considers it in that light, and tells him that she dares not.
M. MASON.

Mr. Theobald, to cure what he supposed to be a defect in the metre, amends the passage, by adding to the end of Antony's speech—*Come down.* MALONE.

Theobald's insertion seems misplaced, and should be made at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read:
" I lay upon thy lips.
" *Cleo.* I dare not, dear,
" (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *come down.*" RITSON.

7 Of the FULL-FORTUN'D Cæsar —] So, in Othello:
" What a *full-fortune* doth the thick-lips owe ?" MALONE.

8 Be BROOCH'D with me :] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd.* A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So, in Ben Johnson's Poetaster: " Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his Staple of News :
" The very *brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city."
Again, in The Magnetick Lady :
" The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe."
The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical History of Floddon Field, that *brooches*, in the North, are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. STEEVENS.
" Be *brooch'd* with me; "
Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument, (originally a spit,) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it some-

Edge, sting, or operation [9], I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion [1], shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed [2]!—How heavy weighs my lord!

times stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present; or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say, 'pin up the basket.' "*Brooch'd* with me," i. e. pinned up, completed with having me to adorn his triumph. Percy.

Our author, in All's Well That Ends Well, vol. x. p. 320, speaks of the *brooch* and the tooth-pick, as at one time constantly worn by those who affected elegance. Malone.

A *brooch* is always an *ornament;* whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat, or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *broach* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton *broach*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. Ritson.

9 — if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation,] Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in Hamlet; and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, Act III. Sc. II. Tollet.

This thought occurs in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, by Churchyard, no date, 4to. where Beautie says—

"If he do dye, by mightie Jove I sweare
"I will not live, *if sword or knife be found*," &c.

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre:

"If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
"Untied I still my virgin knot will keep." Steevens.

1 — still conclusion,] Sedate determination: silent coolness of resolution. Johnson.

2 Here's sport, indeed!] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earnest*. Johnson.

Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phrase which has no determined signification, only wishes to inspire Antony

Our strength is all gone into heaviness[3],
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd[4]:
Quicken with kissing[5]; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy sight!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine[6], and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune[7] break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

with cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melancholy task of drawing him up into the monument.
STEEVENS.

She is contrasting the melancholy task in which they are now engaged with their former sports. BOSWELL.

3 —into HEAVINESS,] *Heaviness* is here used equivocally for *sorrow* and *weight*. MALONE.

4 —WHERE thou hast liv'd:] Old copy—*when* thou, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 Quicken with kissing;] That is, *Revive by my kiss.*
JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's Royal King, 1637:
"And *quickens* most where he would most destroy."
STEEVENS.

6 Give me some wine, &c.] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his translation, says—"Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar." STEEVENS.

7 —housewife Fortune—] This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change [8] now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd: the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole [9] is fallen; young boys, and girls,

See As You Like It, vol. vi. p. 359: "Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel," &c. Malone.

[8] The miserable change, &c.] This speech stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman." Steevens.

[9] The soldier's pole —] He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a pageant held high for observation. Johnson.

The *pole*, I apprehend, is the *standard*. Marlowe concludes his Doctor Faustus with a passage not unlike this:

Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon[1]. [*She faints.*

CHAR. O, quietness, lady!

IRAS. She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHAR. Lady,—

IRAS. Madam,—

CHAR. O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras.

CLEO. No more, but e'en a woman[2]; and commanded

"Cut is the branch that might have growne ful straight,
"And burned is Apolloes laurel bough." BOSWELL.

[1] —— the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.] So, in Macbeth:
"—— from this instant
"There's nothing serious in mortality:
"All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;
"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
"Is left this vault to brag of." MALONE.

[2] No more, but E'EN a woman;] Iras has just said,—Royal Egypt, *Empress!* Cleopatra completes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words spoken by Charmian,)—*Empress* "no more; but e'en a woman," now on a level with the meanest of my sex. So, in Julius Cæsar, vol. xii. p. 32, Cassius says—

"No, it is Casca; one incorporate
"To our attempts. *Am I not staied for, Cinna?*"

to which Cinna replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [Am I not stay'd for?]:

"I am glad on't."

i. e. I am glad that Casca is *incorporate to our attempts.* See also Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. I.

The old copy reads—but *in* a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. The same error has happened in many other places in these plays. Thus, in Romeo and Juliet, quarto, 1599:

"Is it *in* so? then I deny yon stars."

See also vol. x. p. 337. MALONE.

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares [3].—It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:— [*To the Guard below.*
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *Body.*

Peace, peace, Iras, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

3 — the meanest CHARES.] i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So, in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*." Again, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

"———— spins,
"Cards, and does *chare-work*———."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, ch. 91, Robin Goodfellow says—

"And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from maid or dame,
"To *do their chares*, as they suppos'd," &c. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS[4], GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes[5].

[4] *Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and* [Old copy] MENAS, &c.] But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infest the Italian coast. We no where learn, expressly, in the play, that Menas ever attached himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier Menas, and substitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony killed himself, anno U. C. 723. Menas made the second revolt over to Augustus, U. C. 717; and the next year was slain at the siege of Belgrade, in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony.
THEOBALD.

[5] Being so FRUSTRATE, tell him, he mocks US BY
The pauses that he makes.] *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in The Tempest:

"—— and the sea mocks
"Our *frustrate* search by land."

So *consummate* for *consummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c.

Again, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606: "But the designment both of the one and the other were defeated and *frustrate* by reason of Piso his death."

The last two words of the first of these lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre shows that somewhat was omitted, and the passage, by the omission, was rendered unintelligible.

When, in the lines just quoted, the sea is said to mock the search of those who were seeking on the land for a body that had been drowned in the ocean, this is easily understood. But in that

Dol. Cæsar, I shall[6]. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

before us the case is very different. When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pause?*

In Measure for Measure, the concluding word of a line was omitted, and in like manner has been supplied:

"How I may formally in person bear [me]
"Like a true friar."

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, 1599, and 1623:

"And hide me with a dead man in his."

shroud or *tomb* being omitted.

Again, in Hamlet, 4to. 1604:

"Thus conscience doth make cowards."

the words *of us all* being omitted.

Again, ibidem:

"Seeming to feel this blow," &c.

instead of

"—— *Then senseless Ilium*
"Seeming to feel this blow."

See also note on the words—"*mock* the meat it feeds on," in Othello, Act III. Sc. III.

And similar omissions have happened in many other plays.

In further support of the emendation now made, it may be observed, that the word *mock*, of which our author makes frequent use, is almost always employed as I suppose it to have been used here. Thus, in King Lear: "Pray do not mock *me*." Again, in Measure for Measure:

"You do blaspheme the good in *mocking me*."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
"And *mock us with* our bareness."

Again, in the play before us:

"——that nod unto the world,
"And *mock our eyes with* air."

The second interpretation given by Mr. Steevens, in the following note, is a just interpretation of the text as *now regulated;* but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without those that I have supplied, they certainly do not afford. MALONE.

I have left Mr. Malone's emendation in the text; though, to complete the measure, we might read—*frustrated*, or—

"Being so frustrate, tell him, *that* he mocks," &c.

as I am well convinced we are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the verb *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare. In Othello it is used again with equal departure from its common acceptation.

My explanation of the words—"He mocks the pauses that he

Enter DERCETAS, *with the Sword of* ANTONY.

CÆS. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us [7]?
DER. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
CÆS. What is't thou say'st?
DER. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
CÆS. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets [8],

makes," is as follows: 'He plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—Being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. "He mocks the pauses," may be a licentious mode of expression for—"he makes a mockery of us by these pauses;" i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

6 Cæsar, I shall.] I make no doubt but it should be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business. THEOBALD.

7 —thus to us?] With a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand. STEEVENS.

8 —The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, &c.] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: "The round world should have shook," and this great

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

alteration of the system of things should send "lions into streets, and citizens into dens." There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—"A greater crack *than this:* The *ruin'd* world," i. e. the general disruption of elements should have *shook*, &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. To *shake* any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743: "God's providence *shaking* men out of their shifts of supposed safetie," &c.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus:

"—— The round world should have shook
"Lions into civil streets, and citizens
"*Into* their dens." TYRWHITT.

The defect of the metre strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, *that something is lost*. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus:

"The breaking of so great a thing should make
"A greater crack. The round world should have shook;
"*Thrown hungry* lions into civil streets,
"And citizens to their dens."

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *shook* in my note, and the same word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were *omitted* by the compositor, in the original proof sheet [of edition 1790.]

That the words—"The round world should have shook," contain a distinct proposition, and have no immediate connection with the next line, may be inferred from hence; that Shakspeare, when he means to describe a violent derangement of nature, almost always mentions the earth's *shaking*, or being otherwise convulsed: and in these passages constantly employs the word *shook*, or some synonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus, in Macbeth:

"—— The obscure bird
"Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, *the earth*
"Was fev'rous, and did *shake*."

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings [9]
To wash the eyes of kings [1].

Agr. And strange it is,

Again, in Coriolanus:
" —— as if the *world*
" Was fev'rous, and did *tremble*."
Again, in Pericles:
" Sir,
" Our lodging standing bleak upon the sea,
" Shook as the earth did *quake*."
Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:
" I say, the earth did *shake*, when I was born.—
" O, then the *earth shook*, to see the heavens on fire,
" And not in fear of your nativity."
Again, in King Lear:
" —— thou all-*shaking* thunder,
" Strike flat the thick *rotundity* of the *world*,
" Crack nature's moulds."

This circumstance, in my apprehension, strongly confirms Dr. Johnson's suggestion that some words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverse to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were perhaps in the middle of the line, which originally might have stood thus in the MS.:
" Lions *been hurtled* into civil streets,
" And citizens to their dens." Malone.

The reader should be told that the old copy gives the passage thus:
" ———— The round world
" Should have shook lions into civil streets," &c.
Boswell.

9 — a tidings —] Thus the second folio. In the first, the article had been casually omitted. Steevens.

1 — but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, " May the gods rebuke me, *if this be not* tidings to make kings weep."
But, again, for *if not*. Johnson.

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him [2].

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies [3]: I must perforce

[2] Waged equal with him.] For *waged*, [the reading of the first folio,] the modern editions have *weighed*. Johnson.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In Othello, it occurs again:

"To wake and *wage* a danger profitless."

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, "*his taints and honours* were an equal match;" i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager.
Steevens.

Read—*weigh*, with the second folio, where it is only mis-spelled *way*. So, in Shore's Wife, by A. Chute, 1593:

"—— notes her myndes disquyet
"To be so great she seemes downe *wayed* by it." Ritson.

[3] — But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies:] [Old copy—*launch*.] *Launch* was the ancient, and is still the vulgar pronunciation of *lance*. Nurses always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth.

"I have followed thee, (says Cæsar), to this;" i. e. I have pursued thee, till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself,) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice; I have done but by him as we do by our own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have shed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony, on the same principle that we *lance* a disease incurable by gentler means.
Steevens.

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scari-

Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts [4] did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this [5].—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you [6]?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress [7],

fying, we use the lancet; and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launch, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *launce*. See Minsheu's Dictionary, in v.

So also Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:

"—— sorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,
"Than when it bites, but *launcheth* not the sore."

MALONE.

4 — HIS thoughts —] *His* is here used for *its*. M. MASON.

5 Our equalness to this.] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNSON.

6 — Whence are you?] The defective metre of this line, and the irregular reply to it, may authorize a supposition that it originally stood thus:

"We'll hear him what he says.—Whence, *and who* are you?"

STEEVENS.

7 A poor Ægyptian yet. The queen my mistress, &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is "yet an

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

CÆS. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we [8]
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle [9].

MESS. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

CÆS. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph [1]: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

PRO. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.

Ægyptian," that is, "yet a servant of the Queen of Egypt," though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.

[8] How HONOURABLE and how kindly we—] Our author often uses adjectives adverbially. So, in Julius Cæsar:

"Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*."

See p. 228. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

[9] —for Cæsar cannot LIVE
To be ungentle.] The old copy has *leave.* Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

[1] —her life in Rome
Would be ETERNAL IN our triumph:] Hanmer reads, judiciously enough, but without necessity:

"Would be *eternalling* our triumph."

The sense is, "If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her *in triumph to Rome,* her memory and my glory *will be eternal.*" JOHNSON.

The following passage in The Scourge of Venus, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading:

"If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,
"For her to hide herself *eternal in.*" STEEVENS.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* Gallus.
Agr. Mec. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra[2], Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave[3],
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's[4].

[2] *Enter Cleopatra,* &c.] Our author, here, (as in King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. I.) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument. Malone.

[3] —fortune's knave,] The *servant* of fortune. Johnson.

[4] —— And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

PRO. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;

of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change ;* it produces a state,

"Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
"The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's."

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

"The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's" means, I apprehend, 'death,' (as Warburton has observed, in a note which I have restored,) and not, as Johnson supposed, the gross substance on which Cæsar and the beggar were fed. BOSWELL.

It has been already said in this play, that

"—— our *dungy* earth alike
"Feeds man as beast——."

And Mr. Tollet observes, "that in Herodotus, b. iii. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Shakspeare has the same epithet in The Winter's Tale:

"—— the face to sweeten
"Of the whole *dungy* earth——."

Again, in Timon :

"—— the earth's a thief
"That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
"From general *excrement*." STEEVENS.

The action of suicide is here said to shackle accidents ; to bolt up change ; to be the beggar's nurse and Cæsar's. So far the description is intelligible. But when it is said that it sleeps and never palates more the dung, we find neither sense nor propriety : which is occasioned by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus :

"———— And it is great
"To do the thing that ends all other deeds ;
"Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
"[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose ;]
"Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dugg :*
"The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's."

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest: which are to this ef-

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks[5].
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness[6],
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got[7]. I hourly learn

fect. "It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose, (which now sleeps and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of Cæsar and the beggar." WARBURTON.

5 He gives me so much of mine own, AS I
Will kneel to him with thanks.] I would read—*and* I, instead of—*as* I. M. MASON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. STEEVENS.

6 — that WILL PRAY IN AID for kindness,] *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

7 —— send him
The greatness he has got.] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;

[*Here* Proculeius, *and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window, and having descended, come behind* Cleopatra. *Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates* [8].

A kindred idea seems to occur in The Tempest:

"Then, *as my gift*, and *thy own acquisition*,
"Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter." Steevens.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage, nor will the words bear the construction he gives them. It appears to me, that by *the greatness he has got,* she means her crown which he has won; and I suppose that when she pronounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either her crown, or some other ensign or royalty. M. Mason.

[8] In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch: "Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were *some cranews through the which her voyce might be heard*, and so they *without* understood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, *whilst* Proculeius *did set up a ladder against that high windowe by the which Antonius was tresed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate,* where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, sawe Proculeius by chaunce, as he came downe, and shreeked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thy selfe great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his

Guard her till Cæsar come [9].

[*To* Proculeius *and the Guard.* *Exit* Gallus.

vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man, that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her." Malone.

9 *Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;——

Guard her till Cæsar come.] [Mr. Rowe (and Mr. Pope followed him) allotted this speech to *Charmian.*] This blunder was for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions ; and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage, therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it,) from the authority of Plutarch. [Mr. Theobald gives—*You see how easily*, &c. to *Gallus ;* and *Guard her*, &c. to *Proculeius.*] Theobald.

This line, in the first edition, is given to Proculeius ; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech :

" Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

" [*Aside to Gallus.*] You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ; "

Then, while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer :

" ——your plight is pitied
" Of him that caus'd it."

cries out :

" Guard her till Cæsar come." Johnson.

To this speech, as well as the preceding, *Pro.* [i. e. Proculeius] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear, from the passage quoted from Plutarch in the preceding note, that this was an error of the compositor's at the press, and that it belongs to Gallus ; who, after Proculeius hath, according to his suggestion, ascended the monument, goes out to inform Cæsar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæsar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's first speech to Proculeius on his entry. See p. 403 :

" Proculeius,
" What thou hast done, thy master Cæsar knows," &c.

Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish [1]?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars [2]!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither [3]: This mortal house I'll ruin,

This information, it is to be presumed, Cæsar obtained from Gallus.

The stage-directions being very imperfect in this scene in the old copy, no *exit* is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cæsar, it was undoubtedly the author's intention that he should here go out. In the modern editions, this, as well as the preceding speech, is given to Proculeius, though the error in the old copy clearly shows that *two* speakers were intended.
MALONE.

[1] — languish?] So, in Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. II.:
"One desperate grief cure with another's *languish*."
STEEVENS.

[2] Worth many babes and beggars!] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars?* JOHNSON.

[3] If idle TALK will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither:] "*I will not eat*, and *if it will be*

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

necessary now for once to waste a moment in *idle talk* of my purpose, *I will not sleep neither.*" In common conversation we often use *will be,* with as little relation to futurity. As, 'Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first.' JOHNSON.

Once may mean *sometimes.* Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in The Merry Wives of Windsor, and King Henry VIII. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this: If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep.*

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary, for once, to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in these attempts, to produce a meaning from the words under consideration.

STEEVENS.

The explications above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, and so little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been lost after the word *necessary,* in which Cleopatra threatened to observe an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the word *I'll,* and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line beneath, all that intervened was lost. See p. 289, and p. 388.

So, in Othello, quarto, 1622, Act III. Sc. I.:

"And needs no other suitor but his likings,
"To *take the safest occasion by the front,*
"To bring you in."

In the folio the second line is omitted, by the compositor's eye, after the first word of it was composed, glancing on the same word immediately under it in the subsequent line, and then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the press. The omitted line in the passage, which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import:

"Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
"If idle talk will once be necessary,
"*I'll not so much as syllable a word;*
"*I'll* not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin," &c.

The words, "I'll not sleep neither," contain a new and distinct menace. I once thought that Shakspeare might have written—I'll not *speak* neither; but in p. 414, Cæsar comforting Cleopatra, says, "feed, and *sleep;*" which shows that *sleep,* in the passage before us, is the true reading. MALONE.

I agree that a line is lost, which I shall attempt to supply:

Nor once be chástis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked *, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet [4],
And hang me up in chains!

PRO. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for [5] the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

PRO. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—

* First folio, *nak'd*.

"Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
"If idle talk will once be necessary,
[*I will not speak; If sleep be necessary,*]
"I'll not sleep neither."

The repetition of the word *necessary* may have occasioned the omission. RITSON.

4 My country's high PYRAMIDES my gibbet,] The poet designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in Doctor Faustus, 1604:

"Besides the gates and high *pyramides*
"That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa."

Again, in Tamburlaine, 1590:

"Like to the shadows of *pyramides*."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. xii. c. lxxiii.:

"The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile."

Mr. Tollet observes, "that Sandys, in his Travels, as well as Drayton, in the 26th Song of his Polyolbion, uses *pyramides* as a quadrisyllable." STEEVENS.

5 — AS for —] This conjunction is wanting in the first, but is supplied by the second folio. STEEVENS.

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you'll employ me to him.

CLEO. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS, *and Soldiers*.

DOL. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEO. I cannot tell.

DOL. Assuredly, you know me.

CLEO. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

DOL. I understand not, madam.

CLEO. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOL. If it might please you,—

CLEO. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun[6], and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth[7].

[6] — as the HEAVENS; and therein STUCK
A SUN,] So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:
"—— it *stuck* upon him, as the *sun*
"In the grey vault of *heaven*." STEEVENS.

[7] The little O, the earth.] Old copy—
"The little o' the earth.
"*Dol.* Most sovereign creature ——!"

What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore:

"The little *O* o' th' earth."

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet, in other passages, chooses to express himself thus. THEOBALD.

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well stand.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean[8]: his rear'd arm
Crested the world[9]: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends[1];
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping[2]: His delights

Shakspeare frequently uses *O* for an orb or circle. So, in King Henry V.:

" ——— can we cram
" Within this wooden *O* the very casques," &c.

Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

" Than all yon fiery *oes*, and eyes of light." MALONE.

8 His legs bestrid the ocean: &c.] So, in Julius Cæsar:

" Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
" Like a Colossus." MALONE.

9 — his rear'd arm
Crested the world:] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. PERCY.

1 — AND that to friends;] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity:

" —— *when* that to friends." STEEVENS.

2 — For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an AUTUMN 'twas, antonie
That grew the more by reaping:] Old copy— automne
" —— an *Antony* it was ——."

There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, designed here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty:

" —— For his bounty,
" There was no *winter* in't; an *autumn* 'twas,
" That grew the more by reaping."

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had marked it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

The following lines in Shakspeare's 53d Sonnet add support to the emendation:

Were dolphin-like[3]; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[4] dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

"Speak of the spring, and *foison* of the year,
"The one doth shadow of your bounty show;
"The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,
"And you in every blessed shape we know."

By the *other*, in the third line, i. e. the *foison* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the season of plenty.

Again, in The Tempest:

"How does my bounteous sister [Ceres]?" MALONE.

3 — His delights
Were DOLPHIN-LIKE; &c.] This image occurs in a short poem inserted in T. Lodge's Life and Death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English Traitor, &c. 1593, 4to. bl. l.:

"Oh faire of fairest, *Dolphin-like*,
"Within the rivers of my plaint," &c. STEEVENS.

Instead of the foregoing note, Mr. Steevens, in his edition 1778, had the following: "I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's New Inn on the subject of liberality:

"'He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge:
"'Then show'rd his bounties on me, like the hours,
"'That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
"'And press the liberality of heaven
"'Down to the laps of thankful men.'
[*Gifford's Jonson*, vol. v. p. 347.]

It is remarkable, that after all that had been said against Jonson by the commentators, Mr. Steevens should have expunged perhaps the only passage in which he has done justice to that great poet. BOSWELL.

4 As PLATES —] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:

"What's the price of this slave, 200 crowns——?"
"And if he has, he's worth 300 *plates*."

Again:

"Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names.

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such [5],
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms [6] with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite [7].
Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots [8]
My very heart at root.

If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes;* if *or*, or yellow, *bezants;* if *argent,* or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

So Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. vii. st. v.:

"Some others were new driven, and distent
"Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;
"Some in round *plates* withouten moniment,
"But most were stampt, and in their metal bare,
"The antique shapes of kings and kesars, straung and rare."

Whalley.

5 — or ever were one such,] The old copy has—*nor* ever, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

6 To vie strange forms —] To *vie* was a term at cards. See vol. v. p. 427. Steevens.

7 —— yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.] The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming;* he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep. Johnson.

8 — shoots —] The old copy reads—*suites*. Steevens.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error arose from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike. See vol. iv. p. 348. Malone.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know't.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:——
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well [9]

9 I cannot PROJECT mine own cause so well —] *Project* signifies to *invent* a cause, not to *plead* it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read:

"I cannot *proctor* my own cause so well."

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. Warburton.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

"I cannot *parget* my own cause ——."

Meaning, I cannot *whitewash*, *varnish*, or *gloss* my cause. I believe the present reading to be right. To *project a cause* is to *represent* a cause; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a scheme of defence. Johnson.

The old reading may certainly be the true one. Sir John Har-

To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆS. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEO. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

CÆS. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra [1].

rington, in his Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, p. 79, says—"I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse."

Again, in Look About You, a comedy, 1600:

"But quite dislike the *project* of your sute."

Yet Sir Thomas Hanmer's conjecture may be likewise countenanced; for the word he wishes to bring in, is used in the 4th Eclogue of Drayton:

"Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and the borrow'd hair."

And several times by Ben Jonson. So, in The Silent Woman:

"——she's above fifty too, and *pargets*." STEEVENS.

In Much Ado About Nothing, we find these lines:

"—— She cannot love,
"Nor take no shape nor *project* of affection,
"She is so self-endear'd."

I cannot *project*, &c. means, therefore, I cannot shape or form my cause, &c. MALONE.

[1] You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.] You shall yourself

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted [2].—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips [3], than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;

be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. So, afterwards:

"For we intend so to dispose you, as
"Yourself shall give us counsel." Malone.

2 —— 'tis exactly valued;

Not petty things admitted.] Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued; but that petty things are not *admitted* in this list: and then she appeals to her treasurer, that she has reserved nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants, and of making apologies for having secreted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to read:

"Not petty things *omitted?*"

For this declaration lays open her falsehood; and makes her angry, when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. Theobald.

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and Sir Thomas Hanmer follow Theobald. Johnson.

3 — seel my lips,] Sew up my mouth. Johnson.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *seel* hawks was the technical term. Steevens.

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base[4]!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this[5];
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek[6], that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by[7]

4 O rarely base!] i. e. base in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

5 O Cæsar, &c.] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows: "O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me," &c. STEEVENS.

6 To one so MEEK,] *Meek*, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch: "poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate —." Cleopatra, in any other sense, was not eminent for *meekness*.

Our author has employed this word, in The Rape of Lucrece, in the same sense as here:

"Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and *meek*,
"Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his case." MALONE

7 PARCEL the sum of my disgraces by —] To *parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

Addition of his envy [8]! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends [9] withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation? must I be unfolded
With one [1] that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To* SELEUCUS.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance [2]:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

The meaning, I think, either is, "that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;" or, "that this fellow should *lot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account."

Parcel is here used technically. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning." There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed by various *items*. MALONE.

8 — of his ENVY!] *Envy* is here, as almost always in these plays, *malice*. So, in Henry VIII. Act III. Sc. I.:

"You turn the good we offer into *envy*." MALONE.

9 — MODERN friends —] *Modern* means here, as it generally does in these plays, *common* or *ordinary*. M. MASON.

So, in As You Like It, vol. vi. p. 409:

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." STEEVENS.

1 WITH one —] *With*, in the present instance, has the power of *by*. So, in The Lover's Progress of Beaumont and Fletcher: "And courted *with* felicity." STEEVENS.

2 Through the ashes of my CHANCE:] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

We have had already in this play—"the wounded *chance* of Antony." MALONE.

CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit* SELEUCUS.

CLEO. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied [3].

"Or I shall show the CINDERS of my spirits
"Through the ASHES of my chance:" Thus Chaucer, in his Canterbury Tales, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3180:

"Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken."

And thus (as the learned editor has observed) Mr. Gray, in his Church-Yard Elegy:

"Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires."

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) Sonnet of Petrarch, as his original:

"Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,
"Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
"Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville." *Edit.* 1564, p. 271.

Thus also Sidney, in his Arcadia, lib. 3:

"*In ashes* of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee *live*."
STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 73d Sonnet:

"In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
"That on the ashes of his youth doth lie." MALONE.

3 Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.] "We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied." *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is this: "The greatest of us are aspersed for things which others do; and when, by the decline of our power, we become in a condition to be questioned, we are called to answer in our own names for the actions of other people."

Merit is here used, as the word *desert* frequently is, to express a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit punishment as well as reward. M. MASON.

As *demerits* was often used, in Shakspeare's time, as synonymous to *merit*, so *merit* might have been used in the sense which we now affix to *demerit*; or the meaning may be only, we are

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons [4]: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar, *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

called to account, and to answer in our own names for *acts*, with which others, rather than we, *deserve* to be charged. Malone.

4 Make not your thoughts your prisons:] I once wished to read—

"Make not your thoughts your *poison* —— :"

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. "Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free." Johnson.

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* Charmian.
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* Dol.] Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune [5]: the quick comedians [6]

[5] — and SCALD RHYMERS
Ballad us out o' tune:] So, in The Rape of Lucrece:
" ——— thou ——
" Shalt have thy trespass cited up in *rhymes*,
" And *sung* by children in succeeding times." Malone.

Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth. Johnson.

So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Evans calls the host of the Garter "*scald*, scurvy companion;" and in King Henry V. Fluellen bestows the same epithet on Pistol. Steevens.

[6] — the QUICK comedians—] The gay inventive players. Johnson.

Quick means, here, rather *ready* than *gay*. M. Mason.

Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness [7]
I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS. O the good gods!

CLEO. Nay, that is certain.

IRAS. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEO. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents [8].—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go [9].—

The lively, inventive, *quick*-witted comedians. So, (*ut meos quoque attingam,*) in an ancient tract, entitled A briefe Description of Ireland, made in this Yeare, 1589, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589: "They are *quick-witted* and of good constitution of bodie." See p. 182, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] — boy my greatness —] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

Nash, in Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication, &c. 1595, says, "Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts," &c. To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of The Raging Turk, or Bajazat II. 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

[8] Their most ABSURD intents.] Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar's designs *absurd?* She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote:

"Their most *assur'd* intents——."

i. e. the purposes which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

[9] SIRRAH, Iras, go.] From hence it appears that *Sirrah,* an

Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?
[*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.
CLEO. Let him come in. What poor [1] an instrument [*Exit Guard.*
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine [2].

appellation generally addressed to males, was equally applicable to females.

Thus, in Arthur Hall's translation of the sixth Iliad:

" Unto the *maides* quoth Hector then, your mistresse where is she?
" What, is not she now gone abroade some sister hers to see,
" Or to my good sisters there hir griefe to put away,
" And so to passe the time with them? now *Sirs* do quickly say." STEEVENS.

Coles, in his Dictionary, interprets *Sirra* by *heus tu,* according to which explanation it would be applicable to either sex.
MALONE.

[1] — How poor, &c.] Thus the second folio. The first nonsensically reads—*What* poor, &c. STEEVENS.

" What a poor instrument," would certainly not be nonsense; and we have many inversions equally harsh in these plays.
MALONE.

[2] — now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis; but that Cleopatra having said, " I have nothing

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket.

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus[3] there,
That kills and pains not?

of woman in me," added, by way of amplification, that she had not "even the changes of disposition peculiar to her sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon;" or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in King Richard III.: "—I being governed by the watry *moon*," &c. Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is *inconstant*. So, in William Walter's Guistard and Sismond, 12mo. 1597:

"More variant than is the *flitting lune*."

Again, in Greene's Metamorphosis, 1617: "—to show the world she was not *fleeting*." STEEVENS.

Our author will himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting* and *inconstant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." MALONE.

3 —the pretty WORM of Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the Northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. JOHNSON.

So, in The Dumb Knight, 1633:

"Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,
"Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian *worms*
"Yet lost their stings."

Again, in The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631:

"I'll watch for fear
"Of venomous *worms*." STEEVENS.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, The laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughes, i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs; certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See The Second Part of King Henry VI.:

"The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal." PERCY.

Again, in the old version of The New Testament, Acts xxviii.:

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do[4]: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind[5].

"Now when the barbarians sawe the *worme* hang on his hand," &c. Tollet.

[4] But he that will believe ALL that they say, shall never be saved by HALF that they do:] Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. Warburton.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. Steevens.

[5] —will do his kind.] The serpent will act according to his nature. Johnson.

So, in Heywood's If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, 1633:

"Good girls, they *do their kind.*"

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of Syr Tryamoure, no date:

"He *dyd* full gentylly *his kinde.*"

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 8th book of Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 42: "—Queene Semiramis loved a great horse that she had so farre forth, that she was content hee should *doe his kind* with her." Steevens.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me[6]: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip[7]:—
Yare, yare[8], good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear

Again, in The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562:
" For tickle Fortune *doth,* in changing, but her *kind.*"
MALONE.

6 IMMORTAL LONGINGS in me:] This expression appears to have been transplanted into Addison's Cato:
" This *longing* after *immortality.*" STEEVENS.

7 — Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall MOIST this lip:] This verb occurs also in Chapman's version of the 22d Iliad:
" —— the wine he finds in it,
" Scarce *moists* his palate." STEEVENS.

8 Yare, yare,] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. So, in the old bl. romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys:
" Ryght soone he made him *yare.*"
See Tempest, Act I. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life [9].—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspick in my lips [1]? Dost fall [2]?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch [3],
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

A preceding passage precisely ascertains the meaning of the word:

"—— to proclaim it civilly, were like
"A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
"For being *yare* about him." MALONE.

9 I am FIRE, and AIR; my other elements
I give to baser life.] So, in King Henry V.: "He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." "Do not our lives (says Sir Andrew Aguecheek,) consist of the *four* elements?" MALONE.

Homer, Iliad vii. 99, speaks as contemptuously of the grosser elements we spring from:

'Αλλ ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γενοισθε. STEEVENS.

1 Have I the aspick in my lips?] Are my lips poison'd by the aspick, that my kiss has destroyed thee? MALONE.

2 —Dost fall?] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

3 — a lover's PINCH,] So before, p. 209:

"That am with Phœbus' *amorous pinches* black."
STEEVENS.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her[4]; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch[5],
[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied[6]!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep[7]?

4 He'll make demand of her;] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. Johnson.

5 — Come, mortal wretch,] Old copies, unmetrically:
"—— Come, *thou* mortal wretch ——." Steevens.

6 ———— ass
Unpolicied!] i. e. an ass *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. Steevens.

7 That sucks the nurse asleep?] Before the publication of this piece, The Tragedy of Cleopatra, by Daniel, 1594, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakspeare. Daniel has the following address to the asp:

"Better than death death's office thou dischargest,
"That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
"And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
"Making ourselves not privy to our death.—
"Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
"That open canst with such an easy key
"The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
"That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away."

See Warton's Pope, vol. iv. 219, v. 73.

Dryden says on the same occasion:

"—— Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
"Thou best of thieves; who with an easy key
"Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
"Even steal us from ourselves: Discharging so

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world[8]?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close[9];
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry[1];
I'll mend it, and then play[2].

"Death's dreadful office better than himself,
"Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
"That death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
"And thinks himself but sleep." STEEVENS.

[8] In this WILD world?] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a *desert*. Our author, however, might have written *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling), for *worthless*. STEEVENS.

[9] — Downy windows, close;] So, in Venus and Adonis:
"Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth." MALONE.

Charmian, in saying this, must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes; one of the first ceremonies performed toward a dead body. RITSON.

[1] Your crown's AWRY;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—
" —— Your crown's *away*." JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's Tragedy of Cleopatra, 1594:
"And senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*
"The diadem which on her head she wore;
"Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,
"And hastes to right it as it was before;
"For Eras now was dead." STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The author has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutarch; "—They found Cleopatra starke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head." MALONE.

[2] — and then PLAY.] i. e. play her part in this tragick scene

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 GUARD. Where is the queen?
CHAR. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 GUARD. Cæsar hath sent—
CHAR. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the Asp.*
O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.
1 GUARD. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 GUARD. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.
1 GUARD. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?
CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings [3].
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. How goes it here?
2 GUARD. All dead.
DOL. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
WITHIN. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Attendants.*

DOL. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her in p. 417, to "*play* till doomsday." STEEVENS.

3 Descended of so many royal kings.] Almost these very words are found in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to croud the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original. STEEVENS.

CÆS. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOL. Who was last with them?

1 *GUARD.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

CÆS. Poison'd then.

1 *GUARD.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

CÆS. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

DOL. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown [4]:
The like is on her arm.

1 *GUARD.* This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

[4] —something BLOWN:] The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swoln*. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Bevys of Hampton, bl. l. no date:

"That with venim upon him throwen,
"The knight lay then to-*blowen*."

Again, in the romance of Syr Isenbras, bl. l. no date:

"With adders all your bestes ben slaine,
"With venyme are they *blowe*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Magnetick Lady:

"——What is *blown*, puft? speak English.—
"Tainted an' please you, some do call it,
"She *swells* and so *swells*," &c. STEEVENS.

CÆS. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite [5]
Of easy ways to die [6].—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip [7] in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory [8], which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt* [9].

5 She hath pursu'd CONCLUSIONS infinite—] To *pursue conclusions*, is to *try experiments*. So, in Hamlet:

"—— like the famous ape,
"To *try conclusions*," &c.

Again, in Cymbeline:

"I did amplify my judgment in
"Other *conclusions*." STEEVENS.

6 Of easy ways to die.] Such was the death brought on by the aspick's venom. Thus Lucan, lib. ix. l. 1815:

At tibi Leve miser fixus præcordia pressit
Niliaca serpente cruor; nulloque dolore
Testatus morsus subita caligine mortem
Accipis, et Stygias somno descendis ad umbras.
STEEVENS.

7 —shall CLIP—] i. e. enfold. See p. 354, n. 4. STEEVENS.

8 —— their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, &c.] i. e. the narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings.
STEEVENS.

9 This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first Act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily

miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends ADORNINGS:] See p. 236. This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus:—Her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say. Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves; at which time, the mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole, therefore, conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakspeare wrote:

"And make their bends *adorings*."

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed under a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete sauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people.

O come againe, worlds star-bright eye,
Whose presence doth adorne the sky.
O come againe sweet beauties sunne
When thou art gone, our joyes are done.'
Entertainment at Elvetham on the Queen's departure.

Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuer's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience:" &c. STEEVENS.

There are few passages in these plays more puzzling than this; but the commentators seem to me to have neglected entirely the difficult part of it, and to have confined all their learning and conjectures to that which requires but little, if any explanation: for if their interpretation of the words, "tended her i' the eyes," be just, the obvious meaning of the succeeding line will be, that in paying their obeisance to Cleopatra, the humble inclination of their bodies was so graceful, that it added to their beauty.

Warburton's amendment, the reading *adorings*, instead of *adornings*, would render the passage less poetical, and it cannot express the sense he wishes for, without an alteration; for although, as Mr. Steevens justly observes, the verb *adore* is frequently used by the ancient dramatick writers in the sense of *to adorn*, I do not find that to *adorn* was reciprocally used in the sense of *to adore*. Tollet's explanation is ill imagined; for though the word *band* might formerly have been spelled with an *e*, and a troop of beautiful attendants would add to the general magnificence of the scene, they would be more likely to eclipse than to increase the charms of their mistress. And as for Malone's conjecture, though rather more ingenious, it is just as ill founded. That a particular bend of the eye may add lustre to the charms of a beautiful woman, every man must have felt; and it must be acknowledged that the words, *their bends*, may refer to the eyes of Cleopatra; but the word *made* must necessarily refer to her gentlewomen: and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes, adornings.—But all these explanations, from the first to the last, are equally erroneous, and are founded on a supposition that the passage is correct, and that the words, "tended her i' the eyes," must mean, that her attendants watched her eyes, and from them received her commands. How those words can, by any possible construction, imply that meaning, the editors have not shown, nor can I conceive. Of this I am certain, that if such arbitrary and fanciful interpretations be admitted, we shall be able to extort what sense we please from any combination of words.—The passage, as it stands, appears to me wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading, *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

"Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
"So many mermaids, tended her i' the *guise*,
"And made their bends, adornings."

"In the guise," means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*,

Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says:

"——— at the helm
"A seeming mermaid steers." M. MASON.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion, I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say—in the guise *of a shepherd*, *of a friar*, or *of a Nereid*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her "in *the guise*," without subsequently informing us what that guise was, is phraseology unauthorised by the practice of any writer I have met with. In Cymbeline, Posthumus says:

"To shame *the guise of the* world, I will begin
"The fashion, less without, and more within."

If the word the commentator would introduce had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakspeare would most probably have said—"tended her in *that* guise:"—at least he would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But—"in the *guise*" seems unreducible to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar.—Besides, when our poet had once absolutely declared these women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but aukward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without ease, variety, or even a chance of labouring into a *graceful curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expence of providing characteristick tails for any set of mimick Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so "as to render them a grace instead of a deformity." In such an attempt

a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene, (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus,) has styled Cleopatra his Thetis, a goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth, in his print of Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

—— ut *turpitur* atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a Mermaid is introduced.

For reasons like these, (notwithstanding, in support of our commentator's appendages, and the present female fashion of bolstered hips and cork rumps, we might read, omitting only a single letter—" made their *ends* adornings;"—and though I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actress—" Always, madam, up with your *end*,") I should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's snake, or respectfully lowered like a lictor's fasces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over their unsophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistress.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay to their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.

The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images—*bows, groups, eyes,* and *tails.* STEEVENS.

A passage in Drayton's Mortimeriados, quarto, no date, may serve to illustrate that before us:

"The naked nymphes, some up, some downe descending,
"Small scattering flowres one at another flung,
"With *pretty turns* their lymber bodies *bending*—."

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the *bends* or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty. See the quotation from Shakspeare's 149th Sonnet, p. 235, n. 2.

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first Act of this play:

"—— those his goodly *eyes*
"—— now *bend*, now turn," &c.

Again, in Cymbeline:

"Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
"Of the king's looks."

Again, more appositely, in Julius Cæsar:

"And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth awe the world."

Mr. Mason, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that "*their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* must refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings." Assertion is much easier than proof. In what does the absurdity consist? They thus standing near Cleopatra, and discovering her will by the eyes, *were the cause* of her appearing more beautiful, in consequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakspeare's language,) this their situation and office was the cause, &c. We have in every part of this author such diction. But I shall not detain the reader any longer on so clear a point; especially as I now think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

Bend being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here.

MALONE.

I had determined not to enter into a controversy with the editors on the subject of any of my former comments; but I cannot resist the impulse I feel, to make a few remarks on the strictures of Mr. Steevens, both on the amendment I proposed in this passage, and my explanation of it; for if I could induce him to accede to my opinion, it would be the highest gratification to me.

His objection to the amendment I have proposed, that of reading *in the guise* instead of *in the eyes*, is, that the phrase *in the guise* cannot be properly used, without adding somewhat to it, to determine precisely the meaning; and this, as a general observation, is perfectly just, but it does not apply in the present case; for the preceding lines,

"Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
"So many *mermaids*,"

and the subsequent line,

"A seeming *mermaid* steers;"

very clearly point out the meaning of the word *guise*. If you ask *in what guise?* I answer in the *guise of mermaids;* and the connection is sufficiently clear even for prose, without claiming any allowance for poetical licence. But this objection may be entirely done away, by reading *that* guise instead of *the* guise, which I should have adopted, if it had not departed somewhat farther from the text.

With respect to my explanation of the words, *and made their bends adornings*, I do not think that Mr. Steevens's objections are equally well founded.

He says that a mermaid's tail is an unclassical image, adopted from modern sign posts. That such a being as a mermaid did never actually exist, I will readily acknowledge: but the idea is not of modern invention. In the oldest books of heraldry you will find *mermaids* delineated in the same form that they are at this day. The crest of my own family, for some centuries, has been a *mermaid;* and the Earl of Howth, of a family much more ancient, which came into England with the conqueror, has a *mermaid* for one of his supporters.

Boyse tells us, in his Pantheon, on what authority I cannot say, that the Syrens were the daughters of Achelous, that their lower parts were like fishes, and their upper parts like women; and Virgil's description of Scylla, in his third Æneid, corresponds exactly with our idea of a *mermaid:*

Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pristis.

I have, therefore, no doubt but this was Shakspeare's idea also. Mr. Steevens's observations on the aukward and ludicrous situation of Cleopatra's attendants, when involved in their fishes' tails, is very jocular and well imagined; but his jocularity proceeds from his not distinguishing between reality and deception. If a modern fine lady were to represent a *mermaid* at a masquerade, she would contrive, I have no doubt, to dress in that character, yet to preserve the free use of all her limbs, and that with ease; for the mermaid is not described as resting on the extremity of her tail, but on one of the *bends of it, sufficiently broad to conceal the feet.*

Notwithstanding the arguments of Malone and Steevens, and the deference I have for their opinions, I can find no sense in the passage as they have printed it. M. Mason.

END OF VOL. XII.

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